THE

# METROPOLITAN.

## SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER X.

In which is explained the sublime mystery of keel-hauling—Snarleyyow saves Smallbones from being drowned, although Smallbones would have drowned him.

It is a dark morning; the wind is fresh from the north-west; flakes of snow are seen wafting here and there by the wind, the avant-couriers of a heavy fall; the whole sky is of one murky grey, and the sun is hidden behind a dense bank. The deck of the cutter is wet and slippery, and Dick Short has the morning watch. He is wrapped up in a Flushing pea-jacket, with thick mittens on his hands; he looks about him, and now and then a fragment of snow whirls into his eye; he winks it out, it melts and runs like a tear down his cheek. If it were not that it is contrary to man-of-war custom he would warm himself with the *double shuffle*, but such a step would be unheard of on the quarter-deck of even the cutter Yungfrau.

The tarpaulin over the hatchway is pushed on one side, and the space between the combings is filled with the bull head and broad shoulders of Corporal Van Spitter, who, at last, gains the deck; he looks round him and apparently is not much pleased with the weather. Before he proceeds to business, he examines the sleeves and front of his jacket, and having brushed off with the palm of his hand a variety of blanket-hairs adhering to the cloth, he is satisfied, and now turns to the right and to the left, and forward and aft—in less than a minute he goes right round the compass. What can Corporal Van Spitter want at so early an hour? He has not come up on deck for nothing, and yet he appears to be strangely puzzled: the fact is, by the arrangements of last night, it was decided, that this morning, if Snarleyyow did not make his appearance in the boat sent on shore for fresh beef for the ship's company, that the unfortunate Smallbones was to be *keelhauled*.

[1] Continued from vol. xv. p. 346.

What a delightful morning for a keelhauling!!

This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the kelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling-line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced, at last, to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention; people are very apt not to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keelhauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the kelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment. They are considered a heavy phlegmatic sort of people, but on every point in which the art of ingeniously tormenting is in request, it must be admitted that they have taken the lead of much more vivacious and otherwise more inventive nations.

And now the reader will perceive why Corporal Van Spitter was in a dilemma. With all the good-will in the world, with every anxiety to fulfil his duty, and to obey his superior officer, he was not a seaman, and did not know how to commence operations. He knew nothing about foddering a vessel's bottom, much less how to fodder it with the carcase of one of his fellow-creatures. The corporal, as we said before, turned round and round the compass to ascertain if he could compass his wishes; at last, he commenced by dragging one rope's end from one side and another from the other; those would do for the side ropes, but he wanted a long one from forward and another from aft, and how to get the one from aft under the cutter's bottom was a puzzle; and then there was the mast and the rigging in his

way:—the corporal reflected—the more he considered the matter, the more his brain became confused; he was at a nonplus, and he gave it up in despair: he stood still, took out a blue cotton handkerchief from the breast of his jacket and wiped his forehead, for the intensity of thought had made him perspire—any thing like reflection was very hard work for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Tousand tyfels!" at last exclaimed the corporal, and he paused and knocked his big head with his fist.

"Hundred tousand tyfels!" repeated the corporal, after five minutes' more thought.

"Twenty hundred tousand tyfels!" muttered the corporal, once more knocking his head; but he knocked in vain: like an empty house, there was no one within to answer the appeal. The corporal could do no more; so he returned his pocket-handkerchief to the breast of his jacket, and a heavy sigh escaped from his own breast. All the devils in hell were mentally conjured and summoned to his aid, but they were, it is to be presumed, better employed, for although the work in hand was diabolical enough, still Smallbones was such a poor devil that probably he might have been considered as remotely allied to the fraternity.

It may be inquired why, as this was *on service*, Corporal Van Spitter did not apply for the assistance of the seamen belonging to the vessel, particularly to the officer in charge of the deck; but the fact was, that he was unwilling to do this, knowing that his application would be in vain, for he was aware that the whole crew sided with Smallbones; it was only as a last resource that he intended to do this, and being now at his *wit's* end, he walked up to Dick Short, who had been watching the corporal's motions in silence, and accosted him,

"If you please, Mynheer Short, Mynheer Vanslyperken give orders dat de boy be keelhauled dis morning;—I want haben de rope and de way."

Short looked at the corporal, and made no reply.

"Mynheer Short, I haben tell de order of Mynheer Vanslyperken."

Dick Short made no reply, but leaning over the hatchway, called out, "Jemmy."

"Ay, ay," replied Jemmy Ducks, turning out of his hammock and dropping on the lower deck.

Corporal Van Spitter, who imagined that Mr. Short was about to comply with his request after his own Harpocratic fashion, remained quietly on the deck until Jemmy Ducks made his appearance.

"Hands," quoth Short.

Jemmy piped the hands up.

"Boat," quoth Short, turning his head to the small boat hoisted up astern.

Now as all this was apparently preparatory to the work required, the corporal was satisfied. The men soon came up with their hammocks on their shoulders, which they put into the nettings, and then Jemmy proceeded to lower down the boat; as soon as it was down and hauled up alongside, Short turned round to Coble and waving his hand towards the shore, said,

"Beef."

Coble, who perfectly understood him, put a new quid into his cheek, went down the side, and pulled on shore to bring off the fresh beef and vegetables for the ship's company, after which Dick Short walked the deck and gave no further orders.

Corporal Van Spitter perceiving this, went up to him again.

"Mynheer Short, you please get ready."

"No!" thundered Short, turning away.

"Got for dam, dat is mutiny," muttered the corporal, who immediately backed stern foremost down the hatchway, to report to his commandant the state of affairs on deck. Mr. Vanslyperken had already risen; he had slept but one hour during the whole night, and that one hour was so occupied with wild and fearful dreams that he awoke from his sleep unrefreshed. He had dreamed that he was making every attempt to drown Smallbones but without effect, for, as soon as the lad was dead he came to life again; he thought that Smallbones' soul was incorporated in a small animal something like a mouse, and that he had to dislodge it from its tenement of clay, but as soon as he drove it from one part of the body it would force its way back again into another; if he forced it out by the mouth after incredible exertions, which made him perspire at every pore, it would run back again into the ear; if forced from thence, through the nostril, then in at the toe, or any other part; in short, he laboured apparently in his dream for years, but without success. And then the "change came o'er the spirit of his dream," but still there was analogy, for he was now trying to press his suit, which was now a liquid in a vial, into the widow Vandersloosh, but in vain. He administered it again and again, but it acted as an emetic, and she could not stomach it, and then he found himself rejected by all—the widow kicked him, Smallbones stamped upon him, even Snarleyyow flew at him and bit him; at last, he fell with an enormous paving-stone round his neck descending into a horrible abyss head foremost, and as he increased his velocity, he awoke trembling and confused, and could sleep no more. This dream was not one to put Mr. Vanslyperken into good humour, and two severe cuts on his cheek with the razor as he attempted to shave, for his hand still trembled, had added to his discontent, when it was raised to its climax by the entrance of Corporal Van Spitter, who made his report of the mutinous conduct of the first officer. Never was Mr. Vanslyperken in such a tumult of rage; he pulled off some beaver from his hat to staunch the blood, and wiping off the remainder of the lather, for he put aside the operation of shaving till his hand was more steady, he threw on his coat and followed the corporal on deck, looked round with a savage air, spied out the diminutive form of Jemmy Ducks, and desired him to pipe "all hands to keelhaul."

Whereupon Jemmy put his pipe to his mouth, and after a long flourish, bawled out what appeared to Mr. Vanslyperken to be—all hands to *be keelhauled*, but Jemmy slurred over quickly the little change made in the order, and, although the men tittered, Mr. Vanslyperken thought it better to say nothing. But there is an old saying, that you may bring a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. Mr. Vanslyperken had given the order, but no one attempted

to commence the arrangements. The only person who showed any activity was Smallbones himself, who, not aware that he was to be punished and hearing all hands piped for something or another, came shambling, all legs and wings, up the hatchway, and looked around to ascertain what was to be done. He was met by the bulky form of Corporal Van Spitter, who, thinking that Smallbones' making his appearance in such haste was with the intention of jumping overboard to avoid his punishment, immediately seized him by the collar with the left hand, turned round on a pivot towards Mr. Vanslyperken, and raising his right hand to his foraging cap, reported "The prisoner on deck, Mynheer Vanslyperken." This roused the lieutenant to action, for he had been walking the deck for a half minute in deep thought.

"Is all ready there, forward?" cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

No one replied.

"I say, boatswain, is all ready?"

"No, sir," replied Jemmy; "nobody knows how to set about it. I don't, any how—I never seed any thing of the like since I've been in the service—the whole of the ship's company say the same." But even the flakes of snow, which now fell thick, and whitened the blue jacket of Mr. Vanslyperken, could not assuage his wrath—he perceived that the men were refractory, so he summoned the six marines—who were completely under the control of their corporal.

Poor Smallbones had, in the mean time, discovered what was going on, and thought that he might as well urge something in his own defence.

"If you please, what are you going for to do with me?" said the lad, with a terrified look.

"Lead him forward," said Mr. Vanslyperken; "follow me, marines;" and the whole party, headed by the lieutenant, went before the mast.

"Strip him," cried Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Strip me, with the snow flying like this! An't I cold enough already?"

"You'll be colder when you're under the bottom of the cutter," replied his master.

"Oh, Lord! then it is keelhauling a'ter all; why what have I done?" cried Smallbones, as the marines divested him of his shirt, and exposed his emaciated body to the pitiless storm.

"Where's Snarleyyow, sir—confess?"

"Snarleyyow—how should I know, sir? it's very hard, because your dog is not to be found, that I'm to be dragged under the bottom of a vessel."

"I'll teach you to throw paving stones in the canal."

"Paving stones, sir!" and Smallbones' guilty conscience flew in his face. "Well, sir, do as you please, I'm sure I don't care; if I am to be killed, be quick about it—I'm sure I sha'n't come up alive."

Here Mr. Vanslyperken remembered his dream, and the difficulty which he had in driving Smallbones' soul out of his body, and he was fearful that even keelhauling would not settle Smallbones.

By the directions of Mr. Vanslyperken, the hauling ropes and other tackle were collected by the marines, for the seamen stood by, and

appeared resolved, to a man, to do nothing, and, in about half an hour, all was ready. Four marines manned the hauling line, one was placed at each side rope fastened to the lad's arms, and the corporal, as soon as he had lifted the body of Smallbones over the larboard gunnel, had directions to attend the bow-line, and not allow him to be dragged on too fast: a better selection for this purpose could not have been made than Corporal Van Spitter. Smallbones had been laid without his clothes on the deck, now covered with snow, during the time that the lines were making fast to him; he remained silent, and as usual, when punished, with his eyes shut, and as Vanslyperken watched him with feelings of hatred, he perceived an occasional smile to cross the lad's haggard features. He knows where the dog is, thought Vanslyperken, and his desire to know what had become of Snarleyyow overcame his vengeance—he addressed the shivering Smallbones.

"Now, sir, if you wish to escape the punishment, tell me what has become of the dog, for I perceive that you know."

Smallbones grinned as his teeth chattered—he would have undergone a dozen keelhaulings rather than have satisfied Vanslyperken.

"I give you ten minutes to think of it," continued the lieutenant; "hold all fast at present."

The snow storm now came on so thick, that it was difficult to distinguish the length of the vessel. Smallbones' naked limbs were gradually covered, and, before the ten minutes were expired he was wrapped up in snow as in a garment—he shook his head occasionally to clear his face, but remained silent.

"Now, sir," cried Vanslyperken, "will you tell me, or overboard you go at once? Will you tell me?"

"No," replied Smallbones.

"Do you know, you scoundrel?"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, whose indignation was roused.

"And you won't tell?"

"No," shrieked the lad—"no, never, never, never!"

"Corporal Van Spitter, over with him," cried Vanslyperken, in a rage, when a sudden stir was heard amongst the men aft, and as the corporal raised up the light frame of the culprit, to carry it to the gunnel, to the astonishment of Vanslyperken, of the corporal, and of Smallbones, Snarleyyow appeared on the forecastle, and made a rush at Smallbones, as he lay in the corporal's arms, snapped at his leg, and then set up his usual deep baying, "bow, bow, bow!"

The re-appearance of the dog created no small sensation—Vanslyperken felt that he had now no reason for keelhauling Smallbones, which annoyed him as much as the sight of the dog gave him pleasure. The corporal, who had dropped Smallbones on the snow, was also disappointed. As for Smallbones, at the baying of the dog, he started up on his knees, and looked at it as if it were an apparition, with every demonstration of terror in his countenance; his eyes glared upon the animal with horror and astonishment, and he fell down in a swoon. The whole of the ship's company were taken aback—they looked at one another and shook their heads—one only remark was made by Jansen, who muttered, "De tog is no tog a'ter all."

Mr. Vanslyperken ordered Smallbones to be taken below, and then

walked aft; perceiving Obadiah Coble, he inquired whence the dog had come, and was answered that he had come off in the boat which he had taken on shore for fresh beef and vegetables. Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply, but with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin.

## CHAPTER XI.

In which Snarleyyow does not at all assist his master's cause with the widow Vandersloosh.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader by what means the life of our celebrated cur was preserved. When Smallbones had thrown him into the canal, tied up, as he supposed, in his winding-sheet, what Mr. Vanslyperken observed was true, that there were people below, and the supposed paving-stone might have fallen upon them; the voices which he heard were those of a father and son, who were in a small boat going from a galliot to the steps where they intended to land, for this canal was not, like most others, with the water in it sufficiently high to enable people to step from the vessel's gunnel to the jetty. Snarleyyow fell in his bag a few yards ahead of the boat, and the splash naturally attracted their attention; he did not sink immediately, but floundered and struggled so as to keep himself partly above water.

"What is that?" exclaimed the father to his son, in Dutch.

"Mein Gott! who is to know?—but we will see;" and the son took the boat-hook, and with it dragged the bread bags towards the boat, just as they were sinking, for Snarleyyow was exhausted with his efforts. The two together dragged the bags with their contents into the boat.

"It is a dog, or something," observed the son.

"Very well, but the bread bags will be useful," replied the father, and they pulled on to the landing stairs. When they arrived there they lifted out the bags, laid them on the stone steps, and proceeded to unrip them, when they found Snarleyyow, who was just giving signs of returning animation. They took the bags with them, after having rolled his carcase out, and left it on the steps, for there was a fine for throwing any thing into the canal. The cur soon after recovered, and was able to stand on his legs; as soon as he could walk he made his way to the door of the widow Vandersloosh, and howled for admittance. The widow had retired; she had been reading her book of *prières*, as every one should do, who has been cheating people all day long. She was about to extinguish her light, when this serenade saluted her ears; it became intolerable as he gained strength.

Babette had long been fast asleep, and was with difficulty roused up and directed to beat the cur away. She attempted to perform the duty, arming herself with the broom, but the moment she opened the door, Snarleyyow dashed in between her legs, upsetting her on the brick pavement. Babette screamed, and her mistress came out in the passage to ascertain the cause; the dog not being able to run into the parlour, bolted up the stairs, and snapping at the widow as he passed, secured a berth underneath her bed.

"Oh, mein Gott! it is the dog of the lieutenant," exclaimed Babette, coming up the stairs in greater dishabille than her mistress, and with the broom in her hand. "What shall we do—how shall we get rid of him?"

"A thousand devils may take the lieutenant, and his nasty dog, too," exclaimed the widow, in great wrath; "this is the last time that either of them enter my house; try, Babette with your broom—shove at him hard."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette, pushing with all her strength at the dog beneath the bed, who seized the broom with his teeth, and pulled it away from Babette. It was a struggle of strength between the girl and Snarleyyow—pull Babette—pull dog—one moment the broom, with two-thirds of the handle disappeared under the bed, the next the maid recovered her lost ground. Snarleyyow was first tired of this contention, and to prove that he had no thoughts of abandoning his position, he let go the broom, flew at Babette's naked legs, and having inserted his teeth half through her ancle, he returned growling to his former retreat. "Oh, dear, mein Gott," exclaimed Babette, dropping her broom, and holding her ancle with both hands.

"What shall we do?" cried the widow, wringing her hands.

It was indeed a case of difficulty. Mynheer Vandersloosh, before he had quitted this transitory scene, had become a personage as bulky as the widow herself, and the bed had been made unusually wide; the widow still retained the bed for her own use, for there was no knowing whether she might not again be induced to enter the hymeneal state. It occupied more than one half of the room, and the dog had gained a position from which it was not easy for two women to dislodge him; and, as the dog snarled and growled under the bed, so did the widow's wrath rise as she stood shivering—and it was directed against the master. She vowed mentally, that so sure as the dog was under the bed, so sure should his master never get into it.

And Babette's wrath was also kindled, now that the first pain of the bite had worn off; she seized the broom again, and made some furious lunges at Snarleyyow, so furious, that he could not regain possession with his teeth. The door of the room had been left open that the dog might escape—so had the street-door; and the widow stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for some such effect being produced by Babette's vigorous attacks; but the effects were not such as she anticipated; the dog became more enraged, and at last sprang out at the foot of the bed, flew at the widow, tore her only garment, and bit her in the leg. Frau Vandersloosh screamed and reeled—reeled against the door left half open, and falling against it, slammed it to with her weight, and fell down shrieking. Snarleyyow, who probably had intended to make off, seeing that his escape was prevented, again retreated under the bed, and as soon as he was there he recommenced an attack upon Babette's legs.

Now, it appears, that what the united courage of the two females could not accomplish, was at last effected by their united fears. The widow Vandersloosh gained her legs as soon as she could, and at first opened the door to run out, but her night dress was torn to ribbons in front. She looked at her situation—modesty conquered every

other feeling—she burst into tears, and exclaiming, "Mr. Vanslyperken! Mr. Vanslyperken!" she threw herself in an ecstacy of grief and rage on the centre of the bed. At the same moment the teeth of the dog were again fixed upon the ancles of Babette, who also shrieked, and threw herself on the bed, and upon her mistress. The bed was a good bed, and had for years done its duty; but you may even overload a bed, and so it proved in this instance. The united weights of the mistress and the maid coming down upon it with such emphasis, was more than the bed could bear—the sacking gave way altogether, and the mattrass which they lay upon was now supported by the floor.

But this misfortune was their preservation—for when the mattrass came down, it came down upon Snarleyyow. The animal contrived to clear his loins, or he would have perished; but he could not clear his long mangy tail, which was now caught and firmly fixed in a new species of trap, the widow's broadest proportions having firmly secured him by it. Snarleyyow pulled, and pulled, but he pulled in vain—he was fixed—he could not bite, for the mattrass was between them—he pulled, and he howled, and barked, and turned himself every way, and yelped; and had not his tail been of coarse and thick dimensions, he might have left it behind him, so great were his exertions; but, no, it was impossible. The widow was a widow of substance, as Vanslyperken had imagined, and as she now proved to the dog—the only difference was, that the master wished to be in the very situation which the dog was now so anxious to escape from—to wit, tailed on to the widow. Babette, who soon perceived that the dog was so, now got out of the bed, and begging her mistress not to move an inch, and seizing the broom, she hammered Snarleyyow most unmercifully, without any fear of retaliation. The dog redoubled his exertions, and the extra weight of Babette being now removed, he was at last able to withdraw his appendage, and probably feeling that there was now no chance of a quiet night's rest in his present quarters,he made a bolt out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Babette chased him down, threw the broom at his head as he cleared the threshold, and then bolted the door.

"O the beast!" exclaimed Babette, going up stairs again, out of breath; "he's gone at last, ma'am."

"Yes," replied the widow, rising up with difficulty from the hole made with her own centre of gravity; "and—and his master shall go too. Make love indeed—the atomy—the shrimp—the dried up stock-fish. Love quotha—and refuse to hang a cur like that. O dear! O dear! get me something to put on. One of my best chemises all in rags—and his nasty teeth in my leg in two places, Babette. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—I don't care for their custom. Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll not sit on my sofa again, I can tell you;—hug your nasty cur—quite good enough for you. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken."

By this time the widow had received a fresh supply of linen from Babette; and as soon as she had put it on she rose from the bed, the fractured state of which again called forth her indignation.

"Thirty-two years have I had this bed, wedded and single, Ba-

bette!" exclaimed the widow. "For sixteen years did I sleep on that bed with the lamented Mr. Vansdersloosh—for sixteen years have I slept in it, a lone widow—but never till now did it break down. How am I to sleep to-night? What am I to do, Babette?"

"'Twas well it did break down, ma'am," replied Babette, who was smoothing down the jagged skin at her ancles; "or we should never have got the nasty biting brute out of the house."

"Very well—very well. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage, indeed, I'd as soon marry his cur."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed Babette. "I think, madame, if you did marry, you would soon find the master as cross as the dog; but I must make this bed."

Babette proceeded to examine the mischief, and found that it was only the cords which tied the sacking which had given way, and considering that they had done their office for thirty-two years, and the strain which had been put upon them after so long a period, there was not much to complain of. A new cord was procured, and in a quarter of an hour all was right again; and the widow, who had sat in the chair fuming and blowing off her steam, as soon as Babette had turned down the bed, turned in again, muttering, "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—marriage indeed. Well, well, we shall see. Stop till to-morrow, Mr. Vanslyperken;" and as Babette has closed the curtains, so will we close this chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

In which resolutions are entered into in all quarters, and Jemmy Ducks is accused of mutiny for singing a song in a snow storm.

What were the adventures of Snarleyyow after this awkward interference with his master's speculations upon the widow, until he jumped into the beef boat to go on board of the cutter, are lost for ever; but it is to be supposed that he could not have remained the whole night without making himself disagreeable in some quarter or another. But, as we before observed, we know nothing about it; and, therefore, may be excused if we do not tell.

The widow Vandersloosh slept but little that night, her soul was full of vengeance; but although smarting with the imprints of the cur's teeth, still she had an eye to business; the custom of the crew of the cutter was not to be despised, and as she thought of this, she gradually cooled down. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that she came to her decision; and it was a very prudent one, which was, to demand the dead body of the dog to be laid at her door before Mr. Vanslyperken should be allowed admittance. This was her right, and if he was sincere, he would not refuse; if he did refuse, it was not at all clear that she should lose the custom of the seamen, over the major part of whom Vanslyperken then appeared to have very little control; and all of whom, she knew, detested him most cordially, as well as his dog. After which resolution the widow Vandersloosh fell fast asleep.

But we must return on board, where there was almost as much

confusion as there had been on shore. The re-appearance of Snarleyyow was considered supernatural, for Smallbones had distinctly told in what manner he had tied him up in the bread bags, and thrown him into the canal. Whisperings and murmurings were heard all round the cutter's decks. Obadiah Coble shrugged up his shoulders, as he took an extra quid—Dick Short walked about with lips compressed, more taciturn than ever—Jansen shook his head, muttering, "Te tog is no tog"—Bill Spurey had to repeat to the ship's company the legend of his coming on board over and over again. The only persons who appeared not to have lost their courage were Jemmy Ducks and poor Smallbones, who had been put in his hammock to recover him from his refrigeration. The former said, "that if they were to sail with the devil, it could not be helped, pay and prize money would still go on;" and the latter, who had quite recovered his self-possession, "vowed that dog or devil, he would never cease his attempts to destroy him—if he was the devil, or one of his imps, it was his duty as a Christian to oppose him, and he had no chance of better treatment if he were to remain quiet." The snow storm continued, and the men remained below, all but Jemmy Ducks, who leaned against the lee side of the cutter's mast, and, as the snow fell, sung, to a slow air, the following ditty, it probably being called to his recollection by the state of the weather.

'Twas at the landing-place that's just below Mount Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry's box, a tear in both her eyes,
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to keep them warm,
Being a windy Christmas day, and also a snow storm.
And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A shivering by her side,
They both were dumb,
And both looked glum,
As they watched the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee shore to be jammed,
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—We'll give you a piece of our mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

Who ever heard in the sarvice of a frigate made to sail
On Christmas day, it blowing hard, with sleet, and snow, and hail?
I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot unto your heart's content.
Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.

Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire I'll bet,
In it your toes are jammed,
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I had the flour and plums all picked, and suet all chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich for all the mess to dine;
I pawned my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed at least a stone,
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left alone.
Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the Admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a turkey I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed,
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d—— d.

*Chorus.*—I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook their meat,
To eat it raw on Christmas-day will be a pleasant treat;
But let us all go home, girls, it's no use waiting here,
We'll hope that Christmas-day to come, they will have better cheer.
So Bet and Sue
Don't stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they cut their raw salt junk,
With dainties you'll be crammed,
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

*Chorus.*—So once for all our mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d——d.

"Mein Gott, but dat is rank mutiny, Mynheer Shemmy Tucks," observed Corporal Van Spitter, who had come up on the deck unperceived by Jemmy, and had listened to the song.

"Mutiny, is it?" replied Jemmy, "and report this also,

I'll give you a bit of my mind, fat thief,
You, corporal, may be d——d."

"Dat is better and better—I mean to say, worser and worser," replied the corporal.

"Take care I don't pitch you overboard," replied Jemmy in wrath.

"Dat is most worst still," said the corporal, stalking aft, and leaving Jemmy Ducks to follow up the train of his own thoughts.

Jemmy, who had been roused by the corporal, and felt the snow insinuating itself into the nape of the neck, thought he might as well go down below.

The corporal made his report, and Mr. Vanslyperken made his comments, but he did no more, for he was aware that a mere trifle would raise a general mutiny. The recovery of Snarleyyow consoled him, and little thinking what had been the events of the preceding night, he thought he might as well prove his devotion to the widow, by paying his respects in a snow storm—but not in the attire of the day before. Mr. Vanslyperken was too economical for that, so he remained in his long threadbare great coat and foul-weather hat. Having first locked up his dog in the cabin, and entrusted the key to the corporal, he went on shore and presented himself at the widow's door, which was opened by Babette, who with her person barred entrance; she did not wait for Vanslyperken to speak first.

"Mynheer Vanslyperken, you can't come in. Frau Vandersloosh is very ill in bed—the doctor says it's a bad case—she cannot be seen."

"Ill!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "your dear, charming mistress ill! Good heavens, what is the matter, my dear Babette?" replied Vanslyperken, with all the pretended interest of a devoted lover.

"All through you, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette.

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Well, all through your nasty cur, which is the same thing."

"My dog! I little thought that he was left here," replied the lieutenant; "but, Babette, let me in if you please, for the snow falls fast, and——"

"And you must not come in, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Babette, pushing him back.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?"

Babette then narrated what had passed, and as she was very prolix, Mr. Vanslyperken was a mass of snow on the windward side of him before she had finished, which she did, by pulling down her worsted stockings, and showing the wounds which she had received as her portion in the last night's affray. Having thus given ocular evidence of the truth of what she had asserted, Babette then delivered the message of her mistress; to wit, "that until the dead body of Snarleyyow was laid at the porch where they now stood, he, Mr. Vanslyperken, would never gain re-admission." So saying, and not feeling it very pleasant to continue a conversation in a snow storm, Babette

very unceremoniously slammed the door in Mr. Vanslyperken's face, and left him to digest the communication with what appetite he might. Mr. Vanslyperken, notwithstanding the cold weather, hastened from the door in a towering passion. The perspiration actually ran down his face and mingled with the melting snow. "To be or not to be"—give up the widow or give up his darling Snarleyyow—a dog whom he loved the more, the more he was, through him, entangled in scrapes and vexations—a dog whom every one hated, and therefore he loved—a dog which had not a single recommendation, and therefore was highly prized—a dog assailed by all, and especially by that scarecrow Smallbones, to whom his death would be a victory—it was impossible. But then the widow—with such lots of guilders in the bank, and such a good income from the Lust Haus, he had long made up his mind to settle in possession. It was the haven which, in the vista of his mind, he had been so long accustomed to dwell upon, and he could not give up the hope.

Yet one must be sacrificed. No, he could part with neither. "I have it," thought he; "I will make the widow believe that I have sacrificed the dog, and then, when I am once in possession, the dog shall come back again, and let her say a word if she dares; I'll tame her, and pay her off for old scores."

Such was the determination of Mr. Vanslyperken, as he walked back to the boat. His reverie was, however, broken by his breaking his nose against a lamp-post, which did not contribute to his good humour. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, we will see," muttered Vanslyperken; "you would kill my dog, would you? It's a dog's life I'll lead you when I'm once secure of you, Madame Vandersloosh. You cheated me out of my biscuit—we shall see;" and Mr. Vanslyperken stepped into his boat and pulled on board.

On his arrival he found that a messenger had come on board during his absence, with the letters of thanks from the king's loving cousins, and with directions that he should return with them forthwith. This suited the views of Vanslyperken; he wrote a long letter to the widow, in which he expressed his willingness to sacrifice every thing for her—not only to hang his dog, but to hang himself if she wished it—lamented his immediate orders for sailing, and hinted that on his return he ought to find her more favourable. The widow read the letter, and tossed it into the grate with a "Pish! I was not born yesterday, as the saying is," cried the widow Vansdersloosh.

*(To be continued.)*

## BEAUTY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! tell me not of cheeks, that wear
  The rosy freshness of the morn,—
Of Hebe lips and flowing hair;
  True love is not of such things born:
They have their value but to me,
As flowers, if nothing more I see.

I could as soon bow soul and knees
  To some bright shade of Titian's art,
Or statue of Praxiteles,
  As beauty, without mind or heart:
For why? because it seems to me,
Like casket without jewelry.

I care not what the colour be
  Of beauty's eye,—if jet or blue,
So every glance speak sympathy,
  With what is kind, and good, and true:
Eyes have their value but to me,
  As in their light a soul I see.

I heed not if the cheek be pale
  As monumental marble, so
A modest blush doth there prevail,
  When fit occasion bids it glow:
Cheeks have their value but to me,
As types of inward purity.

I mind not if the lips be red,
  And full, as infant bud of rose,
So gay good temper round them shed
  The sunshine of the mind's repose:
Lips have their value but to me,
When clothed with sweet amenity.

Yet neither lips, nor cheeks, nor eyes,
  Though all that I have now portrayed,
Could shake my peace, or wake my sighs,
  Unless they love for me displayed:
Their chiefest beauty still must be,
To breathe of love, and love for me.

But if I see in beauty's eye,
  Affection's glance when I appear,
And on her cheek and lip, espy
  The tokens of a love sincere;
Then eyes, and cheeks, and lips, to me
Do wear their true divinity.

## THE NEW MANUAL OF ELOQUENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those ingenious persons called projectors, who have always on hand some undertaking, partly for the public good and advantage, and partly for the improvement of their own private fortunes. Having witnessed with much satisfaction your unremitting exertions to promote every well-directed plan for the better diffusion of useful information, and presuming more especially upon your zeal for the advancement of literature, I now venture to solicit that you will insert in your excellent miscellany the following notices of a work of great merit and utility, to be intitled, "The New Manual of Eloquence." A prospectus of the work and subscription papers will, in a short time, be lodged with all the principal booksellers, and the printing will commence as soon as fifty thousand subscribers, at one guinea each, shall have come forward to encourage the publication. If this request is complied with, it is probable that you may hear from me again, and that I may be induced to draw forth from the repositories in which they have long slumbered, a number of schemes and lucubrations well worthy of the public attention. In the meantime, relying upon your patronage and approbation, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient humble servant,

SPECULATOR.

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Every judicious reader must be aware of the great advantages that have resulted from the use of images somewhat obscure and of terms that are rather ill-defined, whether for the purpose of indicating a profound and philosophical mode of thinking, or of attaining true perfection in that ambitious and grandiloquent style, which is usually called fine writing, or fine oratory. But grandeur of every sort is apt to be monotonous, whether it consist in pomp of phrases or in outward show and magnificence; and the love of variety is so natural, that, whether in books or in oratory, a constant recurrence of the same images, or of the same words, cannot be endured without weariness and disgust, even though they should be so obscure and ill-defined as to convey no distinct idea to the mind. Too often we see all the effect of a profound and imposing mistiness entirely lost through the want of attention to vary and diversify a little, and there are multitudes who seem utterly unable to exceed the range of some few phrases and embellishments which have got into fashion, and are put to every sort of service while they continue in vogue. If the reader is old enough to remember the orators of the French convention, I take it for granted that he must often have been put out of all patience by incessant repetitions of the words organ and organizing, and by others of that nation who went on germinating and developing in

the same merciless way. The word 'monster' seems also to have been reckoned upon as particularly serviceable for producing an impression upon the sovereign people. Every man might then announce himself as the organ of something or other—of fraternal unanimity, of pure civism, or of a regenerated epoch; or sound an alarm that the monster Federalism, or the monster Superstition, was busy here or there, organising its monstrous conceptions, hatching some catastrophe which should engulf in its jaws the virtuous Sans-culottes of the 10th of August, the enlightened patriots of the 1st of September, and the entire republic one and indivisible.

But to descend from these stormy declamations to phrases and flourishes of our own native growth. I have myself perused two very sizeable quartos, the work of a certain genius, whose productions might be easily recognised and identified as belonging to the same author, solely by our meeting at every turn with such sentences as the following:—a most pregnant era,—a most pregnant moment,—a mind every day engendering new miracles,—exquisite digression, pregnant with imagery and sentiment,—offensive manners, engendered by dishonesty and intemperance,—duels pregnant with apprehension, —matter generating visible images. Devil another metaphor the filthy pedant has from beginning to end of his two quartos! or, if by accident one of a different sort does sometimes intervene, it makes no more figure than some stray specimen of the lesser weeds, in a waste overrun with nettles and ragworts.

The word 'devoted' is at this present time (April, 1836) in exceeding great favour and popularity. With romance writers it saves the trouble of colouring over and excusing all sorts of immoralities. An action may be neither fit, nor just, nor religious, nor suitable to a rational and accountable being, it may even be neither decent nor honest, but call it devoted, and it becomes quite a high-souled affair, which forthwith soars too high to be measured by the ordinary rules that confine the general herd. A man may be devoted to his neighbour's wife, a woman to her neighbour's husband, for it matters not how absurdly and mischievously placed this same feeling of devotedness may be, provided only that it shall be so managed as to produce its proper quantity of sentiment and stage effect. Nor is this all: besides its popularity with the fanciful and romantic, this word is of the greatest utility to that worldly-minded generation who are engaged in squabbling with and circumventing each other for the good things of this life. When a man of this stamp talks of having a friend who is devoted to him, or of his having devoted himself to some desirable patron, it serves to intimate, in the genteelest manner, that he has acquired a useful catspaw, or hooked himself to a convenient dupe.

The word 'people' has worked excellently, and is not likely to be soon worn out. By advertising a book for the people, it is possible to sell enormously-piled up reams of nonsense; and under colour of talking or writing in the people's cause, any one may very patriotically vent as much insolence, envy, malice, and disloyalty, as he pleases.

In our days, too, every body has been nauseated by the talk about a fetid moral atmosphere, morbid moral symptoms, and morbid moral anatomy. Next in succession came marches and evolutions, both

very fashionable, as, for example, the march of investigation, the evolutions of intellect, or the march of Hume over the field of history, &c. &c. These last were supposed to contain much deep and philosophical meaning; but such is the mutation attached to all sublunary things, that the fashion even of tropes and figures is subjected to vicissitude, and it has become a standing joke to pelt the celebrated march of intellect with incessant derision. Another instance of the same ill-temper has come down to us from the days of the great Doctor Samuel Johnson—"Powers, that villanous word powers," excited by its constant recurrence the spleen of critical and discourteous readers, "and yet it is an excellent good word too," when used with moderation, which it has been, ever since the word 'gifts' has been seized upon and subjected to the same intolerable drudgery.

The word 'foot' was also in great reputation about a century ago, when people talked not only of placing things upon a right foot, or standing upon a foot, but even of cultivating a foot. Every one knows the wonderful resources which, in every emergency, have been found in the four monosyllabic exclamations—ah! oh! yes! what!—as also the excessive prettiness and prepossessing qualities of the word 'little,' insomuch that, if we mean to be interesting, we must apply this epithet to every thing. If a lady bends over her harp, it is to sing a little romance, or a little air; or if our dramatis personæ should happen to be devout peasants. they must read from a little Bible, which reposes on a little shelf; their lamp must be a little lamp, their loaf a little loaf, and they must drive their cows into a little field. But, alas! it is to be feared that these prettinesses, like many others which have preceded them, may soon fail to make an impression, and that the next generation may listen to them, as we do to a tune that has been whistled about the streets till every body is tired of it. And even the ah! oh! yes! what! which had such prodigious force and success in the school of Jean Jaques Rousseau, and is now more laudably employed in edifying the religious public, in a multitude of tracts and theological discussions, may cease to produce any sensation.

Nor is this all. Besides this indiscreet frequency, and incessant wearing out of particular words, some have addicted themselves to a few sorry alliterations, while others have a fancy for one particular termination, such as, classify, ramify, modify, diversify, or, matuality, totality, universality. But it would be useless to multiply examples.

That persons who affect a grand, strutting, and redundant flow of language, should fall into such unaccountable poverty, will appear the more astonishing, when we consider that the community of authors, like the community of rooks, make no scruple to build their nests with their neighbour's sticks, or, to speak without a metaphor, to borrow or appropriate whatever they may have occasion for. And from the very liberal use that has been made of this general privilege of pilfering without remorse or acknowledgment, we may certainly infer, that it does not proceed from any fastidiousness on this point, and that many would willingly increase their stock of fine terms and rhetorical flourishes, if they only knew how or where to help themselves. Actuated, therefore, by pure benevolence to my brethren of the quill,

and to many worthy gentlemen who make sermons and speeches, I have, by means of an excellent pair of scissors, together with a needle and thread, compiled, or rather, so to speak, manipulated and constructed a work of singular utility, from which they may select at pleasure such new phrases, and such flowers of eloquence, as they may deem fit to be transplanted into their compositions and discourse. That such a work has long been very much wanted, I suppose there is nobody so unreasonable as to dispute, and it is confidently anticipated, that it will be welcomed with universal plaudits by the entire republic of letters, and outshine in reputation, even the celebrated rhyming dictionary of Mr. Byshe.

But that the reader may sufficiently estimate the merit and usefulness of this performance, it is necessary to insert a few short extracts, from which he may be enabled to understand something of its plan and materials. The work is nearly in the dictionary form, for the convenience of being more easily consulted; but the specimens have been selected without any regard to alphabetical arrangement, from some of the many chapters into which so great a variety of matter naturally divided itself.

Chapter 17th treats of curious furniture, implements, and utensils; such as

The key that opens the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

The key of art, for tuning the ears of persons who are going to make verses. Pope had his ears tuned by this key. It must be held in the hand of Nature.

The great wheel of sublunary bliss.

The wheel of Fortune, which in its perpetual revolution round the axis of uncertainty, scatters from its circumference vicissitudes among the sons of men.

The hammers of perpetual discussion.

The nails and pins of prejudice.

That most powerful air-pump, adversity, which ejects from the mind all that gas, that comes under the denomination of nonsense.

The torch of exposure.

The sling of eloquence.

The empty shell of philosophy for holding the sound of arguments in.

The mysterious magnet of friendship attracted only by invisible atoms of sympathy.

The pillars of sentiment and imagination for the spirit to repose on. Milton had them—Cobbett had them not; therefore he ran away to America.

The vocal looking-glass. To give our ideas voice and accent is, according to Lord Shaftesbury, the vocal looking-glass, &c. &c. &c.

Chapter 18th is of trinkets and wearable articles, such as,

The black brood of ignorance.

The cloak of sadness.

A mantle of love, to cast over faults.

The mantle of impunity.

The cloak of common sense. No woman, says the novel, must stir without it.

The chaste habiliments of eloquent persuasion.

The gems of virtue.

The signet of the stage, for making impressions with, when the heart is melted by the scene, &c.

Chapter 19th treats of vessels with their tackling; such as,

The barge of Fate, with its Carte du Voyage.
Dr. Bell's intellectual steam engine.
The mainsail of imagination. This mainsail eats—"half its food is poison."
The rudder of sound discretion, &c.

Chapter 19th is particularly interesting to politicians, who may find in it an inexhaustible fund of talk, about steering and navigating the vessel of the state.

Chapter 20th, the sons and the daughters; as, for example,

The long-eared children of Credulity.
The airy sons of Speculation.
The undeviating sons of Propriety.
The steady sons of Circumspection.
The giddy daughters of Indiscretion.
The mournful daughters of Misfortune.
The sons of Confusion.
Sprightly and vivacious sons of Joy, &c.

Besides sons, daughters, handmaid, and nurslings, Chapter 20th includes the parentage and degrees of relationship subsisting between ideal beings of every sort, with the best examples for extending this kind of consanguinity to inanimate objects; as,

The sons of the Forest, (viz. tall trees.)
Tempests, the sons of Equinox.
Gentle hills, nurslings of the Peak, &c. &c.

In Chapter 21st, on personifications, will be found very minute and ample directions for dressing all sorts of allegorical personages, Pride in purple, Joy in rose colours, and Woe with black wings, &c. &c.

There is also a chapter appropriated to the line, the walk, the circle, and the sphere. One upon the word 'interesting,' upon the word 'strains,' upon rays diverging from, or verging towards, a point, both extremely useful ingredients in swelling, extending, and lengthening out a paragraph, and which have ever been mixed, in such quantities, as to form no inconsiderable part of some pretty sizeable volumes. There are seven chapters of similies all finely alliterated, or finely compounded. One upon strange beasts; such as,

The tiger of Orangeism.
The anti-colonial tiger.
Mr. Lytton Bulwer's war-horse, Newspaper Stamp Repeal, &c.

And another of singular plants and vegetable substances. Take, for example,

The weeds of disregard.
The fungus of abuse, with which, in our times, the commonwealth is overrun.
The intellectual fibre in all its varieties of growth.

In this section great attention has been paid to give the locality, with the discoverer's names, as far as such particulars can be ascertained.

This work will also include a collection, which may be styled fasciculi, or little bundles, consisting of vocables of similar sound and length, cut even like a bundle of herbs, and paraded in a string. A collection of Frenchified and other exotic embellishments, chiefly gastronomic, for the use of persons *un peu roturier*, who are desirous of passing for vastly genteel; and a collation of rambling terminations, with transmutations in is, and ist, and ism, whereby the most common and familiar words being changed from adjectives into nouns, and from nouns into adjectives, acquire an erudite and pompous exterior. As, for example, tutorial instruction, professional dignity, pictorial powers, melodic powers, Edenic beauties, Prioric talents, hermetical solitude, Miltonic plaints, and so on.

For the convenience of those who may wish to construct a cosmonogy, or other learned system, a collection of such necessary philosophical tackling as the great chain of being, force of circumstances, primordial law, determining principle, has been carefully got together. And if with these one cannot construct a universe, with its inhabitants, the deuce is in it. Likewise numerous examples of the arrangement of words into sentences, which seem, at first sight, to convey some meaning, though upon a nearer examination, Œdipus himself would be unable to unravel it.

There are chapters of exclamations, interrogations, inversions, augmentatives, and diminutives. For the satisfaction of the curious, there is a treatise upon unfashionable metaphors, which, though now exploded, saw good service in the ponderous tomes of the seventeenth century; where we read of the *primum mobile*, with its attendant orbs, of mental digestion, bad mental concoction, which maketh an unwholesome chylas, and a sentence sets off with a simile concerning Periander the wise man, or Solon the Athenian, Alexander the Great, his humility, or the sun, when he entereth upon the first sign Aries.

In this section of antiquated metaphors will be included specimens of the far-fetched, with the use of the two little syllables, *as* and *so*; by which simple machinery any odd scrap of learning, or any piece of information, was rendered available. Take, for example,

As the little fish which marcheth before the whale to lead him through the waters, lest his unwieldiness should dash him against the rocks, so, &c.

Or,

As the stone which resteth when it has arrived at the centre of the earth, so, &c.

Or,

As the panther which so loveth the herb henbane, that he leapeth and frisketh about it, when placed somewhat out of his reach, till he falleth down with weariness, and dieth upon the place, so, &c. &c.

Such things are not the taste at present. Egotism has superseded pedantry; and it certainly is much pleasanter and much easier to talk of one's-self, than of the herb henbane, Periander the wise man, or Solon the Athenian.

But to return to our intended publication. It is needless to go into further detail. Suffice it to say, that instead of imitating those impertinent theorists, who are possessed by a mania for generalizing and system-building, and who insist upon accounting for every effect by the operation of some one general principle, the object of this work is to indicate and point out the great variety of means and resources that may be made available for the improvement of a fine and grandiloquent style of writing. He who knows not this style knows nothing—not even how to pen an ordinary hand-bill. For all the common purposes of life it has superseded every other. Our newspapers are full of it from beginning to end. Narrative, advertisements, speeches, every thing is done in it. Every orator, in our days, is bursting with his feelings. Every unfortunate dog of a public performer must be entirely overpowered with emotion, at every the least symptom of public encouragement. What an unconscionable expense of sensibility is a man put to, when he goes to a public feast, and makes a speech after dinner! If, by way of local information, we are treated with a description of some remarkable personage, instead of saying, as a man would say if he spoke the sober truth, that in such a town or district there lives an old fellow who makes sorry verses, that he is short or tall, brown or fair, we are told that he has a facial expression, which announces that he has looked upon high hills, and tended cows, or sheep perchance, or geese, in his youth; and that the bumps on his forehead, ragged hairs, and other phrenological symptoms, indicate that this said old fellow is a much greater genius than the world takes him to be. If a carrier's wagon is overset in a slough, with a couple of country wenches in it, the paragraph maker, being one of those, whose favourite embellishment is alliteration, an opportunity so suitable for rising to an elevated style is not to be resisted, and the fair passengers are rescued from peril by the prowess of a passing pigman. One shopkeeper announces that he has been sedulous, and emulous, and strenuous, in his exertions to merit a continuation of the flattering and distinguished patronage he has hitherto received. Another, with much polite and respectful courtesy, invites "the connoisseurs in pickled herrings," to inspect certain casks that have lately come to hand. What more remains to be said, but that it is cultivated by peruquiers, by the vendors of cosmetics and shoe-blacking, by the dealers in nick-nacks and curiosities, and, in short, by all who find it convenient to talk of their matters in a grave and general way, without descending to be too plain or explicit; and more especially, by those who have occasion to excuse themselves for some shabby mean action, or notable roguery. It is true there are cynical persons in the world, who are ready to jeer at all men's good parts; and who, of course, never fail to carp at such exhibitions of talent. But if the multitude exclaim, "What clever, first-rate writing!" or, "what superior oratory!" it does not signify though two or three obscure folks in a corner should mutter out between their teeth, "What vain nonsense! what unprofitable babbling!"

A. L.

*Modern Athens.*

# ITALY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," THE "SAXON'S DAUGHTER," &c.

ITALIA! land of arts and arms,
Where Nature spreads her richest charms,
Haloed by Glory, voiced by Fame,
Who burns not at thy magic name?

Long wandering northern climes, where chill
The breezes blow on Sweden's hill;
Deafened by Danube's falling floods,
Now lost in dark Germania's woods;
Then climbing, shivering, faint and slow,
Alp's everlasting hills of snow:
Who, when he sees thy landscape sweet,
Laughing in beauty at his feet;
Thy dimpling lakes, thy olive bowers,
Thy viny steeps, and meads of flowers;
While fragrance loads the silk-winged gale,
And music melts in every vale,
And spreads o'er all a violet sky,
Soft as the light in Beauty's eye;
Feels not inspired by scenes so fair?
Nor glows with classic rapture there?

Mother of heroes! mighty land!
Since Romulus unsheathed his brand,
And saw the black-winged vultures tower,
Prognostic of thy future power,
What deeds of glory hast thou seen,
While earth in shackles hailed thee queen!—
Though Rome's great soul hath passed away,
She awes in death and grand decay;
Though chains clank o'er Venetia's isles,
Still commerce hums, and beauty smiles.
But Florence, with her queenly towers,
O'erlooking groves and vintage bowers;
And Naples, by the glittering sea,
All splendour, life, festivity,
Are still, O Italy! thy pride,
Where taste refines, and arts preside;
Where Pleasure sheds her brightest ray,
And Music pours her sweetest lay;
Where time, on downy pinion, flies,
Beauty is sunny as her skies,
And all is met from pole to pole,
That feasts the eye and charms the soul.

# THE CHARITY SISTER.[1]

## A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Affairs were in this situation, when, on the Wednesday morning, after breakfast, Rosabelle's heart beat to observe the carriage of her mother-in-law advancing up the avenue. Fanchette could plainly see in it Miss Altamont and Mrs. Milicent—William was on horseback beside it.

The carriage drew up to the door, and Miss Altamont and her attendant alighted: they proceeded up stairs, and the servant in waiting, formally announced Miss Altamont, as he threw open the door of the apartment. Lady Altamont rose from her chair, but did not advance; she coldly waved her visiter to a seat, and Mrs. Milicent took one at the further end of the room.

Miss Altamont hesitated, for she was not quite prepared for this style of reception; she expected tears, and complaints, and explanations, but she was deceived. Lady Altamont calmly awaited the object of her visit.

"The task I am about to undertake," at length said Miss Altamont, "is a most painful one: would that it could have been entrusted to any other than myself! but my mother declines it, and I have no alternative. You cannot but be aware, Lady Altamont, that certain reports have been spread during our winter residence in town, regarding the sentiments of the Count de Beauvilliers towards you, of a nature, which however complimentary they may be considered in your country, are justly condemned in ours."

She paused, and seemed to expect some observation, but none was made.

"These reports were, I am sorry to say, confirmed by many circumstances, especially by the testimony of your own confidential servant, Fanchette, who rather seemed to boast of what she ought to have been so thoroughly ashamed."

Lady Altamont looked at Fanchette; the girl buried her face in her hands, and wept.

Miss Altamont proceeded: "The Count de Beauvilliers did not himself deny the truth of the assertions that were made; so much the reverse, that it appears he suffered certain inuendos concerning a visit he intended making you here, to escape him in the absence of your husband, to whom the conversation was faithfully reported. The visit was made; I need not detail under what circumstances—I blush to recall them. My brother was informed of all that occurred; he and his friend proceeded to Calais, and there met the Count and Lord Henry Beauclerk ——"

[1] Continued from page 271.

The firmness of Rosabelle began to give way: "And there!" she suddenly exclaimed.

"There, a duel has taken place."

"My husband!" she wildly shrieked.

"Is slightly wounded; but the Count—I regret to say"—Miss Altamont paused.

"Is dead!" said Rosabelle, with unnatural calmness. Miss Altamont bowed her head.

"O God!" exclaimed Rosabelle, starting from her seat, and joining her hands in agony: "has it come to this? the blood of my near kinsman on the hand of my husband! and *I* the cause? Cruel Altamont! what time, what penitence can ever wash that stain away? Unjust, unworthy husband! though all the world believed me guilty, how couldst *thou?* thou, that knowest every thought of my heart, couldst deem thy Rosabelle so false, so thankless, so impure! But it is done, and though that heart should break, I will root thine image from it: henceforth thou hast no wife, and Rosabelle no husband! Poor Albert!" She sank back in her chair, and the big tears forced their way through the slender fingers that strove to conceal them.

Miss Altamont was confounded; she was inwardly convinced that Rosabelle was innocent, but she meanly checked the conviction, and the evil of her nature successfully opposed the good, when, turning towards Mrs. Milicent, she exclaimed, "Her ladyship forgets her wounded husband, and weeps only for her guilty paramour."

The blood of the De Courcis quickened through every vein of the injured Rosabelle; the same spirit that prompted the look which silenced for ever the lawless passion of Beauvilliers, flashed once more from her eyes. She stood, and pointed to the door: Miss Altamont arose, and without trusting herself with a second glance, hastily moved towards it; Mrs. Milicent drew her bonnet more closely over her face, and followed with a speed, which at any other time she would have considered indecorous.

Lady Altamont rang, and ordered his lordship's servant, William, to appear before her; the man entered, and, standing close by the door, bowed respectfully: "Was the Count de Beauvilliers dead when you left Calais?"

"No, my lady, but the surgeon said he could only live three or four hours at the furthest."

"Who sent you here, and what was your commission?"

"The day before, my lord had ordered me, whatever happened, to leave immediately, and take the information to my lady dowager."

"Your lord was wounded?"

"Yes, madam, slightly in the shoulder."

"Had you any conversation with him after the duel?"

"Not any."

"Was he preparing for his departure?"

"He was with the count, and seemed to have no intention of leaving him until he died."

"Who was your lord's second?"

"Mr. Cavendish."

"Very well—leave the room;" and William departed.

During the whole of this time Fanchette had cowered in a corner, with her eyes fixed on her lady, and her mouth open; awe and astonishment strongly expressed in her countenance. She could scarcely believe that her young mistress stood before her; her figure seemed enlarged, and was haughtily thrown back, her brow was contracted, her lips compressed, her eye steady and severe; her tears were dried, and not a trace of weakness remained; the flush of indignation itself was gradually fading away, and a marble paleness was replacing it upon her brow and cheek. When William retired, Lady Altamont stood for some time immoveable, scarcely seeming to breathe: after a few minutes, Fanchette raised herself upon her knees, and extended her arms towards her; the movement attracted the attention of the lady, who had evidently forgotten her.

"O my dear mistress!" cried the distressed Fanchette, "pray forgive me! I will tell you all *I* ever said, and nothing very bad either. I am sure, I am sure I never intended to do you harm; I only wished to show these scornful English, that you might, if you had chosen, have married a much grander and handsomer man in your own country."

"To-morrow," replied Rosabelle, calmly, "I will hear whatever you may have to say; to-day I must not be intruded on by any one." She retired into her dressing-room, which communicated immediately with her bed-chamber, and locked herself in.

Throughout the establishment of Moorlands, the most unbroken quiet reigned that day; the servants moved about like ghosts, making signs, or conversing in low whispers. Dinner was served as usual for her ladyship, and when the butler announced it at her dressing-room door, she desired that some slight refreshment might be brought up; and coffee was served at a later period in the afternoon. On both these occasions the housekeeper attended with a waiting-maid; they reported that Lady Altamont looked very calm and composed, but exceedingly pale: it would appear she had the air of a person who had come to what was deemed a necessary, but painful decision.

At nine o'clock she ordered the house to be closed, and the principal keys to be brought to her, (a prevailing custom at that period,) as she wished to retire to rest.

On the following morning, (Thursday,) Fanchette waited anxiously for her lady's summons. Ten o'clock arrived, and getting alarmed, she knocked at her door; there was no answer: she tried the lock, and to her surprise found that it was not secured; the shutters were partly open; the dressing-room had a certain air of confusion about it, as of a person who had been selecting things for packing; the heart of Fanchette sank within her—she hastily burst into the bed-chamber; her lady was not there, nor did the bed appear as though it had been slept in.

Fanchette looked round in despair, and called in vain on the name of her mistress; then rushed down stairs and alarmed the servants. Search was made in every direction; Lady Altamont was nowhere to be found, and, so soon as the fact was fully ascertained, the intelligence was carried to the manor-house.

Lord Altamont and his friend had been forced, from mere fatigue

and exhaustion, to remain for twenty-four hours at Dover; and his lordship was so unwell the following morning, that his proceeding even then was considered imprudent; but no entreaty or expostulation could detain him an instant longer, and travelling gently, they reached Moorlands on the Friday evening.

As the carriage once more passed the opening before mentioned, from which his residence could be seen, Lord Altamont eagerly bent forward to catch a glimpse of it, with very different sensations than on a former occasion: it was all dark, and shut up, not a light to be seen: a sickening foreboding of some dreadful event stole over him—he gasped with apprehension. In a few minutes they were met by servants with torches, requesting they would proceed to the manor-house, the ladies having something important to communicate.

The scene need not be described. Lord Altamont's self-reproach, grief, and rage, amounted almost to madness; no voice could soothe him but that of his mother, and not even her's, till on her knees she besought him not to endanger by his rashness, (for he was tearing the bandages from his wound,) the life which she had given, and in which her own was involved: the sight recalled him to his senses: he submitted with a stern, almost a ferocious sadness, to all they required; but on one point none could control him: he insisted that his sister should leave his presence, and never again venture in it. A strong opiate was administered, and his mother watched by him during the night, as she had done in the days of his infancy.

The next morning he rose more composed, but in a state of deep dejection and great bodily weakness. By his order his letters were brought to him, and among them was the unfortunately delayed letter of Rosabelle, giving an exact and lively account of her cousin's visit: truth, artlessness, and innocence breathing in every line, while her expressions of fondness to himself, and her eager wishes for his return, struck like arrows to his already lacerated heart. He kissed the writing, while his scalding tears dropped on it, folded, and laid it to his bosom.

Although scarcely able to move, Lord Altamont insisted upon being driven to his house; and was accompanied by the whole party, excepting Miss Altamont. On his arrival, the housekeeper presented to him the key of Lady Altamont's dressing-room, which apartment had been purposely kept in the same state in which she had left it.

On examination it was found she had taken a few changes of her plainest wearing apparel, a silk cloak, and the straw cottage-bonnet, in which she had been accustomed to walk about in her own grounds; the jewels which had belonged to her before her marriage she had likewise taken, together with the money in her own private purse, which it was supposed amounted to between three and four hundred pounds; to these had been added the miniature portrait of her husband, and the gold chain attached to it. Lord Altamont vainly looked round for a scrap of writing, or any clue to her intentions. Fanchette was examined, but amid her sobs and tears, and confessions of her own imprudence, nothing was elicited but what is already known: her description, however, of the scene between Lady Altamont and her sister-in-law, although imperfectly narrated, made a deep impression,

especially on its being confirmed, and more clearly detailed by Mrs. Milicent. William, and the other servants, likewise gave in their testimony.

After having collected every information in their power, Mr. Cavendish took Lord Altamont aside: "I have no doubt," he said, "that after all, Lady Altamont has but gone to her father in Paris, listening to her resentment only in the first impulse of the moment. You, my dear lord, are too ill to move—nay, nay, you need not shake your head, and stamp your foot, but listen to what I have to propose. I and your servant, William, will set off instantly, within the next hour, for Paris; I have no doubt we shall trace her even during our journey. I will write by every post, and depend upon it, no time or trouble shall be spared. Do not think of accompanying us—you will only defeat your own object."

Lord Altamont thanked his kind and zealous friend; and, after a little inward struggle, accepted his proposal. Instant preparations were made, and Mr. Cavendish and William departed.

As soon as they were gone, the strong mental excitement, which had hitherto upheld Lord Altamont, sank at once: fever came on; further medical advice was called in, and for some days he lay dangerously ill. His most efficacious medicine was Mr. Cavendish's first letter; it was from Calais, saying that he had clearly traced Lady Altamont thus far, and that she was, without a shadow of doubt, a passenger in the packet they had been on the point of boarding when coming into Dover in their fishing-boat.

Mr. Cavendish, being quite convinced that he should find Lady Altamont at her father's, journeyed to Paris with all speed, and without making much further inquiry on the way. He proceeded immediately to the mansion of the Marquis de Clairville, and found, to his dismay, that it was decked with all the insignia of mourning. An old confidential servant conducted him into a parlour: "I am surprised, sir," he said, "that you are not acquainted with the death of the marquis; his funeral took place yesterday; his illness and death were very sudden: to be frank with you, sir, my poor master deceived himself into the notion that he had not grown older during the last forty years; he caught a sudden attack of cold in coming out at four o'clock on a very chilly morning, from the heated ball-rooms of the Duchess de S———; inflammation succeeded, and he was carried off in twenty-four hours."

"Had he been made aware of the death of his nephew?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"No, sir; the news of the duel and its consequences, thank Heaven! did not reach Paris until the day of his illness, and of course was concealed from him. Now, sir, will you give me leave to ask *you* a question? where is *miladi* Altamont?"

"Here, is she not?" exclaimed Mr. Cavendish.

"She has been here, sir," was the reply; "but is here no longer." The old servant shook his head: "Ah, sir! I have a strange tale to tell! I am not apt to be superstitious—O no sir! we have lived too much in the *grand monde* not to have got over all vulgar prejudices—and yet—but I will tell you how it happened, sir, and you shall judge for yourself.

"It was about eleven o'clock at night; the marquis had received extreme unction, had become, as we believed, insensible, and every moment we expected him to breathe his last; some of his friends and ourselves were standing round his bed, in great affliction, for he was a kind friend and master; and I had just whispered to M. l'Abbé, that it was a pity *miladi*, his dear daughter, whom he had mentioned several times during the day, could not be with him at his last hour. Well, sir, the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when pit-pat came a light foot upon the stairs, (my old heart goes pit-pat now to think of it,) the door unclosed softly, and who should enter but *miladi* Rosabelle herself! We were all fixed in astonishment, while she, or what seemed to be her, hastily threw off a cloak and bonnet, and stood all in white, her black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her cheek as pale as marble. She took no notice of any of us, but glided towards the bed, and bending over the marquis, said in a tone that thrilled through us all, 'My father!' Well, sir, would you believe it? the spirit of the old man seemed checked in its flight, and stirred within him at the sound; he moved his head, and grappled with his hands, as though he strove to reach her; she threw her arm gently round him, and kissed his forehead, and laid her cheek to his; and a smile passed over his features—and so, he died. And when it was clear that he was dead, she raised herself up and closed his eyes; then she went into a corner and knelt down to pray: she did not weep, no, not a single tear. And we arranged the corpse, and perfumed and lighted the chamber, and did all that is customary: and when we had finished, she turned herself round, and made a sign that we should all leave the room; and somehow no one thought of disobeying her, or asking her a question, but we went away, and she remained alone with her dead father.

"The next morning, an hour after daybreak, myself and some others ventured to proceed to the chamber. We knocked, and hearing no reply, unclosed the door. The shrouded form of the departed lay as we had left it; the grey light of the morning had crept in, and the tapers were dying in their sockets; I shuddered as I looked round for the mysterious daughter: I do not know why, I almost dreaded to see her seated at the bed's head. She was our master's daughter, certainly, whom we had attended and loved since infancy, and yet so very unlike her! our terror was increased by astonishment, for whatever she might be, whether body or spirit, she was no longer there! she had disappeared, and from that moment we have never seen or heard of her."

"Lady Altamont," observed Mr. Cavendish, with as much composure as he could assume, "must have been well acquainted with the various egresses from her father's house, and in that night of melancholy confusion, it is probable the usual cautions were not exactly observed. Her objects appear to be evasion and concealment; she of course would take advantage of all circumstances likely to ensure them."

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not hold her while her father's spirit passed—they have gone together!"

These particulars were all forwarded to Lord Altamont, and the effect they produced on him may be imagined. Mr. Cavendish sent William to Provence, and he himself continued his inquiries in Paris and other parts: both of them without success, and, at the expiration of three months, they returned to England.

They found Lord Altamont and his mother at one of the watering-places, his health considerably recruited, but with a stern and settled dejection of spirits, that nothing appeared for a moment to alleviate.

By his orders, acting in the name of Lady Altamont, the establishment at Paris was broken up, and the servants well provided for. Every attention was paid to the estate in Provence, whither Fanchette was sent, to repent her share in the mischief, and to declaim against the brutality of English husbands.

As Lord Altamont persevered in refusing to see his sister, and as her situation had become in many respects unpleasant, she accepted an old offer of marriage, which she had hitherto slighted, in the hope of meeting with something better; and accompanied her husband, a middle-aged country gentleman, to his seat in the north.

In the course of the ensuing winter Lord Altamont attended his duties in Parliament; and to all that required his care, whether public or private business, he sedulously devoted himself, but to society he was inaccessible, and in the midst of a luxurious metropolis he led the life of a hermit.

Early in the spring, after having accompanied his mother on her return to Moorlands, he set off for the Continent and carefully explored the northern and middle provinces of France, visiting every convent, and not suffering the poorest village to pass without the strictest examination, but all in vain.

He returned to London in the winter, and passed it precisely as he had done the former one; then set out again the ensuing spring, and pursued his search in the Netherlands and along both banks of the Rhine with the like ill success.

The third summer he decided on exploring the southern provinces of France and Switzerland.

He arrived in Provence. How withering, how desolating were the feelings with which the well-remembered approach to the chateau de Clairville oppressed him! The season was the same as that when, four years since, he had first beheld its towers brightening in the beams of noon and the blue sea glancing beyond them. He dismounted at the same spot, and walked through the same flowery lane in which he had first met his Rosabelle; he recognized the very aperture in the hedge through which, all glowing in youth, in health, and beauty, she had rushed in her pursuit of the butterfly. Memory brought the whole scene so close that he gazed around as though possessed with the wild hope that she would suddenly start to sight; he repeated her name aloud, and the lone echo mournfully returned it. Alas! the field-flowers bloomed and the wild roses clustered, the air

was filled with the songs of birds and perfumed with the scent of violets:—all these were here, but where was Rosabelle?

In spite of all the good he had done the tenantry, he was received but coldly. Fanchette pretended to be ill, and it was altogether so far from agreeable, that with difficulty he prevailed upon himself to remain a couple of days in order to settle some matters of business, and to give such directions as circumstances required.

He pursued his journey slowly and with unwearied watchfulness through Provence, Dauphiny, and Savoy, and arrived in the Catholic canton of the Valais.

His melancholy visit at Clairville and the gloomy hopelessness that began to settle on his mind contributed to produce a morbid state of feverish anxiety, which his sole and faithful attendant William beheld with alarm. They had arrived at a beautiful secluded vale in the Valais, environed by lofty mountains, watered by a clear broad stream, and rich in pasture and vegetation. There was no regular village, but the farm-houses and cottages were scattered here and there, surrounded by their pretty gardens and backed by orchards laden with fruit. For twenty miles round, the fruit, vegetables, flowers, eggs, poultry, and milk of this happy valley bore higher prices than from any other part; the inhabitants were clean and comfortable, industrious and contented. In glancing over it from the eminence round which wound the principal road, three buildings more striking than the rest immediately met the eye: one was the parish church with its light spire springing up from among the thick and beautiful foliage that surrounded it together with the neat residence of the pastor. The second was the inn, situated in the centre of the valley, and reckoned the best house of accommodation in the Valais; it was a large irregular building, with its stables, out-houses, courts, poultry-yard, kitchen-garden, &c.; in the front it had a spacious green lawn sloping to the river, furnished with benches and rude tables under spreading trees: this was the favourite afternoon retreat of the great men of the valley; here they smoked a pipe, enjoyed their cup of wine or ale, and talked over their own affairs and those of other people. This lawn, too, was the occasional holiday resort of their wives and daughters, and had witnessed many a merry dance and many a rustic game. The third building was a long low range on a wooded eminence; its neat white walls and green lattices peeped through the trellis-work festooned with flowers and the curling vine; it apparently stood in the centre of a highly-cultivated garden, here and there shaded by magnificent trees. On inquiring from a peasant he met on the road, Lord Altamont was informed that it was the residence of the Charity Sisters of this district.

"Well, my lord," said William, "I cannot help thinking that this is a beautiful place, and yon inn looks for all the world like a country inn in England. I should be very glad indeed if your lordship would rest a few days here and recover a little from your fatigue. Indeed, my dear master, you look as though you wanted repose."

"You have forestalled me, William," replied his lordship; "the same idea struck me the moment I beheld this secluded and romantic valley."

They arrived at the inn, and were received by the landlady, a shrewd bustling woman, who, in answer to Lord Altamont's inquiry whether he could have accommodation for a few days, showed him into the best parlour, freshly washed and sanded, with a dark polished round table in the middle, the spacious hearth filled up with green boughs and a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, white dimity curtains, a bird-cage at each of the two windows, and a portrait of William Tell worked in worsted: adjoining was an exceedingly neat and comfortable little bed-room. Lord Altamont was quite satisfied, and William was delighted: he took care, while the evening repast was preparing, to impress on the landlady that his master was a great *milord Anglais* travelling *incog.* and as rich as *milords Anglais* usually are or ought to be. The news was carried to the lawn, and from thence was caught up and re-echoed from one end of the valley to the other.

Lord Altamont, contrary to his expectation, spent a restless night, and rose late and unrefreshed. His breakfast was laid on the aforesaid round table in the sitting-room, and if any thing could have tempted him, its homely cleanliness, its fresh eggs and butter, fine preserves, rich cream, and well-made coffee, would certainly have done so. He was attended by an intelligent and pretty girl about ten years old.

"Whose child are you?" asked his lordship.

"The landlady's, sir," she replied, and dropped a curtsey.

"And what is your name?"

"Annette."

"Have you learnt to read and write, Annette?"

"Yes, sir, Sister Louise teaches me, and a great many more little girls."

"And who is Sister Louise?"

"Dear me, sir, have you never heard of Sister Louise—the charity sister, that does such a deal of good—the lady in the mask?"

"The lady in the mask!" repeated Lord Altamont, whose attention was immediately roused. At that moment the landlady entered, hoping that *milord* approved of his breakfast, and at the same time telling Annette to tie on her bonnet and trudge off with her books, or she would be too late for Sister Louise.

"Pray, ma'am," said Lord Altamont, "why does your little daughter call Sister Louise the lady in the mask?"

"Because, sir, she is under a vow always to wear a mask."

It is to be observed, that such a circumstance in itself did not create the same surprise at that period that it would now. Vows of a similar nature were then frequent, and in the course of his pursuit Lord Altamont had been occasionally arrested by mysteries of this sort.

"Is it known who she is?" continued Lord Altamont.

"No, *milord*, not at all; people do say this, and that, and the other, but there is no knowing any thing for a certainty, except that she is more like an angel than a woman, and has done more good hereabouts than any one else ever did, be they who they may, lady or nun, priest or layman."

"Then she must have money?"

"She had some left her three years since; about that time too

she had a terrible illness, and we thought we should have lost her; but, the saints be praised! she came amongst us again, looking smaller and thinner, with her voice much weakened, but, if possible, more kind and more useful than ever."

"About three years since?" repeated his lordship; "then how long has she been with you altogether?"

"Ten years, *milord*, this midsummer: she was with me when my little Annette was born."

"Ten years!" exclaimed Lord Altamont, with his accustomed sigh of bitter disappointment, when, as in this instance, a hope had been started only to be destroyed.

After breakfast, he ordered his horse and rode out alone; the weather was cool, but he felt hot and thirsty, and stopping at a cottage, asked for water: an old blind woman sat in the little front garden; she desired her grandson, who was working in it, to fetch some water for the stranger. While he was gone, a girl came up the road, and entering the little garden, took from her arm a pretty basket filled with fruit and flowers.

"My good dame, here is a present for you."

"I heard you coming," replied the old woman, who possessed the usually quick senses of the blind, "and I smelt the fruit and flowers before you were in at the gate, and," she continued as she past her hand over them, "I know whom they come from too."

"From Sister Louise," said the messenger.

"From *saint* Louise rather," solemnly replied the old woman, as she turned upwards her sightless eyes; "there are none here worthy to call her sister: may the blessing of the blind and afflicted rest on her head as the dew from heaven!"

"This Louise," exclaimed Lord Altamont, as he pursued his ride, "this masked charity-sister haunts me."

After a dinner, as neatly served as excellent in its kind, and as little partaken of as his breakfast, Lord Altamont, resolving not to give way to the feverish languor that oppressed him, took a favourite author and strolled down to the river-side, carefully avoiding the lawn, which, on this afternoon, was unusually well tenanted. He had established himself at the foot of a tree, and was striving to fix his wandering thoughts, when he felt himself gently pulled by the sleeve, and, on looking round, found little Annette.

"If you would like to see Sister Louise," she whispered, "you can do so now; she is at a cottage behind here, with a poor old man who is very, very ill.

Lord Altamont rose, and taking the hand of his young conductress, accompanied her to the door of a hut, which was open: an aged man, apparently near his end, lay upon a poor but clean bed; a young woman, probably his daughter, was kneeling at the foot with her head buried in the bed-clothes; by the side of the sufferer, with her back towards the door, knelt Sister Louise: she was arrayed in the black camblet dress of her order, with a collar of plain, fine, white linen; her head-dress was of the same material in very light folds, but made high and square. She was praying; her voice was gentle and sweet, but the tones somewhat muffled in consequence of her mask; her

figure was very slight and youthful; and, as she knelt, a foot and ancle of exquisite beauty were revealed. Annette, in her simplicity, wished Lord Altamont to enter and join in the prayers; this he declined, but remained for a few minutes, almost involuntarily, gazing on the scene before him. Once Sister Louise slightly moved her head towards the weeping girl at the foot of the bed, and Lord Altamont caught a side and momentary glance of her mask. Becoming sensible, however, that his presence might be attributed to impertinent curiosity, he retreated to his seat, accompanied by Annette.

"I will go back again," said Annette, "and when she comes out of the hut I will bring her to talk with you;" and without waiting a reply, away she ran.

In about twenty minutes she returned with a look of disappointment.

"I fear, Annette, you have failed," said Lord Altamont; "you cannot prevail on Sister Louise to come and talk with a stranger, at which I am not at all surprised."

"I thought she would have come," said Annette, "for she knows who you are; I copied your name from the card on your portmanteau, and took it to her this morning."

"And what did she say just now when you asked her to come?"

"She said," replied Annette, after a pause and speaking very slowly, as trying to recollect the exact words, "she said, that the great, and the rich, and the happy, had nothing in common with Sister Louise; that if you were in sickness, poverty, or misery, you might send for her, and *then* she would not fail you."

That night Lord Altamont went early to bed, and in the hope of producing composure and sleep, took a small quantity of laudanum; this proved injurious, his fever increased, and a sort of light-headed doze came on, in which he fancied the apertures of his bed-curtains were filled with masks of all shapes, colours, and sizes; some with immense long noses nearly touching his own, some with that feature broad and turned up, with wide grinning mouths; others had tongues, and lolled them at him, and others with large glassy eyes pursued his wherever they turned.

The next morning he was unable to rise, and medical assistance was immediately procured. The doctor, after having prescribed, ordered a charity sister to be sent for; an order he never gave except when he thought a case so serious as to require great care and good nursing.

"Let them send the lady in the mask," said the patient.

"She will attend in her turn," gravely replied the doctor.

On awaking towards the afternoon from a feverish doze, still labouring under a slight degree of delirium, Lord Altamont inquired whether the charity sister had come.

"She is by your bed-side, my lord," whispered William.

He instantly drew aside the bed-curtain and beheld a meagre elderly lady, with a sedate and rather vinegar aspect.

"O! you are not the lady in the mask?"

"That you may easily perceive—pray be composed, sir."

"But why did they not send Sister Louise?"

"She will come in her turn."

"And when is her turn?"

"Next to mine."

"That is a comfort; and when do you go?"

"Be composed, sir."

She rose, and pouring out a glass of lemonade, presented it to him: he drank it eagerly, and, for a time, the recollection of Sister Louise seemed weakened.

It was midnight; a pale lamp burned in his chamber; there was a whispering and rustling by his bed-side, a retreating footstep, then all again was still.

"William," said Lord Altamont faintly, "give me water!"

William had gone to rest; but the curtain was gently withdrawn, and a cup of cooling beverage was presented: he seized the hand that held it, and looked up; a muffled form and a black mask met his view.

"You have kept your word," he exclaimed solemnly: "I am in sickness and in sorrow, and you have not failed me."

The charity sister made no answer, but gave him the cup and smoothed his pillow.

"You will not leave me?"

She shook her head and whispered, "Not to-night."

"Nor to-morrow either!" he wildly replied. "Give me your hand, and then I shall be sure of you; you shall not run away and leave me as *she* did! Did you never see her? O yes, you saw her in her winding-sheet by her father's corpse. Here, take back your hand—I thought it had been her's, it is so smooth and small—take it away, for I have sworn never to touch the hand of woman more!—You are weeping, are you? I hear you sob—ha! ha! it is very well you wear a mask to hide your crocodile tears. Women can weep and weep—they can smile too, and stab while they smile. I dare say, you and your cousin murdered your husband."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the sister. His mutterings gradually became unintelligible, and still under the influence of a powerful narcotic, he again sank to sleep.

About seven in the morning the patient awoke; William was moving gently about the room, and there was a very audible and unusual sound at the bed-side.

"William, for Heaven's sake, tell me what noise this is close to me here."

"It is the charity sister, my lord, snoring," replied William, at the same time shaking her without much ceremony. "Awake, mistress, if you please; you disturb my lord."

A fat, healthy, good-humoured looking woman awoke *en sursaut:* "Only think of my sleeping at my post!" she said, drawing back the bed-curtain, and presenting her "*shining morning face*" to Lord Altamont; "what would Sister Louise say to me! How do you feel yourself, sir, this morning?"

"Was it a dream?" exclaimed Lord Altamont: "Has she not then been here—that lady in the mask?"

"No dream at all," replied Sister Marie, "I relieved her about an

hour since; and, for your comfort, I can tell you, she has gone to ask our superior leave to allow her to nurse you altogether: such a request is against the rules, but Sister Louise can do what she pleases with our lady."

About mid-day the masked sister returned to take up her station at the inn. She found her patient better, free from delirium, the fever abated, and very thankful for the exertion she had made in his favour.

"If," said he, "you will pass an occasional hour with me during the day, it is all I ask."

She bowed her head in token of acquiescence; but as Lord Altamont was in a state of extreme weakness, she prohibited all further conversation.

Sister Louise, therefore, spent several hours each day with her patient, watchful, zealous, and studying his comfort in all things, but never officious or intrusive; she had the air of a person who was simply performing her duty, but performing it in the true spirit of charity, gently, easily, and kindly.

"How shall I ever repay you?" Lord Altamont would exclaim in the warmth of his gratitude.

"By getting well," she would reply, "and by never failing to remember, that what I do for you, I would do for the poorest, the meanest, the most ignorant, and the most thankless of my fellow-creatures."

Sometimes Louise would bring her painting or embroidery into the sick chamber and converse with her patient while so employed; at others she would read to him. Every day Lord Altamont became more and more interested in his mysterious nurse—smile not, gentle reader! love had apparently nothing to do in the affair on either side: perhaps you are one of those who cannot believe that pure friendship can exist between persons of a different sex—I only reply, that if you find it impossible to believe in such friendship you are clearly not worthy to enjoy it.

Lord Altamont was convalescent, and was able to be removed in his easy chair from his bed-room to his sitting-room. He was just entering into that delicious state which succeeds illness; in which every sense, relieved from unnatural oppression, becomes imbued with an unusual power of enjoyment; in which even the freshness of the breeze, and the fragrance of a flower, unlock a secret source, not of pleasure only, but of happiness.

One day Louise was working very industriously at her embroidery frame near the window of the little sitting-room. Lord Altamont, reclined on a couch, was idly sketching some patterns for her work; gradually he dropped his pencil, and his eyes and thoughts became unconsciously rivetted on the object before him. Her mask was a domino, not covering the mouth and lower part of the face, but over these fell a broad, full frill of black lace; the beautiful but fragile form, the thin white hand, the extreme fairness of the throat, the exquisite loveliness of the mouth and teeth, which could only be deeply shaded not entirely concealed by the dark folds of lace, by turns attracted his silent admiration. The contour of the lower part of the face wanted roundness, and she was evidently very pale; her head-

dress entirely concealed her hair, and all that could be observed of her eyes was, that they were large and dark, but not bright.

"What strange fatality," thought Lord Altamont, "could have brought this young creature (for in spite of her ten years' residence here she is certainly very young) into this singular and doubtful situation?" Several ideas crossed his mind, all of which he rejected. He was startled from his reverie by her suddenly raising her head, and saying,

"In another fortnight, my lord, you will be quite off our sick-list, and well enough to pursue your journey."

"So," he replied, "the moment I am well I am to be dispatched about my business?"

"I do not know," said Louise, smiling, "whether your journey be on business or pleasure; but neither, I should think, would be forwarded by a longer residence in our valley: you have found health here, and that is as much as in reason you can expect."

"Ah, Louise!" Lord Altamont replied, "you know not that the world and I have shaken hands and parted: we are nothing to each other. In my country I have still some *duties* left, both public and private, and except when these duties call me there, there is no spot I would rather retreat to than this."

Louise sat in silence and apparently in thought for a few minutes, then said timidly,

"My lord, you have often been pleased to express yourself warmly for the few services which, in the course of my calling, I have been enabled to render you, and have often asked me if it were not possible to make me some return; and now, I *have* a favour to ask."

"Name it, Louise!" cried Lord Altamont, eagerly.

"And yet," she continued, "I fear you will think my request both singular and impertinent."

"Fear no such thing, my kind and gentle nurse, but name it at once."

Louise paused, as if to gather courage; at length she said:—"During the first night of your illness, my lord, you were in a state of slight delirium, and allowed certain expressions to escape, which I cannot suppose were merely the effects of your wandering imagination. Your deep melancholy, your desire for seclusion, and even what you have just now said, produce in me a strange anxiety to learn the nature of the grief that oppresses you." As Lord Altamont made no reply, she continued: "I do not attempt to justify my motives for making this request; indeed, I should find it difficult to explain them: woman's curiosity, a friendly interest towards yourself, and a sympathy which, unhappy as has been my own destiny, I naturally feel towards the unhappy."

"Say no more, Louise; your request, from whatever motives arising, shall be granted. I cannot but feel gratified at the interest it implies; give me till to-morrow, and I will tell you *all*—fear no half-confidence."

"Thank you, my dear lord," said Louise warmly; "and now we will talk of something else."

The morrow came: Lord Altamont could not help feeling some

surprise at the request of Louise, and some pain in granting it; but his resolution was taken. "She is a singular being," he observed; "who knows but she may find, or, perhaps, has already found, some clue to the object of my search."

When, therefore, Louise was seated, as usual, at her work, and had, by a gesture, ventured to remind him of his promise, he began at once his melancholy tale without hesitation or preface.

In the course of it he condemned no one but himself; he was full of generosity and delicacy towards the erring and ill-fated Beauvilliers; he passed slightly over the conduct of his sister; and Rosabelle herself he represented as only being too perfect to live in a misjudging and sinning world. "Had her mind," he exclaimed, "been less pure, her conduct would have been more guarded. We were all incapable of appreciating the high tone of her moral worth; Beauvilliers himself understood it best; for he dared not use against her the opportunity her confiding simplicity had afforded him."

Louise never once interrupted Lord Altamont; she listened with the most profound attention. He could now and then perceive the colour rise and suffuse even the marble whiteness of her throat; and once or twice he thought a tear forced its way. As he approached the conclusion he became exhausted, and his agony, when describing the loss of his injured Rosabelle, and his long and now almost hopeless search, was evidently too much, and Louise became alarmed. When he had finished, he expressed a wish of being conveyed back to his room, and refused to see any one during the remainder of that day.

On the following he was more composed: Louise did not herself venture to renew the subject, but Lord Altamont was impatient to do so; and seemed to feel a mournful gratification in opening his heart upon it, and in drawing forth the soothing observations of his friend, her hopes, and her schemes.

"My lord," said Louise, after listening to a fit of self-condemnation, "you are too severe upon your own conduct. All around you were in some degree to blame, not even excepting, (I know I am speaking high treason,) not even excepting Lady Altamont herself. *Your* great error lay in not having sifted the truth by every means within your power, before throwing a stain upon the reputation of your wife, and attempting the life of a fellow-creature. This precaution you certainly did not observe to its full extent, for to that wife herself you ought to have appealed; a few minutes of personal explanation with her would probably have prevented all this fatal mischief."

"But in what," asked his lordship impatiently, "do you think Lady Altamont was to blame?"

"The whole of her conduct was *imprudent*," replied Louise; "it was her duty generally to have studied and conformed to the manners of the people among whom she was to live; it was her duty particularly to have avoided all intimate intercourse with a man who had *once* presumed to address her in the language of forbidden passion. I agree with you in attributing her very faults to the purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart, yet still those faults existed;

and I should speak more accurately were I to trace them, less to the excess of her virtues, than to the deficiency of one in particular, without which, as in this instance, good itself is in danger of degenerating into evil: the self-watching and all-regulating principle, (prudence, discretion, call it as you will,) was absent—and how frequently is it absent from the most noble and highly-gifted minds! its presence might, perhaps, render those minds too elevated and powerful. In this, therefore, as in all its dispensations, Providence is wise and just.

"I blame Lady Altamont again, in not waiting your return after the fatal duel, and hearing from your own lips the motives that urged you to a step so rash and decisive." Louise paused, and as Lord Altamont made no answer, she resumed: "But what can have become of her? Did you not say that she took your portrait?"

"Yes," replied Lord Altamont.

"Have you no likeness of *her?*"

"No, I wish I had—it would have been at least a consolation; it might even have been useful in tracing her; but I never could prevail upon her to sit for her portrait."

Louise appeared thoughtful for a short time, then said: "You know, my lord, that I draw and paint a little; you have only seen me practising on flowers, but I consider myself a greater adept in heads and figures: you have described Lady Altamont so accurately, and her image is so strongly impressed on my imagination, that I think, with your assistance and correction, I might be enabled to produce a sketch sufficiently resembling to be interesting to you, and perhaps, as you have hinted, to be useful in tracing her."

Lord Altamont instantly seized on the idea, and to work they immediately went. He soon perceived that Louise was more of an artist than he imagined; he could not, however, help smiling at her first rough sketch, which was almost a caricature; but by degrees an exact outline was gained. He described the costume *en paysanne*, in which he had first seen Rosabelle at Clairville, and the expression was to suit that dress and that moment.

"Let me gaze upon her as she was before I came as a blight upon her happiness and beauty! O Rosabelle! what art thou now? I should fear to look on thee—a wan and withered flower, if not already trampled to the grave!"

"Now," said Louise, laying down her pencil, "I think my idea is complete; if I find it gets confused, I will again apply to you; but if not, you shall not see the portrait until it is finished, which I will take care it shall be by the time you are ready to depart."

On the following day Lord Altamont was able to go out a little on horseback, and his restoration to health soon became rapid and decisive; with health came hope once more, and though it seemed to have little or no foundation, it still clung round his heart more tenaciously than ever. He spent the greater part of the day in out-of-door exercise, exploring the romantic scenery in every direction; and the visits of Louise became confined to an hour in the evening, usually accompanied by Annette. She had returned to her accus-

tomed routine of duties, and her unoccupied time was devoted to the portrait.

A fortnight thus passed away, and the day was at length fixed for Lord Altamont's departure. He obtained leave to pay a visit at the residence of the Charity Sisters on the morning before. It was there he was to receive the portrait, and there to take leave, for the present, of the interesting and mysterious Louise. He had determined, in this last interview, to intreat for a return of the confidence he had placed in her, and to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the mask; not (at least so he assured himself) to gratify an idle curiosity, but to put it in his power to render her such lasting and essential services as her situation might admit of.

The morning arrived. William was appointed to distribute among the poorer cottagers very substantial marks of his lordship's bounty. Of the rector and physician of the parish, both excellent men, who had shown him every attention, he took personal leave, assuring them that he should soon again visit their valley: he then proceeded to the residence of the Charity Sisters. Here he had never yet been, and was much struck by the quietness, neatness, and rural beauty, that were conspicuous in the dwelling of this useful association. He was received at the gate by sister Marie and Annette, and at the entrance door by the superior and several attendant sisters. They told him that Louise was in her studio, employed in the last finishing touches of a painting which she had promised him, and that she had begged them to amuse his lordship for half an hour, by showing him through their residence and its little domain. Lord Altamont accordingly accompanied the sisters through their luxuriant garden and orchard, dairy, poultry yard, &c.: all was shown with excusable pride, for all was in perfect order and good taste. The interior arrangements of the dwelling equally excited his interest: the chapel, (on whose altar his lordship took care to place a donation of considerable value,) the refectory, the small but neat and separate dormitories, and the apartments for invalids. The party having finished their circuit, assembled in the parlour, where a tempting collation was spread, mingled with the finest fruits, and decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the season. Lord Altamont expressed himself, as he really felt, most grateful for the kind attentions shown him: he ventured to hope that Sister Louise would join them at their repast, and Annette was dispatched to invite her. The little messenger returned to beg Lord Altamont would proceed to the studio, and that Sister Louise would accompany him back to the parlour. He immediately understood that he was summoned to receive the portrait; he apologized to the assembled sisters for detaining them for a few minutes, and taking Annette's hand, left the parlour; but, as he did so, he could not avoid observing on every face a suppressed smile. "These good ladies," thought he, as he proceeded, "fancy, I suppose, that Louise and I are in love." Annette pressed the hand she held in both her's, looked up in his face, and laughed, and jumped about in irrepressible glee.

"And pray what amuses *you*, Annette, may I ask?"

"O, you will see!" replied the delighted child.

They reached a door at the end of a gallery, which Annette opened

with one hand, while she held Lord Altamont tightly with the other, as if she feared he would escape, and led him into the room. It was rather higher than the rest of the apartments, a moderate-sized square room, lighted only from the top, and had been formerly used as a penitentiary. Its walls were white-washed, and decorated with a few paintings on devotional subjects from the hands of the first masters; some busts and unfinished drawings, all the implements of drawing, and a few books, were carelessly scattered about; towards the upper end a white muslin curtain was suspended in thick folds. Lord Altamont looked round for Louise, but she was not in the room.

"Now," said Annette, "do you see this little circle of white chalk? You are to stand *here*, exactly here, because it will give you the picture in the best light."

"But where *is* the picture?"

"Ah! said Annette, "that is the secret I have kept so well all the way from the parlour here. Instead of a little bit of a picture as large as my hand, which you expected, sister Louise has painted for you a large, large picture in a beautiful frame, and it is behind that curtain; but, she says, you must not move from this spot, and the curtain will be undrawn presently."

"I will do whatever Louise desires," replied Lord Altamont, in a tone of disappointment, for he doubted the capacity of Louise to paint a good picture on a large scale; and even admitting her capacity, time had been wanting for such a work, as well as a sufficiently accurate knowledge of her subject. "A miniature sketch, such as I could have worn in my bosom, would have been invaluable; but a full-length portrait, painted in a fortnight, of a person she knows only by description!" Lord Altamont shook his head and sighed. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, Annette had glided from the room; the muslin curtain began to wave; his lordship was all attention—it drew up.

Lord Altamont remained rooted within the little magic circle where Annette had placed him. The rising of the curtain did indeed display, set in a magnificent frame surmounted by a baronial coronet, a full-length portrait of his lost Rosabelle! The resemblance was perfect, that is to say, it was such as she might have *now* appeared; the idea of her present melancholy state had, perhaps, pervaded too strongly the mind of the artist; she had represented Rosabelle as somewhat thin and pale; the smile, and the expression of the eyes, "*riding on the balls of his*," were true to the life, but both were deeply tinged with melancholy; she looked like one of Gessner's pensive shepherdesses: her dark hair, parted from the forehead, fell in luxuriant curls over her neck and shoulders; a broad straw hat, tied with blue ribbons, was placed very back on the head, having the appearance of almost falling off; her black painted boddice was laced with crimson, over a white chemisette, with its short wide sleeves and light frilling shading the bosom; the full blue shirt curtailed just enough to display the snowy stocking and little black shoe, completed the dress. The back-ground of the picture was a draped crimson curtain; Rosabelle was represented as seated, and before her a small

table, supporting a vase of flowers; one arm leant on this table, the hand holding a miniature, attached to a gold chain which hung round her neck. The execution of the painting produced the impression of nature itself, and, therefore, must have been the perfection of art.

For full five minutes Lord Altamont stood breathless and immoveable; his eye wandered over the picture with eager delight, and a sort of incredulous astonishment: at length it settled on the chain which appeared to suspend the miniature; he suddenly recollected that he had never described this chain to Louise; it was of rare and singular workmanship, yet there it was exactly imitated. He trembled—he grew pale—he moved from his position; the perspective of the picture appeared to deepen extraordinarily; he approached yet nearer—his heart beat audibly—the blood rushed back to his brow—his eyes dilated—he gasped for breath—a moment's pause—a wild exclamation—and then one sudden spring, that carried him right through the picture-frame! The little table, with its vase of flowers, was dashed down in a way that left no doubt of its being a real and separate substance—and he has caught in his arms—what? a piece of painted canvas? no, a breathing form, trembling and glowing with life and love! he feels the falling tears upon his cheek—he feels the arms timidly clasping round his neck—he feels through every throbbing nerve the warm and living lips that impress on him the kiss of peace, of forgiveness, of unchanged and unchangeable affection!

That moment—years of misery were repaid in that single moment! Unable even to speak from excess of joy and astonishment, he held her folded to his heart, and seemed almost fearful to move lest the charm might break, the illusion vanish, and he be left once more desolate and broken-hearted. Not even when his senses became somewhat composed, could he, without difficulty, comprehend the identity of Louise and Rosabelle, till extricating herself from him, she hastily threw over her dress her black gown and white collar, and donned her coif and mask:—"It *is* Louise!" he exclaimed; "the wise—the pious—the charitable—my watchful nurse—my gentle friend! And yet it cannot be—Louise has been ten years in this valley!"

She could scarcely get him to listen while striving to explain that she had arrived at this secluded spot, a disguised wanderer, just at the close of the virtuous and useful life of the real Sister Louise, who, in atonement for an early error, had condemned herself to the penance of a mask, concealing for ever a beauty which had once proved her bane. Rosabelle divulged her name, and related her story to the superior, earnestly beseeching her permission to assume the disguise of the departed sister; it was granted. The real Louise was privately buried, Rosabelle took her place, and so well did she fill it, that the inhabitants of the valley firmly believed her to be the same, attributing to her recent severe illness whatever alteration they found in her voice and appearance.

Merrily did the bells of the valley ring that day! young and old, rich and poor, dressed in their holiday suits, assembled to congratulate

the happy pair on this their second wedding day. Reports in every variety of shape were floating about; but, on one point, all were clear, that their beloved Sister Louise was happily reunited to a long absent husband; their curiosity to see her unmasked, and their astonishment at her youth and beauty were very amusing. When, at last, Lord and Lady Altamont, accompanied by the superior and several of the sisterhood, had arrived at the inn, they found their apartments decorated. The hostess had prepared her very best dinner, over which the good pastor said grace, and, at the same time, implored a blessing on the young couple thus providentially restored to each other. In the evening the villagers assembled on the lawn, and never did it witness a merrier dance.

Lord Altamont lost not an hour in dispatching the intelligence to his mother; and the following morning he and his Rosabelle, accompanied by little Annette, of whose fortunes they took charge, departed from the "Happy Valley," as they ever after named it, and which they frequently revisited. They took Clairville on their way home, and were just in time to present Fanchette with her wedding *trousseau*. At length, Rosabelle found herself once more at Moorlands, where happiness awaited her in every shape, saddened only by the recollection of her ill-fated cousin. Her beauty soon brightened even to beyond its former lustre, and if she could not be more virtuous, she was more wise, and therefore more happy.

Gentles, my tale is said.
* * * * *
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover true,
What can I wish but lady true?
* * * * *
To my listeners all, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

MARMION.

*Rio de Janeiro,*
*Oct.* 1835.

# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XXVI.

May, 1836.

EXPEDITION TO BASSEIN CONTINUED.

Although on friendly terms with the chief of Naputah, he was a person of such weight in that part of the country, that it was advisable, if possible, to identify him with us, so that he should never again fall off, and oppose us, in the contingency of a reverse, on the Irrawaddy. The next day we sent for him, informing him that it was to make him a present in return for his civility the day before. The last and best piece of plate which my chest had contained was displayed; but before I presented it to him, I had a point to gain with him. I stated my intention of dropping down the river to reduce the two Gold Chatta chiefs who still held out; and that, as I did not exactly know where their towns were situated, I wished for some of his people to go with me. To this first proposition, after some hesitation, he consented. I then pointed out that my men were not accustomed to work in the sun, and were often ill; that, as we were now friends, I wished him to allow me some of his boats to assist the ship in the river. To this also he consented. In fine, I brought forward my last proposition, which was, that he should supply me with six or eight war-boats, well manned, and that I would pay the men and officers at the same rate per day as we paid our own men; stating the sum I would give, and that I expected if he was really sincere in his friendship and goodwill, that I should not be refused. Now, among the Burmahs who were with him, there were many whose relations were detained to join the army—a consultation ensued, the chief was pressed by his own people, and, at last, gave his consent. I then presented him with the piece of plate, upon which his eyes had constantly been turned, and he went away, promising me that the men and boats should be alongside by daylight the next morning.

This chief adhered to his promise, and we weighed anchor the next day, and made sail down with the war-boats, and three or four dispatch canoes, pulled by four or five men. These little canoes, when put to their speed, dashed through the water at such a rate, that they threw off from each bow one continued little fan-shaped *jet d'eau*, which had a very beautiful appearance, the sunbeams forming them into rainbows. As for our Burmah force, they were at one time pulling against the vessel sailing; at others, hanging on, and the people climbing about the rigging, and ascending the mast-head of the vessel; but they soon all congregated to the stand of muskets, for that was the great object of attraction. In the afternoon we had

[1] Continued from vol. xv. p. 360.

ball practice with the small arms; and the Burmahs were, much to their delight, permitted to fire. It is surprising how exact they were in their aims, considering the little practice they must have had. Bad as all the muskets are which are served out to the ships of war, I really believe that there was not a Burmah who would not have laid down every thing he possessed, except his life, to have obtained one. One of them, when he was permitted to take a musket, looked proudly round, and said, with a smile of joy, "Now I'm a man!"

Speaking about the shameful condition of the muskets served out to men-of-war, I really think it high time that there should be more pains taken on this point. All the arms supplied to his Majesty's ships are very imperfect. The locks of the muskets are generally defective; and, as to the cutlasses, they are useless; we could make a better weapon out of the hoops of a cask. I remember perfectly well that when, in the Imperieuse, we landed on *Isle Dieu* to obtain fresh provisions, as the men were cutting down the sheep, that the cutlasses broke. On this last service our men fell in with a flock of goats in a pagoda, and wished to turn them into fresh meat; but their cutlasses would make no impression upon them, they would not so much as penetrate their hides. I tried it afterwards myself upon a dead goat, and could make no impression upon it with a cutlass, although, with my own sword, I could sever the body nearly in two. Surely, after the expense incurred in building and fitting out a man-of-war, it would be worth while to supply it with arms which might be of some use, instead of such trash as are now served out. The muskets should be smaller and lighter, with longer bayonets, and the cutlasses made like the present regulation swords, with a little less curve, and not composed *wholly* of old iron, but admit of being ground to an edge. Old muskets sell well in these troubled times, and now is the opportunity to get rid of our defective armoury, and improve the system.

The next day we arrived at the branch of the river where one of the chiefs held out. At daylight our own boats were manned, and with the Burmah boats ranged in line, made an imposing appearance, which was very necessary, for at that time we were so short-handed that we could not send away more than forty men, a force so small, that had the Burmahs opposed to us seen it advance, they would probably have tried their strength with us. As it was, we pulled into the stockaded town in a line, the dispatch-boats flying across us backwards and forwards like porpoises before the bows of a ship running down the trades: not that they had any messages to carry, but merely to show their own dexterity. When we had advanced to within a quarter of a mile a boat came out and communicated with one of the dispatch-boats, saying that the Burmahs would not fight if we did not attack them, and that they would deliver up the men detained, and their chief as a prisoner. We agreed to these terms, landed, took possession of the chief with his gold chatta, correspondence with Bundoolah, &c. and took him on board. On this occasion, I would not trust the Burmahs I employed with muskets; it was too soon; they had only their own swords and spears.

The chief was a fine tall man with a long beard. Like all Burmahs,

he took his loss of liberty very composedly, sitting down between the guns with his attendants, and only expressing his indignation at the treachery of his own people. We were very anxious to know what had become of the guns of the dismantled stockade, which were said to be in his possession, but he positively denied it, saying that they had been dispatched in boats across to the Irrawaddy. Whether this were true or not it was impossible to say, but at all events, it was necessary to make some further attempts to obtain them, so we told him, that if he did not inform us where the guns were, by the next morning his head would be taken off his shoulders. At this pleasant intelligence he opened his betel bag and renewed his quid. The next day he was summoned forth to account for the said guns, and again protested that they had been sent to Donabue, which I really believe was false, as they were not taken out of the stockade until after Donabue was in the possession of Sir A. Campbell: it was therefore judged proper to appear to proceed to extremities; and this time it was done with more form. A file of marines was marched aft with their muskets, and the sergeant appeared with his drawn sword. Sand was strewed on the deck in front of the marines, and he was led there and ordered to kneel down, so that his head, if cut off, would fall where the sand was strewn. He was again asked if he would tell where the guns were concealed, and again stated that they were at Donabue; upon which he was desired to prepare for death. He called one of his attendants and gave him his silver betel-box, saying, "Take this to my wife,—when she sees it she will know all." I watched him very closely; his countenance was composed, but as he bent forward over the sand, the muscles of his arms and shoulders quivered. However, as it is not the custom to cut off people's heads on the quarter-deck of his Majesty's ships, we very magnanimously reprieved him, and he was afterwards sent a prisoner to Calcutta. But that he had the guns, we discovered afterwards, which adds to his merit.

Having succeeded in this attempt, we made sail for the stockade of the other chief, and arrived there that evening. As he was supposed to be in greater force than the other, we decided upon an attack in the dark, when he would not be able to distinguish of what our force was composed, and this time we gave muskets to our Burmah comrades. The attack was successful, we obtained possession, and the chief fled, but our Burmahs pursued him nearly two miles, made him prisoner, and brought him aboard. As he immediately tendered his submission, which the other would not do, he was released the next day.

We had done all our work, and having employed the Burmahs for a few days more in destroying the stockades at the entrance of the river, they were paid and discharged from his Majesty's service. They would not however quit us; but, so long as we remained in the river they continued to hang on to the ship, and discovered three guns which had been sunk, which they weighed and brought on board.

I have entered into this short narrative, as it will give some idea of the character of these people. The government is despotic, cruel, and treacherous, but the people are neither cruel nor treacherous: on the contrary, I think they would make most excellent and faithful

soldiers; and it is singular to find, surrounded by natives who have not the slightest energy of mind or body, a people so active, so laborious, and so enterprising as the Burmahs. The English seamen are particularly partial to them, and declared they were "the best set of chaps they had ever fallen in with." They admitted the Burmahs to their messes, and were sworn friends. I forgot to say, that when the chiefs sent in their submissions, at first, among other presents, they sent *slaves*, usually females, which was rather awkward. But not wishing to affront them, I begged that the slaves sent might be children, and not grown up, as we had no accommodation for them. The consequence was, that I had quite a young family when I left the river, which I distributed at Rangoon and the presidencies on my return. For if they were only bond-slaves, which I suppose they were, it was a kindness to have them educated and taken care of. One only, a boy, I brought home, and he was taken under the patronage of blood royal. We lost one little fellow, that was a great favourite with the men; he was about three years old, and could speak English. He had been christened by the sailors Billy Bamboo, and was quite as amusing as the monkey. The poor little fellow died very suddenly.

I cannot quit the subject, without remarking upon the conduct of the East India Company towards the navy at the close of the war. More illiberal, ungrateful treatment, could not have been shown: indeed, it was in fact throwing a slur upon it, and intimated they had not done their duty. The Company bagged the crore of rupees for which Sir A. Campbell had ransomed the capital, and then, as a compensation, gave *one year's battee* to the army employed, but nothing to the navy; and, in no one instance did the navy ever do their duty better, or suffer so much as on this occasion. Sir A. Campbell had acknowledged this over and over again, in the most emphatic language, but the honourable (what a misnomer!) Company thought proper to insult us by making this marked distinction between their opinion of our services, and those of the land forces. As for money, I believe we care as little for it as most people; but this is certain, that no naval officer saved money, although the allowance of battee was extra during the time that the war lasted. Not only so, but when they knew that they could not dispense with our services, they inundated us with thanks from the governor in council, and after having by their reiterated professions acknowledged our services, they, as soon as we had done our work, turned round and insulted us grossly. They appear to have taken a secret dislike to the navy, which I can only account for because we upheld the dignity of his Majesty's commission, and wounded their pride by insisting upon the Company's cruisers submitting to his Majesty's pennant, which was at first resisted.

To show the rancour and meanness with which we were pursued, some time after I had returned home, I received a letter from the board, stating that there was a certain number of *rupees* due from me to the Company, which I was ordered to pay forthwith. This was the money, something more than one thousand rupees, paid by me to the Burmah force which I employed. Now, independent of this money, which I had taken from the military chest, and which I should not

have thought of doing had I had any of my own on board, I had, in returning the presents of the chiefs who submitted, not only emptied my plate chest, but had given away my fowling-piece, rifles, and almost every thing that I had which would be acceptable to these people; and on my return I had made no formal application for indemnification, to which I was certainly entitled, for the greatest services are not always those which are effected by bloodshed. Upon the receipt of this letter I immediately wrote, stating in what manner the money had been employed, and also stating that I had a claim upon them to the amount of some hundreds of pounds. After a squabble of some length, the honourable Company admitted the rupees to have been employed for their service, but quite blinked the question of indemnity for the presents I had made for their benefit.

In this short narrative I have stated quite enough relative to the Burmahs, to make the Company alive to the real quarter whence danger will hereafter threaten them, and, in so doing, I return good for evil. The time may come when the Company will no longer exist. The Indian empire, immense as it is, is of little value to this country; its enormous revenues are expended in keeping it in a state of subjection. These resources may one day be more advantageously employed, when it returns to the control of its native princes, and they are bartered for our manufactures. India is at present, as far as commerce is concerned, almost as much a sealed country to us as China, and its millions are as much slaves—nay, more so. It will not be long before it is discovered how *diametrically opposed* the interests of England as a nation, are to those of the Company as a body; and when that is clearly manifested, the charter will be clipped and clipped until this anomaly in the history of governments be wholly dissolved.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A GOVERNESS WANTED.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Our governess left us, dear brother,
Last night, in a strange fit of pique,
Will you kindly seek out for another?
We want her at latest next week:
But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
The bargain with speed to complete;
Take a pen—just set down the essentials,
And begin at the top of the sheet!

With easy and modest decision,
She ever must move, act, and speak,
She must understand French with precision,
Italian, and Latin, and Greek:
She must play the piano divinely,
Excel on the harp and the lute,
Do all sorts of needlework finely,
And make feather-flowers, and wax-fruit.

She must answer all queries directly,
And all sciences well understand,
Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
And write German text, and short-hand:
She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,
Yet for concerts must not sigh at all,
She must dance with etherial fleetness,
Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have needy relations,
Her dress must be tasteful, yet plain,
Her discourse must abound in quotations,
Her memory all dates must retain:
She must point out each author's chief beauties,
She must manage dull natures with skill,
Her pleasures must lie in her duties,
She must never be nervous or ill!

If she write essays, odes, themes, and sonnets,
Yet be not pedantic or pert,
If she wear none but deep cottage bonnets,
If she deem it high treason to flirt,
If to mildness she add sense and spirit,
Engage her at once without fear,
I love to reward modest merit,
And I give—forty guineas a-year!"

"I accept, my good sister, your mission,
To-morrow, my search I'll begin,
In all circles, in every condition,
I'll strive such a treasure to win;
And if, after years of probation,
My eyes on the wonder should rest,
I'll engage her without hesitation,
But not on the terms you suggest.

Of a bride I have ne'er made selection,
For my bachelor thoughts would still dwell
On an object so near to perfection,
That I blushed half my fancies to tell;
Now this list that you kindly have granted,
I'll quote and refer to through life,
But just blot out—'A Governess Wanted,'
And head it with—'Wanted a Wife!'"

# THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

## A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My grandmother, the late Lady Jane Courtenay, was a native of Scotland, and in her youth was esteemed one of the greatest beauties of that romantic land; but I only remember her when her light and delicate figure bowed beneath the hand of time. And the head, on which the snows of eighty winters had gathered, was enveloped in the little black bonnet that shaded an eye, still beaming with almost youthful brightness, and instinct with sensibility. The education of Lady Jane, as far as the lighter accomplishments go, had been a good one. She spoke French and Italian with fluency, played on the spinet, and excelled in all those fine works of the needle, which, in her day, were considered *indispensable* in the education of a gentlewoman; but these accomplishments were only the flowers that wreathed the outside of that fair temple of purity and grace, within burned the sweet incense of early piety, poetic fancy, and clear reason; and, together, with a joyousness of spirit that tinged with its reflected sunshine every object within its influence, and a temper sweet as the gathered honey from a thousand flowers, made up a character of feminine excellence, which she retained through a long and honoured life.

Lady Jane, with her three sisters, the Ladies Mary, Grace, and Ann Stuart, were solely dependant upon their brother, the Earl of Bute, having unfortunately lost both their parents. Their constant residence was at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, where, as Lady Wortley Montagu observes, in one of her letters, "they lived like nuns." The eldest of the fair solitaires early married Sir Robert Menzies, and in visits to her and their uncle, the Duke of Argyle, the three unmarried sisters saw occasionally a little of that world from which their home so completely shut them out, that Rumour, with his hundred tongues, rarely brought them news of death or bridal, battle or hurricane, save when the old butler, Donald, returned from some special errand to "bonnie Edinburgh;" or old Penniefee, the travelling chapman, delighted the lasses with the display of all his cheap bravery. Yet my grandmother dearly loved her native Bute; and, when an old woman, would speak of it with tenderness, and say, with a heavy sigh, "the days are awa' that I have seen." The Earl of Bute was a man of strong natural sense, which had been highly cultivated by a liberal education; but withal so intolerably stocked with family pride, that the social virtues, which are the golden bands that bind society together, withered, in his chilling presence, like delicate plants when exposed to the blighting frosts of winter.

This pride, nursed by a noble descent, and the storied relics of his chivalrous ancestors, hung up in the old hall and ancient chambers at Bute, gave rise probably to that restless ambition, against which the caustic Junius hurled the thunders of his eloquence, and for which England has wept *tears of blood.*

There was another cause, also, which might perhaps give an impetus to his ambition. The earl's rental was very inadequate to the support of that state he loved to keep up, and his high patrician spirit felt humbled and annoyed by the superior splendor in which many of his compeers in rank lived. Brooding over these mortifications, he would wander forth at nightfall, when at Bute, to vent in solitude those feelings which his cold, reserved nature, kept even from his nearest and most intimate friends. And while watching the wild waves, as they dashed along in their reckless course, how little did the ambitious earl see the time, then fast approaching, when fortune (whose smiles are no evidence of a man's desert) would smile upon his wishes; when Scotland would no longer be the theatre of his actions; but far away, in merry England, where lay the yellow fields, from which he was to glean the golden harvest of that distinction he coveted—when, as lord of the bedchamber, he would stand upon the first "stepping-stone" to the promised land, and, domesticated at the court of George the Third,* lose all relish for the quiet charms of his native Bute.

But to proceed with our tale, or rather, chronicle. The fatal battle of Culloden had been fought, and the bright eyes of Lady Jane and her sisters bore almost daily tribute to that tenderness, that, in woman, melts at the relation of deeds in which man too often delights. The earl was, of course, for the new family, and bitterly enough spoke of the folly and madness of Prince Charles Edward, whom his sisters pitied; and when alone together, the wish that the gallant laddie might get safe out of Scotland, was echoed with many a sigh from the rosy lips of all three. Selfishness draws its narrow circle round the heart, but charity is of no party and no country, weeping alike over the wounds of the aggressor and the aggressed.

Lady Jane, and her sister Lady Grace, were on visit at Menzies Castle, when a letter from the earl, (who had been some time absent in England,†) mentioned his intention of being at Bute in a day or two. Anxious to see him, the affectionate maid took leave of her sister, and regardless of the disappointed looks of young Campbell, a handsome but not favoured suitor, departed on her way to Bute.

Travelling in my grandmother's day was not very agreeable; the

* "The Earl of Bute was appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales (father of George the Third) in October, 1750, five years after the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden. And in 1760, two days after the accession of George the Third to the throne, the earl was, with the king's eldest brother, introduced into the Privy Council, where he began to assume an air of authority, which gave much disgust to the administration."

† The union of Lord Bute with the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu led to his residing in England.

roads were wretchedly bad, and the carriages, even of the nobility, clumsy, and by their unwieldy construction liable to overturn. The state of the country, too, offered no inducement for undertaking a journey. Scotland was disturbed by civil contention, and overrun with English troops, who were then looked upon with the same feelings of jealousy and dislike with which they are now regarded by the sister kingdom of Ireland. The battle of Culloden had annihilated the *hopes*, but not in any way deadened the *wishes*, of the Scottish clans in favour of the young prince, Charles Edward. A hardy race of men, conversant with the rude features of nature, and whose chief knowledge lay in the legends and traditions of other days, were likely to keep alive the old hereditary affection, transmitted from father to son, for the unfortunate Stuart race. Neither can we wonder that such affection strengthened after the young Pretender came amongst them; or that, defeated, they could not at once cease to lament the total extinction of those things that had so long given a zest to the cup of the reveller and a charm to the tale and the song of the bard. Detachments from the Duke of Cumberland's army having been sent out and encamped at different places for the safety of the country, and the rebels being dispersed all over the highlands, hiding in secret fastnesses and reduced to the extreme of want, the Jacobites had no alternative but to chew the cud of disappointment in sullen silence. Yet nature would at times break out, despite the dread which the name of the sanguinary duke inspired, and many and bloody were the combats between the victors and the vanquished when a cup of mountain dew had set the staunch Jacobite's heart in a glow. To some of these unpleasant encounters Lady Jane was herself a fearful witness as she journeyed homewards.

Stopping to take refreshment at a little road-side inn, she was shown into a chamber, over the door of which was written in chalk the name of Courtenay.* The gude alewife informed her that the captain of an English troop had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to secure the person of the unfortunate Charles Edward.

On landing from the boat at Rothsay, Lady Jane found old Donald waiting at the water-side.

"Well, Donald, did you expect me?"

"Weel, yes, my bonnie leddy, I ken'd ye wad be lothe to keep the lord waiting."

"Is my brother arrived then?"

"Troth is he; he cam hame yestreen wi' a mountebank southron, a daft loon o' a servant, wi' mair gowd on his claiths than wad fin' a' Bute in whisky for a twalmonth."

"And how does my brother seem, Donald—is he in good spirits?"

"Weel, joost as ye ken him langsyne, vary spare o' cracking wi' ony body; I dinna ken he's sae fresh-looking, but ablins he's made a leetle too free wi' himself amang the southrons; gude troth, they southrons wad sell their sauls to the auld deevil for gude entertainment o' their bodies."

* A singular fact, as the reader will admit when acquainted with the sequel of these records.

When my grandmother entered the library where the earl was seated, she was struck with the anxious and perturbed expression of his countenance; his greeting, however, was more kindly than of wont, while Lady Jane, who dearly loved her brother, welcomed him with all those sunny smiles that so well become the fair face of woman at the domestic hearth.

"Well, Jane," said the earl, as she seated herself at the end of the green damask covered settee upon which he half reclined, "how have you left our friends at Menzies Castle?"

"Quite well," said she, "but very anxious to hear from you."

"And what," continued the earl, "says Sir Robert to the present aspect of affairs in Scotland?"

"I believe," replied Lady Jane, "his fears are rather strong of something still brewing among the clans that adhere to Prince Charles."

"The Pretender you mean, Jane," said her brother sharply. "Yes, yes, the tartans are still on the stir; but I hope the troops sent over by England will soon send them back to their strongholds in the mountains, or some still stronger retreat where they may eschew their folly for the future."

"I was almost afraid," said Lady Jane, "as we travelled along: some impudent English soldiers looked in at the carriage windows, and asked us if we were carrying the Pretender to the Pope. At an inn on the road the hostess told me that the captain of a troop from England had slept there the night before, and was then on his way to seize the unfortunate Charles, who was reported to be somewhere in this neighbourhood."

"Yes," said her brother musingly, "a price has been set upon his head, and the man that harbours him had better look to his own."

"Oh, heavens!" said the tender-hearted Lady Jane, "a price set upon his head; and will the brave Scotch betray him to his enemies — for vile gold betray the legitimate heir of their native kings?"

"You speak like a woman, Jane, more from feeling than reason: 'tis true, Charles Stuart is the legitimate descendant of the royal family of Scotland; but as to his right to the crown, the laws have decided, and wisely, against the succession of a Catholic prince; he only therefore courts his own ruin, and that of his brave but misguided followers, by prolonging his stay among our mountains: 'tis rumoured that Macdonald of Lochgavie has got one hundred resolute highlanders in arms, and is making to Lochabar, where he expects to be joined by other clans; but they'll soon pay dearly for their rashness in attempting to cope with the Duke of Cumberland's troops. See," continued the earl, taking a paper out of his pocket-book, "here is a capital description of the young chevalier and his pious brother,* which I took from the *St. James's Evening Post*, November 30th.

"'ADVERTISEMENT.

"'Run away from their master at Rome, in the dog days of last

* Henry, afterwards Cardinal York.

August, and since secreted in France, two Young Lurchers, of the right Italian breed; and being of a black tan colour, with sharp noses, long claws, and hanging ears, have been taken abroad for King Charles the Second's breed, but are only base mongrels of another litter. They are supposed to be on the hunt for prey in the north. They go a full dog-trot by night for fear of being catch'd. They answer to the names of Hector and Plunder, and will jump and dance at the sound of a French-horn, being used to that note by an old dog-master at Paris. They prick up their ears also at the music of a Lancashire hornpipe.

"'This is to give notice, that whoever can secure this couple of curs, and bring them back to the Pope's Head, at Rome, near St. Peter's Church; or to the Cardinal's Cap, at Versailles; or to the King's Arms, at Newcastle; or to the Thistle, at Edinburgh; or to the Three Kings, at Brentford; or, rather, to the sign of the Axe, on Tower Hill, shall have the reward of thirteen-pence halfpenny, or any sum below a crown, and the thanks of all the powers of Europe, except France, Spain, and the Pope.

"'N.B. They have each a French collar on, stamped with their father's arms, a warming-pan and flower-de-lus, with this inscription —'We are but young puppies of Tencin's pack.' Beware of them, for they have got a smack of the Scot's mange; and those that are bit by them run mad, and are called Jacobites.'"

"Well," said Lady Jane, "from this specimen of English wit, I should imagine that the claim of the chevalier as the legitimate heir of James the Second is unfounded."

"Oh, as to that," answered the earl, "I pay little regard; there is not the shadow of a doubt but that his claim would be just enough if it depended on the right of descent; but that has nothing to do with the question at issue; as I said before, the law has set the seal to the exclusion of a Catholic prince from the throne; if he had all the right of heirdom and all the virtues in the world, his religion would make him unfit to govern a free people, and little do the good people of Scotland know themselves, if they deem that happiness could be enjoyed under a popish prince. 'Tis bad enough in Catholic countries, but heaven bless us in this, where so few profess the faith, to have a king lord it over a nation, nearly the whole of which he is bound to believe out of the pale of salvation. Why his very creed would teach him that it was a meritorious act to oppress and harass a land of heretics; but come," continued the earl, half smiling, "I'll drown Charles Edward in a cup of good wine." So saying, he seated himself at the supper table, which was spread with all the most tempting cates that Mistress Abernethy, the old housekeeper, had collected from her choice stores, to do honour to her lord's visit to Bute.

The earl and his sister had not been seated many moments at the board, when a loud ringing at the portal bell startled Lady Jane; "Who can it be?" said his lordship, "'tis a late hour for visitors." The door opened, and old Donald, with a sagacious movement of the head, ushered in a tall figure, closely wrapped up in the foldings of

his plaid. The stranger advanced towards the earl, and looking cautiously round to see if Donald had left the room, said in a hurried tone, "The Stuart claims protection from a Stuart—the blood-hounds of England are in full chase of me; I know, my Lord of Bute, that you are a staunch friend of the Brunswicker, but as an honourable enemy, I call upon you to give Charles Stuart the shelter of your hospitable walls for one night."

As the prince ended, he shook back the large plaid that enveloped his person, and stood with keen eye surveying the silent earl, who sate agitated, and irresolute how to act. A look of contemptuous bearing slightly curved the prince's lip. "You cannot aid me," said he, breaking silence; "fear has sealed up your heart, my lord, against the true descendant of your native kings, and I am betrayed."

"Oh! no, indeed," said Lady Jane, with animation, and blushing at the same time at her own temerity, (for in those days young ladies rarely played the orator, like our modern belles.) "Oh! no, indeed, my lord, my brother is the last to betray you to your enemies; he is only perplexed how to act consistently both with his duty and your safety."

The prince fixed his brilliant eyes upon Lady Jane with a softened expression. "Lovely lady, I am bound to thank you, but I must take my answer from other lips," glancing at the earl as he spoke.

"Take it then from mine," said Lord Bute, suddenly changing his look of irresolution to one of a more decisive character; "happen what may, my lord, you are safe—you have put yourself in my power, and shall neither lack security nor the rights of hospitality in this castle, where your ancestors have found both, till to-morrow. I pledge myself for your safety, but beyond that I dare not."

"Be it so, then," said the prince, throwing off his highland plaid, which had hitherto concealed his elegant person; upon which Lady Jane gazed with youthful admiration. Her's was the age of romance and feelings unimpaired by commerce with a selfish world; and the sight of a young and beautiful prince flying in his father-land from merciless pursuers, awakened all those warm sympathies that are too impulsive in woman to calculate upon danger to be incurred in the performance of a generous action.

Even the cold-looking visage of the earl seemed to warm into something like feeling, as his eye rested for a brief moment on the fugitive prince. Charles Stuart was then in the bloom of youth, and the flush of manly beauty; he was "six feet in height, of an erect and dignified carriage; his dress was a highland garb, of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace round it, and a white rose carelessly stuck in the band. On his breast sparkled a large jewel, with St. Andrew's cross appended."

After the prince had satisfied the claims of appetite, to which the cold breezes on the water had given unwonted sharpness, Lady Jane filled a silver tassie, and handed it with blushing grace to their noble guest, who, with a smile, and expressive inclination of the head, drank to the health of his fair Ganymede.

"Do you imagine, my lord," said the earl, addressing the prince, "that the troops are really on their way to Bute?"

"'Tis more than probable," answered Charles.

"And what shall we do if they come?" said the earl, thoughtfully pressing his hand to his brow; "if my English servants know that a stranger is within these walls, they will betray it to the troops, and so give a handle to my enemies—to—to ——"

"I understand you," said the prince; "there are those who will be glad to denounce you to your master George, as having saved the life of Charles Stuart."

There was a long pause, painful to Lady Jane, who, with the instinctive delicacy which belongs to fine natures, felt the awkward situation in which the prince was placed. The cold formality of the earl's manner, and the fears he did not hesitate to express, seemed almost to bid the unfortunate Charles depart again, rather than rest in peace upon the pledge so recently given.

"My dear brother," said she, at last breaking silence, "you have forgotten old Donald; he can be safely trusted with the secret of the prince's concealment here."

"You are right, Jane," said the earl, starting from the reverie in which he had been plunged; "Donald is the only one on whose fidelity we can depend."

Accordingly, Donald was summoned, and the rank and situation of the stranger being disclosed to him, the old man entered heart and soul into the plan for the prince's preservation, and though withheld by his lord's presence from giving full vent to the delight he felt in looking upon the living representative of that royal race, whom his father, a devoted Jacobite, had taught him to love and reverence in the green days of youthful feeling, still the glistening of his moist eye, and reverential bend of his grey head, told the unfortunate Charles what his broken fortune could alone tell him, that the hearts most zealous in his cause lay hidden not beneath the robe of the noble, nor the armour of the chieftain, but the well-worn gray of the peasant, and the homely garb of the humble dependant.

*(To be continued.)*

# LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. IV.

Γνωθι σεαυτον.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th April*, 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I AM now to speak to you of certain laws or circumstances, by which the SENSIBILITY of the body is materially influenced.

I have elsewhere noticed that it is by means of the organs of our senses, that a *proper relation* is established between ourselves and the various natural objects with which we are surrounded. It is by means of these that we are able to appreciate the value of these objects, and their power of affecting us, whether injuriously or beneficially. It is by these organs that we are able to discover the means of avoiding whatever is hurtful, and of selecting and securing whatever is necessary to our comfort and well-being. The eye warns us of the approach of danger from before; the ear from behind; while the senses of smell, taste, and touch, enable us to decide upon the qualities of whatever matters are presented to us for food. But the medium through which these organs are *enabled* to render us these important offices, is their SENSIBILITY. For if the eye were *insensible* to light, we could not see—the ear to sound, we could not hear—the nose to odours, we could not smell—the tongue to flavours, we could not taste—the skin to touch, we could not feel. *In literal fact*, then, you see it is SENSIBILITY, after all, which establishes this necessary relation, of which I have spoken, between ourselves and surrounding objects—the *organs* being no more than the instruments by which SENSIBILITY exerts its influence. SENSIBILITY then is our guardian angel—it is, like the sailor's "sweet little cherub," an invisible agent that for ever watches over "our lives and safeties all."

Every organ has a kind of peculiar sensibility of its own. Thus the sensibility of the eye is not affected by the stimulus of sound; nor can the sensibility of the ear take cognizance of the stimulus of light. The nose is insensible to the stimulus of flavours, and the tongue knows nothing of odours. From this it follows that the sensibility of each organ is adapted to be *properly* affected by certain stimuli *only*. All others than these will either not affect it at all, or affect it painfully and injuriously. Thus sound being a stimulus *proper* to the ear, but *improper* to the eye, will affect the ear properly, but the eye not at all. Again, salt is a stimulus proper to the stomach, and when it comes in contact with the membrane which lines that organ, it affects its sensibility agreeably and healthily; but if you blow salt into your eye it will produce the most violent pain, yet the membrane lining the stomach is as delicate in its texture

[1] Continued from vol. xv. p. 387.

as that covering the eye. Thus, again, there are certain medicines which exert their influence only on certain organs. Some will act on the stomach, some on the bowels *only;* some the kidneys, some the brain, some the liver. If you rub belladonna into the skin of your leg, it will not affect your leg; but you will wake some fine morning and be astonished to discover that you have suddenly become blind. This once occurred to a patient who was under the care of the late Mr. Abernethy for a sore leg; Mr. Abernethy having ordered the sore to be dressed with the extract of belladonna. The man, however, recovered his sight. Mr. Abernethy never dressed sore legs with belladonna again. I heard him relate this circumstance myself.

Every organ, therefore, has a peculiar SENSIBILITY of its own, and can be properly affected by certain stimuli *only*—all others, if they affect it at all, affecting it *injuriously;* and the *evidence* of the impropriety of a stimulus is the *pain* or the other inconvenience produced. Hence arises a corollary, viz. that whatever stimulus produces *pain* or other inconvenience, is an *improper* stimulus. The pain, for instance, produced by blowing salt into the eye is sufficient proof that salt is a stimulus not proper to that organ, and cannot, therefore, be applied to it without injuring it.

This peculiar, distinctive, or eclectic or natural SENSIBILITY, is impaired by *over stimulation.* Thus we may be deafened by excess of sound, and blinded by excess of light. Every body knows, too, that snuff will produce, in persons not accustomed to it, violent and painful sneezing; while those who have been industriously stimulating their nostrils with it for some time, can take the strongest kinds without its affecting them at all. Again, persons who have never smoked, will generally be sick when they first begin; but, after a short time, can smoke pipe after pipe without inconvenience. If a person, not accustomed to drink any thing stronger than water, were to swallow a glass of whisky, it would almost choke him; while a Scottish Highlander will toss off glass after glass, not only without inconvenience, but with a most pleasant gusto.

Now what have these persons done? these snuff-takers, pipe-smokers, and dram-drinkers? Why, as far as the organs in question are concerned, they have, by blunting their sensibility, actually thrown dust into the eyes, and partially blinded that very "cherub" whose sole business it is to watch over their safety? Is not this madness? Is it not the same thing as though a man should wilfully disable the arm that was only raised to protect him?

When a man, for the first time, swallows a glass of raw spirit, his guardian angel, SENSIBILITY, tells him—not indeed in a language that can be heard—but in one far more impressive—a language that can be *felt*—tells him, I say, as plainly as *pain* can speak, that raw spirit is an *injurious* stimulant. Yet what does the fool do? Why, turns a deaf ear to the intimation which *could be by possibility* no other than a *friendly one*, and obstinately perseveres till the voice that warned him warns him no more—and then, with a folly scarcely less than idiotic, and an impudent hardihood scarcely less than blasphemous, he exclaims:—"Behold! it does me no harm! it gives me no pain! it causes me no inconvenience!" Thus appealing, in his

defence, to the silence of that voice which he had himself *forcibly* silenced. This is abominable. Let every man drink what poison he pleases. Of this I do not complain. But let him not go about to defend the practice; for this is to allure others into the same trap which is already closing its iron teeth upon his own hapless person.

But, luckily for us frail mortals, when this natural SENSIBILITY has been only impaired—not utterly destroyed—it can be restored by *rest*, and *only* by rest; that is, by ceasing to stimulate it. A few common and well-known facts will be sufficient to prove this. If a man has taken snuff for ten years, and then leave it off for ten years, should he be fool enough to begin again he will be as much affected by it as he was at first. If a man spend an hour in the belfry of a church, while the bells are ringing, when he comes down he will be almost deaf for a time. Shortly, however, he will recover his hearing. If a man look at the sun for a minute or two, when he first looks aside he will not be able to distinguish objects. He will, however, presently recover accurate vision. If a man has drunk spirit till the lining of his throat has no more sensibility than the lining of a copper kettle, let him desist for a few months and it will be restored. If a man have fed on highly-seasoned soups, piquant ragouts, and other French abominations, until he can discover no flavour in dry bread, let him be sent to Brixton tread-mill for a month, and he will discover that a penny loaf is a delicious morsel. But I need not multiply instances—your own recollection will furnish you with abundant proofs that the way to restore impaired sensibility is to allow it to remain for a time unstimulated.

Another peculiarity of general sensibility is, that it can be accumulated in one organ—drawn from all other parts of the body, and concentered, as it were, in one. The insensibility of pain (I mean, of course, *comparatively*) which madmen possess is well known, and several remarkable proofs of this are given by Dr. Hibbert, in his Philosophy of Apparitions—a book which you and every body else ought to read. We know, too, that persons under the influence of engrossing attention may be spoken to, and even pulled by the skirt—"plucked by the ear," as Horace says—without their perceiving it. There are irresistible proofs of this to be drawn from natural history, but it would be improper to mention them in a letter like this. We know, too, that when any one part of the body is in *great pain*, the rest of the body is *insensible* to lesser pain. This fact has given rise to a curious operation for the cure of traumatic locked-jaw. It consists in inflicting on the wretched patient, in one part of his body, a pain, the anguish of which shall be greater and more inconceivably excruciating than the tetanic agony. Thus, as it were, restoring the equilibrium of the sensibility; and subduing a great pain by inflicting, for a time, a much greater. The operation is said to have been successful. But the operators complain *that they can get few patients to submit to it.* Sensibility then can be drawn from one part of the body, and concentered in another.

Another curious circumstance connected with SENSIBILITY is SYMPATHY. All the organs of the body appear to sympathize with one another. That the brain and stomach have a strong sympathy with

each other is absolutely certain; the proof of which is, that a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting; and a deranged state of the stomach will produce headache. Whatever, therefore, affects your stomach injuriously, will also affect your brain injuriously. He, therefore, who ill-treats his stomach, does so, not only at the expense of his bodily health, but at the expense of his understanding also—that is, at the expense of his *mind's* health.

From this law of sympathy, then, it follows that you cannot injure any *one organ* of the body without also injuring, to a certain extent, *the whole* of the body, and the mind also. And, indeed, when we consider the intimate connexion which exists between all the organs of the body, and the reciprocal dependence of all upon each other—when we remember that all the nerves have one of their extremities fixed in the brain or spinal marrow, and their other extremities distributed to every point of the body—when we recollect that all the organs are made up, not of separate networks, but of different portions of one and the same universal tissue—when we consider this, there seems nothing surprising in the existence of this sympathy. The body, although composed of numerous parts, forms nevertheless one harmonious whole. And you cannot remove one part without injury to the whole. And again, although each organ performs a distinct function or office, yet it cannot do this without the co-operation of others. Thus the stomach can exert no influence on the food, unless well supplied with blood by the heart. If the brain dies, the heart must cease to pulsate; and if the heart ceases to move, the brain must perish. It is not then by any means surprising that an injury to one organ should be felt by another—on the contrary, it would be very wonderful if it were *not so*. Accordingly we see, that a wound of the foot will often produce locked-jaw—the disease in this instance being at one extremity of the body, while the wound that produced it was inflicted on the other. If it were necessary to make this mutual dependence of all the organs on each other still clearer, we have only to recollect that it is impossible to injure any one wheel of a watch, without injury to the whole machine—without incapacitating it properly to fulfil the office for which it was intended. And man, the master-miracle of nature, is a machine of far more delicate and complicated structure than a watch, and, therefore, more readily deranged.

Now, if no organ concerned in the preservation of health (for it is of these I am speaking, the organs of nutrition) can be disordered without disordering all the others, how much more certainly (if this were possible) will it be the case, when the stomach, one of the most important of these organs, as well as the first which is called into action in the process of nutrition, is kept in a state of almost perpetual excitement and unnatural activity. How can it be conceived to be possible that the other wheels of the machine can go right, when this, the very first wheel which is put in motion, and on which the motions of all the others depend, goes wrong?

Let this then be engraven an inch deep on the tablet of your memory, that you cannot injure ONE of the organs of nutrition, without injury to the *whole*.

I now come to the last law of sensibility which I shall mention, and it is, where all are important, the *most* important. Therefore, my dear John, draw your chair, put your feet on the fender, snuff the candles, adjust your spectacles, and read with attention. For I deny it—no man can read attentively who has not got himself fixed in a comfortable position.

This is the law, viz., that SENSIBILITY is always in an *inverse ratio* of CONTRACTILITY. When CONTRACTILITY is vigorous, SENSIBILITY is low, and when CONTRACTILITY is feeble, SENSIBILITY is always acute; and as *vigorous* CONTRACTILITY is synonymous with health and strength, the greater or less degree of SENSIBILITY becomes an *infallible* test of the state of the health.

I have already proved that it is the SENSIBILITY of our organs which establishes the necessary relation between ourselves and the objects which surround us. From this it follows directly, that it is upon SENSIBILITY that all our pleasures and all our pains depend. For there is no pleasure and no pain which is not derived to us from impressions made by external objects upon our *feeling*—of which feeling SENSIBILITY is the soul. I mean the *feeling* as well of the mind as the body.

Now the SENSIBILITY of a perfectly healthy man is so regulated, as to afford him the greatest possible degree of pleasure, with the least possible degree of pain—that is, consistently with his terrestrial existence. Indeed, our pleasures are the voluntary and bountiful gift of nature—for our pains we have nobody to thank but our foolish selves. So good has the great Governor of the universe been to us, that we *could* not, if we *would*, escape pleasure; but in every instance, we *can* avoid pain if we *will*. For pain is only a warning voice, intimating to us that we have got into a false position—that we are doing something which we ought not to do, or leaving something undone which we ought to do—in a word, that the proper relation between ourselves and surrounding objects has been, for the time, destroyed. Man, if he would but be content to be what nature made him, and if it were not for his cat-like pugnacity, need scarcely know what pain is.

Nature then has endowed us with a certain degree of SENSIBILITY, and my object is to show that we cannot increase this without diminishing our proper amount of pleasure, and augmenting our proper share of pain—without enfeebling our CONTRACTILITY—in a word, without injury to our health and strength.

Pain is invariably the result of impressions too *acutely* or *strongly* made; and as SENSIBILITY is that property by which impressions are felt, it is perfectly manifest, that the more acute SENSIBILITY is, the more acutely impressions will be felt. And thus those impressions, which in a healthy state of the SENSIBILITY afford only pleasure, become painful; and those which always produce pain become *more* painful. This is so very clear, as to render amplification wholly unnecessary.

In order to prove that wherever there is a high degree of SENSIBILITY, there is always a low degree of CONTRACTILITY, *i. e.* strength—and that wherever there is a low degree of strength, there is always

a high degree of SENSIBILITY—you need only look through the world.

Let us first approach the couch of sickness. Tread lightly—for the slightest noise makes the poor sufferer start, and gives him the headache. Be careful to close the door after you, for the faintest breath of air gives him cold. See how he is shading his eyes with his hand, for the few rays of light which struggle feebly through the Venetian blind are painful to them. Observe his hand! How white and bloodless! If you take it in your own, you must handle it as you would an infant's—an ordinary pressure will make him cringe with pain. His banker has just failed, and reduced him to ruin; but you must not breathe a syllable of this in his hearing—it would kill him. Do you observe that rope suspended over the bed from the ceiling, with a small cross bar of wood attached to the end of it? So faint is the contractility of his muscles, that he could not, without this contrivance, raise himself in bed. Observe him as he carries his cup of gruel to his pallid lips—mark how the liquid quivers in the vessel—hark how its edge rattles against his teeth, as he applies it to his mouth—the contractile property of the muscles of his arm is so feeble that they have not power to keep the limb steady even while he carries nourishment to his mouth. His heart, too, contracts so feebly, that it cannot send the blood far enough to reach the skin. It is this which makes it so deadly pale—it is this, too, which makes him shiver on the application of the slightest current of air.

In the above picture you will observe two things—first, that the CONTRACTILITY of the invalid has almost entirely disappeared, leaving him powerless; and secondly, that his SENSIBILITY is so acute, that those impressions of light, sound, touch, &c., which under ordinary circumstances were only necessary to the enjoyment of existence, have now become sources of painful suffering; thus proving, that whenever SENSIBILITY is advanced beyond the natural standard, the sources of pain are multiplied, and those of pleasure diminished. And that wherever SENSIBILITY is excessively high, CONTRACTILITY, that is, strength, is excessively low.

It is true, that this is a case of extreme illness, and that every departure from health will not produce this extreme state of things. But it will produce an *approximation* to it. In the slightest departure from health the *same* state of things will be produced, the only difference being in *degree*.

To prove this, let us take a peep into "my lady's chamber." Here you will find the same circumstances of heightened SENSIBILITY, and depreciated CONTRACTILITY, which you observe in the sick room—only in a less degree. It is true, that she can bear an ordinary degree of light without pain, and the sound of your foot-fall may not give her the headache; but if you leave the door ajar, she will assuredly take cold—if the *force* of your friendship cause you to press her hand a little too *forcefully*, she will assuredly scream—and if you steal slily behind her when she thinks she is alone, and cry, "Bo! to a goose!" she will assuredly fall into hysterics. If you press her arm strongly between your finger and thumb, you will make it black and blue—while it would require, in order to produce the same effect on

one of Mr. Barclay's draymen, little less than the gripe of a blacksmith's vice. "The hand of little employment hath daintier sense."

So much for her SENSIBILITY: now for her CONTRACTILITY. Could she carry a bushel-basket of potatoes upon her head for a mile without resting? Not she. Yet *why* can she not? It is true, she is a lady; but, as Burns says,

"A man's a man for a' that."

And is not a woman a woman for a' that? There is many a woman neither so tall nor so well proportioned who would carry a bushel of potatoes on her head without resting, from Pedlar's Acre to Penny-fields, and think herself well rewarded with a shilling. There must be some better reason for this great difference than the mere fact of one being a lady and the other *a woman*. The true reason is, that the contractility of my lady's organs, especially her muscles, has sunk exactly as much below the natural standard as their SENSIBILITY has been elevated above it.

Thus, then, we have indisputable proof that SENSIBILITY and CONTRACTILITY are always in an *inverse* ratio of each other. But you must be careful to observe, that it is not increased SENSIBILITY that gives rise to diminished CONTRACTILITY, but it is diminished CONTRACTILITY that increases SENSIBILITY; increased SENSIBILITY being no more than the *proof* of diminished CONTRACTILITY, that is, enfeebled health and strength.

From this it follows, therefore, that the *degree* of SENSIBILITY *depends* upon the degree of CONTRACTILITY; and this is fortunate, for we have on that very account only to raise CONTRACTILITY, in order to lower an irritable, acute, troublesome, and unhealthy degree of SENSIBILITY to the natural standard. This can be easily done; so easily that I will undertake, within one month, without fee or reward, or pill or potion of any kind, and on the peril of my head, to enable any lady within the pale of his Majesty's United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to carry a bushel of potatoes on her head from Pedlar's Acre to Penny-fields without resting, and that with no more pain and labour to herself than may be sufficient to spare her pocket the expense of sixpenny worth of rouge.

Now, then, it is quite clear that whatever causes, circumstances, regimen, or conduct, have a tendency to *heighten* SENSIBILITY must necessarily have a tendency to *depress* CONTRACTILITY; since I have proved that a high degree of the former is wholly incompatible with a high degree of the latter, and therefore cannot exist in conjunction with it.

The *reason* why a high degree of SENSIBILITY cannot exist in conjunction with a high degree of CONTRACTILITY is this:—the nerves (which are the seat of sensibility) are more or less acutely *sensible*, accordingly to the greater or less degree of firmness with which they are compressed on all sides by the parts immediately surrounding them and in contact with them. Thus the nerves of the bones, ligaments, and sinews are so firmly compressed on all sides by the unyielding structure of these parts, that they are almost wholly *insensible*. You may cut them, lacerate them, without giving pain. The muscles

(that is, the red flesh) cannot be wounded without considerable pain, because their structure is not so firm as that of the bones, sinews, &c. But it is much more compact and firm than the structure of the skin, and therefore a wound inflicted on a muscle will not produce anything like the acuteness of pain which is felt on wounding the skin. In the nerves of the eye and ear it was necessary that a SENSIBILITY of the very highest degree should exist in order to enable these organs to feel the very slight and subtile impressions of light and sound. Accordingly we find that from these nerves all surrounding pressure is removed entirely; these nerves being, as it were, expanded into a sort of quivering jelly at that part where they are destined to receive their natural impressions.

Now a very large proportion of the body is, as you know, made up of a conglomeration of blood-vessels. The whole body, then, taken as a whole, will be the more compact and firm accordingly as these vessels are fully distended with blood; precisely as sponge becomes a more compact body when distended with water than when dry; since, when dry, its cells are filled with air, but when saturated with water they are filled with water, which is a far more compact material than air. If you draw a thread through a sponge saturated with water, the sides of that thread will be everywhere compressed and supported by either the solid parts of the sponge or by the water. Whereas, if you draw a thread through a dry sponge, whenever that thread passes through an empty cell, its sides will be entirely unsupported and uncompressed. So of the body—a nerve passing through the body (which body consists of a congeries of vessels) will have its sides everywhere compressed and supported, so long as those vessels are well filled and fully distended. But if these vessels be half empty, if their sides be allowed, as it were, to collapse and fall away from the nerves which they everywhere surround, it is manifest that those nerves will not be so firmly compressed and well supported as they were while all the vessels surrounding them were fully distended. It is this half-filled state of the vessels which constitutes that lax and soft state of the body called *flabby*. This loose, flabby, and uncompact state of the body, therefore, is highly favourable to SENSIBILITY, since SENSIBILITY is always increased accordingly as surrounding pressure and support are removed from the nerves.

But a state of the body the very opposite to that just described is alone favourable to CONTRACTILITY; for I have before proved that vigorous CONTRACTILITY can only reside in recently organized matter; and in order that this recent organization, this perpetual youth, as it were, of the several parts of the body may be kept up, an abundant supply of healthy blood is absolutely indispensable. Thus CONTRACTILITY in perfection requires a highly distended condition of the blood-vessels, and, consequently, a firm and compact state of the body—a state exactly the contrary of that just described as favourable to the developement of SENSIBILITY. Hence arises a most important corollary, viz. that whatever increases the natural vigour of the circulation, increases the CONTRACTILITY and lessens the SENSIBILITY of the body; and whatever lessens the SENSIBILITY of the body by increasing its CONTRACTILITY, increases also the natural vigour of the

circulation, since the blood is circulated by virtue of the contractile power of the heart and arteries.

The degree of SENSIBILITY, therefore, is always not only in an inverse ratio of the degree of CONTRACTILITY, but also of the circulating power; and, since all the motions of the body are performed by virtue of CONTRACTILITY, and the whole process of nutrition by virtue of the circulation, this is the same as saying that the degree of SENSIBILITY is always in an inverse ration of the degree of health and strength—which is the fact.

A very familiar instance of the increase of SENSIBILITY, produced by lessening the quantity of the blood, is to be found in the fact, that a dose of cathartic medicine wholly incompetent to affect the bowels under ordinary circumstances, will be found quite sufficient to do so if administered *after blood-letting*.

I am at this time attending a big, strong, dread-naught custom-house officer for a slight attack of paralysis which he sustained some weeks since. Since the attack I have bled him nine times, taking away thirty ounces of blood each time. He was also cupped once by Mr. Cowley, of Osborn Street. You may easily imagine that a man who can bear this, and yet walk about the street without support, must, at least, be no chicken. Yet so much has his sensibility, (I speak now of moral SENSIBILITY, which, after all, is but the *physical* SENSIBILITY of those parts of the nervous system which are susceptible of impressions by moral causes,)—so much, I say, has this man's SENSIBILITY been increased by bleeding that a cross word is sufficient to make him burst into tears.

As moral SENSIBILITY is but the SENSIBILITY of those parts of the system which are capable of being impressed by moral causes, it follows that the qualities of the mind will be, in a great measure, regulated by the relative degrees of CONTRACTILITY and SENSIBILITY in individuals. When the brain is but ill supplied with blood, and that blood but feebly circulated, and therefore imperfectly vivified, the SENSIBILITY to moral causes or stimuli will be morbidly acute. Such a person is easily and morbidly affected by causes to which others are wholly insensible: a sudden loud knock at the door, for instance, will make him start almost from his seat.

If you speak to him of a contingent evil, however slight and remote, he views it through a mental telescope, always applying that end of the instrument to his eye which magnifies the object and increases its proximity. If you speak of a contingent good, the telescope is instantly turned, and he views it through the opposite end, which diminishes its value, lessens its probability, and renders it only visible at the extreme point of a long perspective. In short, he is timid, desponding, infirm of purpose, imaginative and incapable of continued application.

Such a man may be a poet, but never a mathematician.

On the contrary, when CONTRACTILITY is vigorous, and the circulation *consequently* energetic, the brain will be abundantly supplied with healthy blood, its nervous tissue firmly supported everywhere within the meshes of that tissue formed by the interlacings of well-filled blood-vessels, and its SENSIBILITY therefore will be, in a corres-

ponding degree, obtuse. It requires a strong moral cause to operate on the mind of such a man. "Trifles light as air," have no power to excite, to irritate, or in any way affect him: he is, consequently, bold, patient, good-humoured, inflexible, unimaginative, and capable of long-continued mental exertion. Such a man may become a great mathematician, but never a poet. I think I could show that all the peculiarities of the human mind are to be accounted for as depending upon certain modifications of the two physical properties—CONTRACTILITY and SENSIBILITY; but, on this subject, I have said enough, and perhaps you will add, "and to spare;" therefore, my dear John, for the present, I bid you farewell. *Pax vobiscum.*

E. JOHNSON.

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## LES OISEAUX.

*Couplets adressès a Monsieur Arnault, partant pour son exile.*

L'Hiver redoublant ses ravages,
Desole nos toits et nos champs,
Les oiseaux sur d'autres rivages,
Portent leurs amours et leurs chants.

### IMITATION.

Now is winter's spirit moving,
Borne upon the northern blast,
Far away our warblers roving,
Quit these dreary shores at last.

Truants now, no longer near us,
Other lands enjoy their strain,
Yet they're constant, and will cheer us
When the spring returns again.

'Tis some Power mysterious guiding
Leads these wanderers on their way,
Blindly in that Power confiding,
To some fairer clime they stray.

Go, ye gay and tuneful legions,
Why with us your stay prolong;
Go, and cheer more favoured regions
With your plumage and your song.

Hark, the tempest's wild commotion
Strips the sere and yellow trees;
Fly, and seek beyond the ocean
Fairer, happier climes than these.

Though from us ye now are straying,
We, though losers, don't complain,
Zephyrs' balmy wings conveying,
Spring will see you here again.

JOHN WARING.

## FRANK FARLEY.

Like a man to double business bound.—HAMLET.

"O MOST sapient Bedlamite!"

"Well! I think a man *is* justified in——"

"Halt! nonsense—you're wrong, radically, constitutionally, primarily, secondarily, and ultimately wrong—you've taken up a bad position, and defended it worse—if possible——"

"Well, but Harry, hear me—I wish to predicate——"

"O, have done! do—come hold your tongue—and tell me what you intend to do with yourself this evening."

"Hem—ah—fill your glass whilst I scan over my memoranda. Mortlake, that's impossible—dull, decidedly dull. Lady Darrington's——"

"Ay—you must absolutely go there. Why, it's a private and peculiar party, expressly for the purpose of reviewing Bulwer's last. And double quick, my dear boy. Lady Caroline will be there. Apropos—attention—here's her health—you cannot refuse."

"*Avec plaisir, mon cher capitaine.* I always obey my superior officer—Lady Caroline Belvoir."

"Um—you drank 'Caroline' last time the lady's health was proposed."

"Well—why not give her her titles?"

"I suppose you think it particularly loverlike; but, *serieusement*, whither are your marching orders to-night?"

"Why—ah—if you must know the truth—I—ah—have to make a particular—that is, private—not that it's very especial—but a kind of indispensable engagement—you understand—to see a friend in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden to-night?"

"Don't try to steal a march on me—I am too practised a tactician. Pray is not Drury Lane in that neighbourhood? And if I recollect rightly, there is a species of edifice—sometimes denominated a theatre—thereabouts *n'est ce pas?*"

"Well, Harry, be it so—thither go I."

"To-night?"

"*Certainement.*"

"To the exclusion of Lady Darrington's party?"

"Partly—I may look in towards the close of the evening."

"Frank Farley——"

"Harry Stewart——"

"Will you listen to me?"

"What else have I been doing for the last two mortal hours?"

"Ay, but I am bringing up my detachment of moral lessons; and, egad, an awkward squad they are.

"*Eh bien!*"

"Frank, I am not a very—ah—*very* moral man."

"Hem!"

"Nor a very wise man."

"Granted."

"Still I am not a fool."

"Query?"

"Don't be impertinent. Frank, there's a sword hanging over your head."

"Indeed—where?"

"Not up there, stupid. Frank, you're running your head into an ambuscade—you're marching up to a masked battery, and you'll be knocked head over heels—that you will. Take my advice—don't go to Drury Lane again, at least not till Fanny Melton has been dismissed. Hey—have I pointed the muzzle true? Nay, man, don't blush so—the coffee-room will be up in arms——"

"Captain Stewart, I must request——"

"O yes, we all know that."

"Sir, I consider the inappropriateness of your ——"

"Now Frank! Frank! don't be mutinous. My dear boy, believe me, I only meant your advantage. Really, I——"

"Well, no more of this; let us change the conversation."

"Frank, I beg your pardon, but do consult your own conscience—call a council of war of your senses—hold a court-martial on that same penchant of yours, for Fanny Melton, and drum it out of your head. Now I ask it, as a particular favour. Why, my dear boy, think of Lady Caroline. What? in treaty with one, and make advances upon another—two at a time—it will never do. Come, come, promise you won't go to Drury Lane to-night."

"Very well."

"That's too vague. Come, yes or no."

"No—there, hang it—what an unbounded nuisance you are. Here, waiter, coffee. This is a devilish nice place of Wood's, though it is in the city."

"Just within the frontiers, *viola tout*, and one benefit is, that not a soul here marches under the same colours with ourselves, so that we make our meal in peace and quiet. Of all bores, recommend me to a west-end coffee-room or a club. Why, I dropped into the —— —— but yesterday, by way of a novelty, to get a chop, and by my hopes of promotion, for three-quarters of an hour, I demolished but two mouthfuls of meat, whilst I was all the time being crammed with all manner of deuced nonsense. 'How do Harry's,' and 'Devilish glad to see you's,' and 'Been at Lady Thingumbob's lately,' and 'seen Crampton to-day's,' till I was fain to give them all the cut direct."

"In order that you might do the same to your chop?"

"Chop! cold—cold, Frank, cold as parade on a November morning."

"Well, certainly this comfortable little tavern has so far the advantage. Waiter, is my cab at the door?"

"See, sir."

"Yes, sir, cab at the door."

"Well, let us have our a—a—a——"

"Yes, sir." (N.B. I am requested, by the waiters in general, to announce to the public that "Yessir," "Nossir," "Seesir," &c. are to be "etymologically enunciated" as separate words.)

And now that the young gentlemen are in the act of paying the bill, and going to the cab, let us just examine their externals, which, being collated and concocted with the above dicta, may induce a fair conjecture as to the penetralia. Captain Stewart's back being towards us, we can only perceive, by occasional turns of his cranium, that he possesses a moderately handsome, merry face, with curly auburn hair, large whiskers and moustaches, *à la militaire:* his actions are quick, and the decided manner of wielding his firmly knit frame, combined with the unembarrassed tone of his voice, and his firm gaze, pronounce him to be a man of decision of character, though combined with a reckless gaiety, and somewhat domineering tone. Frank Farley's pale Grecian countenance, dark hair and eyes, and expressive features, and quiet, gentlemanly demeanour, give us an impression of deeper feeling, but less sound sense—more exalted talents, but want of decision—enthusiasm without judgment—good-nature without firmness. But I cannot discourse further, for they are just leaving the coffee-room.

"Well, Frank, recollect you are to drive to Belgrave Square. I want to see Belmont's new rooms lighted up—you can drop me there. For the present, adieu;" and the gallant captain, *selon sa coutume,* composed him in the corner, and was "metamorpheused" ere the cab had emerged from the Furnival's Inn gateway. What Frank's meditations were, not even his tiger could divine; but the wheels of his chariot splashed the mud of Holborn over the pedestrians of ditto for the space of half a mile. Naturally enough, he turned down the Queen Streets, it was all in his way to traverse Drury Lane, and not a whit out of it to pass along by thy colonade O theatre! Nevertheless, it might have seemed that each column "posted" the cab wheel, *certes* each was passed more slowly than its predecessor, the corner turned at a walk, the portico stopped at, and Captain Stewart was awakened by Frank's springing past him, and a hasty, "Shenston will drive you—come for me at ten."

"What a goose!" quoth the captain.

During the time that Frank's outward man reclined in his cab, a very severe contest had been waging in his inward man, the chief combatants being Principle and Inclination. "Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself," said the first, "Mr. Inclination, to be running away with this young fellow from his friends and decent society, and involving him in this scandalous manner with theatricals, and especially with such a girl as——?"

"*Taisez vous,*" hastily interrupted Inclination. "Miss Melton is an irreproachable individual, and as much to be respected as any young lady I know. She told him the other day, in my presence, that, necessity not choice was her motive for adopting her present profession, and that, had she the means she would leave it to-morrow."

"Which story you believed, and which means you meditated furnishing," replied the other, with a sneer.

"Well, I'm not ashamed to avow that it would give me heartfelt pleasure to place Miss Melton beyond the reach of——"

"And Lady Caroline Belvoir, think of Frank's engagement to her."

"O hang it! how you do pester one—and just after dinner too, it's really not fair."

"Well, why let Farley go to the theatre to-night?"

"Why Fanny is to play Juliet, and displays much talent in the part. I am very partial to the play, and her acting tends to elucidate it much."

"Ahem!" quoth Principle, looking very archly. "Very rational, indeed. I suppose you contemplate making me believe these to be your motives. And pray, do you recollect that Frank's invitation to Lady Darrington's is special, and that his absence will be marked? Nay, that he promised Lady Caroline to be there, and made quite a point of the matter. O you sad dog!"

"Well, my dear Principle, just allow me to take him in for a few moments; it can do him no harm just to permit him a peep as he goes by."

"There would not, perhaps, be *much* harm; but I think it's better to abandon the idea altogether."

"I assure you, my excellent adviser, I respect your opinions much, and would comply with them; but Frank has a bet to decide as to Miss Melton's dress; he can just run in and satisfy himself. Besides, you can accompany him into the box, and take care of him."

"That's what I intend doing; but why make the man leap out of his cab in such an infernally boisterous manner? I declare I am really killed—every bone is fractured. Bless me, how fast you drag one along. Frank, Frank, don't hurry so. Hang the fellow, he won't hear me."

"Come along," whispered Inclination into Frank's other ear, "let us make haste, and leave old twaddle in the rear; I dare say she is speaking at this moment. And now," continued this impertinent fellow, turning round to poor Principle, who, out of breath and spirits, was sneaking into the box behind them, "you may just take that and be off;" and with that he administered a kick to the unfortunate, which sent him flying through the closing door. To seek refuge with the box-keeper was out of the question, and Principle got a cuff from almost every body he met in the lobby and on the staircase, all declaring "he had nothing to do there," until he was fairly turned out into the street, and fain to creep behind the counter of an honest fruiterer's shop close by.

Meanwhile, Inclination and Miss Melton had poor Farley all to themselves, and the former kept close to the poor fellow's ear and gave him not a moment's respite. The second act had begun but a short time, and Juliet appeared in simple loveliness in the balcony.

"What a splendid girl, Frank!" began the rascal. "Do but mark the expression of her countenance: what intellect, what modesty, what a sweet smile! to say nothing of her figure: what a symmetrical bust; and look at that waist, you might span it with your hands, and

then——but stop—by George, she has seen you,—that was the look of recognition, never doubt it—she knows you, depend upon it—now listen—"

" Deny thy father and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not—"

" See, see, she's looking at you again."

" Be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

" Well, if that was not pointed at you, I'll submit to reformation: she's over head and ears with you—poor creature—and not a soul in the theatre but yourself either sees or interprets those glances. You doubt it, do you? Listen again."

" In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And, therefore, thou may'st think my 'haviour light."

" Did you notice that glance?—it spoke volumes."

" But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

" There was a look of sincerity:—believe her, Frank."

" I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion."

" Didn't you find her with your miniature the other day in tears, my dear boy? Come, it's very evident she's deeply in love with you; but poor, retiring, gentle, ladylike creature, she is ashamed to confess it, though she cannot elude my penetration—nay, don't colour so, or, if you must, why ensconce yourself behind the curtain?"

* * * * * * *

At length the tragedy was concluded, and Frank left the theatre, but only to order his cab round to the other door, and to prevail on the reluctant Miss Melton to accept a seat in it to her lodgings.

" Really, Fanny, you even outdid yourself to-night: I protest I never was so completely overpowered."

" I am very glad I succeeded in pleasing you, Mr. Farley."

" You don't mean to say you endeavoured to do so?"

" You are very hasty in your interpretations: but, really—I—to say the truth, I did try to—to—I saw you in your box, and—I—"

" I know it—I know you did—you did see me, Fanny—I could tell it directly."

" I am very sorry my conduct was so marked."

" My dear Fanny, none but myself could have seen it; and perhaps, after all, I am wrong in supposing you to have any preference towards—"

" Oh, indeed, Mr. Farley, indeed, you are not—but you approved, then, of my conception of the character."

" Entirely. You have certainly caught the spirit of the poet in

every particular, most admirably. In fact, during the whole piece, I seemed to be led along by some unseen irresistible impulse to follow your ideas. I felt dragged, sometimes against my former notions—pulled along and borne down on the tide of your eloquence: I seemed on the point once or twice of saying so aloud—"

"I say, young chap, just pull over your crinkum-crankum bit of a cab to your own side; I wants to go my shay along," bawled a coarse voice on the right, just in time to prevent a collision.

"You will certainly upset me, Mr. Farley," said the actress.

"Well, I will be more sober, but the blame attaches to you."

Miss Melton, with a delightfully embarrassed air, "Hoped," as the cab-wheel grazed the curbstone before her door, "that Mr. Farley would do her the honour to come in and partake of her slight repast." An invitation Frank felt by no means reluctant to accept; and he was soon in the (now well known) little drawing-room chatting with the interesting actress and her drowsy chaperon. How the evening terminated will be best understood by accompanying Frank to his room when he arrived at home, an event taking place about half-past one in the morning. His valet had been dismissed, and, in an easy gown and uneasy reverie, he sat over the fire. Principle and Conscience now clubbed their forces, and so unmercifully belaboured the unfortunate wight, that he sighed many times a deep and doleful sigh, and finally sinking a throbbing forehead into a pair of burning hands, he groaned out—

"Oh, fool! fool!—what a fool I am!—what have I done?—proposed to an actress, and under an engagement to Lady Belvoir. Oh, Caroline, you are much wronged:—an actress—ay, but Fanny is no actress—she is a child of nature—full of *naïveté*, simplicity—'twould be a cursed shame, indeed, to let such a flower be poisoned by the filthy hot-bed of the stage. No, no! Fanny is no longer the public's, she is mine—from her own lips—mine, ay, mine."

"Well, are you to have both of them?" growled Conscience.

"I'll not allow it on any consideration whatever," said Principle.

"My God! what a dilemma I am in!—what can I do?—I shall go mad—"

"Cut the actress," observed Principle.

"O—h—o—o—h," groaned Frank.

"Come, come," said Inclination coaxingly, "don't listen to these old simpletons, or they will keep you up all night: the best place for you after your evening's excitement would be bed—*allons*. Sleep will restore you to the full enjoyment of your faculties," added he, gently urging Frank towards the bed, where he was soon dreaming alternately of Lady Caroline Belvoir and the blushing, hesitating, modest Fanny Melton. The fact was, that overcome by the ardour of the moment, he had, during the absence of Fanny's aunt for five minutes, thrown himself, his fortune, and very nearly the whole tray of eatables at the feet of the fascinating actress; they had been, after a due proportion of maidenly embarrassment, accepted, with the exception of the tray, in wonder and gratitude—*voila* Frank "well in for it."

Frank and sleep were at daggers drawn that night, and he had scarcely lounged into his dressing-room on the following morning ere

Captain Stewart (who had the *entrée* of the house at all manner of hours,) knocked at the door, and banging it open, was arrested in mid-rush by observing the worn and pale countenance of his friend, who was measuring his length on a sofa enveloped in a rich morning-gown.

"Why, what the deuce have you been about last night? You look like the moon in a fog, or the pipe-clay on a dragoon's indispensables. Which way did you lead your forces? By the way, I have a right to demand satisfaction—what do you mean by cutting me so unceremoniously?—nay, moreover, you trod on my third left toe in your retreat, and compelled me to drive myself to Belgrave Square."

"Why didn't you make Shenston take the reins?"

"Yes, and have been capsized before I got twenty yards—why Shenston was as drunk as—as—as I believe his master was."

"Harry, I won't allow any impertinence either to Shenston or myself."

"Love me, love my tiger, heh?"

"Well, but was he in truth—"

"No, he was in liquor—*ergo*, in a false state of excitement."

"I don't believe you were sufficiently awake to comprehend whether he was or not, but if you really are of opinion—"

"Come, come, I didn't beat the *reveillez* at eight o'clock this morning and make a forced march upon your position for the purpose of discussing the ebriety of your (or rather of your cab's) adherent:—to the breach, man. I intend to know what you did with your precious person last night—now, no evasions—no quibblings—"

"Nor answers either shall you get, you model of effrontery; where is your commission?"

"Safe locked up, I hope, in the only bureau I possess, in company with half a dozen bottles of "peculiar" Madeira, my will, half a box of private cigars, four drafts of proposals, and seventeen hundred and fifty-six *billets doux;* and, as to my right to examine witnesses, why, haven't I a right to demand three several satisfactions,—one for cutting me, one for treading on my toe, and one for making me drive myself?—now, I'll forego them all on condition you answer me as many questions—"

"Speak."

"Oh, no—contrary to the rules of war—an unconditional surrender."

"Then you shall have neither answers nor satisfaction. I love myself too much to take the trouble of doing the first, and the ladies too well to deprive them of so efficient a beau by doing the second."

"Well, but seriously, Frank, did you see Fanny Melton last night?" and the inquiring glance of the captain caused a faint tinge of colour on the sallow features of Frank.

"I saw her on the stage," said he with a faint smile.

"And in the cab—in your cab—and home—and at home—hey?—and there you stayed till one o'clock gossipping and getting deeper and deeper in love every minute."

Frank looked amazed and alarmed, and the laughing captain was startled by the loud vehement tone in which the young man addressed him.

"How came you by that information, sir—answer me?"

"Stand at ease, my good boy; it is not the first time I have dodged a wild friend, tipped a communicative tiger, or kissed an inquisitive abigail."

"Did you hear any more damned fabrications, sir? Was that all your information?" roared Frank, in an agony of apprehension.

"Whew, whew—steady, boy—halt, halt—here's a volley of artillery. So there is something discoverable here. Frank, *mon camarade*, you are by no means an adept at keeping your own counsel:—why, you should be as cool as the Serpentine in January,—that amazing burst of yours has begun to make me sensible—"

"What a beatific reformation!" mumbled Frank, unable to forego the joke.

"Sensible of some underplot or other. Surely, my dear fellow, you have not been such a fool as to make any serious proposition to the girl."

"Fool, or no fool, I proposed, and was accepted, so there you have my whole secret," said the other hurriedly, and he rose and paced up and down the room in deep thought. Captain Stewart looked about as much astonished as a thorough man of the world conveniently may, stroaked one whisker, then the other, pulled his moustachios, hemmed thrice, and began—

"Frank, excuse the personality of the following observation, but you are certainly about as huge a blockhead as a man could desire to behold between Hyde Park and Charing Cross, or between Spitzbergen and the Cape of Good Hope—why, what the devil's to become of Lady ——?"

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, mention her name. Oh, Harry, I scarcely know what to do or to think—my brain is absolutely burning—do act my friend, and give me some notion of how or what I am to do."

"Frank, I will be candid with you. I consider your conduct worse than foolish—you have acted basely—ay, basely, Frank. I grieve much to be obliged to use the word, but it is too true." (Farley groaned.) "I acknowledge that there is much excuse to be made for you. I have no doubt that pains were not wanting, nor allurements untried, to entrap a rich young—"

"Captain Stewart, beware what you say: I will endure anything which relates to myself—I deserve it—but not one word against her, not a syllable, if you value my friendship."

"*Eh bien, qu'il soit*—as to your present line of conduct, how do you meditate extricating yourself?—by dissolving your engagement with the peeress or the actress?"

"The former," said Farley, with a deep sigh.

"Consider well, my dear friend."

"Harry, I have spent this night in doing so, and have made up my mind to this course. I did think I loved Caroline, but it was a dream—a short and pleasant one—I woke to the reality of my attachment to Fanny. I would to God I could live over yesterday; but it is gone, never to be recalled; and I must disengage myself from Lady Belvoir. Harry, were I not engaged to Fanny, do you suppose Lady

Caroline would, for a moment, accept a husband who was the professed admirer of another, and that other an actress?—Never, never. I know that I have outraged every principle of honour and justice—I have sacrificed myself on the altar of passion and will not flinch, though the fire scorch my very vitals." He was silent for a few moments.

"Frank, these heroic effusions are lost on a matter-of-fact fellow like myself; just view the thing coolly if you can. You know you have only to write a note to Lady Belvoir, stating the circumstances, (in what way you know best,) of your being engaged to another, and the consequence will be, a fit of hysterics, and a formal relinquishment of all claim on her part, nor I think need you fear any thing from Lord Belvoir but a horsewhipping."

"And do you really think, Harry, I could sit down to write such a note? Impossible—impossible—not for worlds."

"Well, but for Fanny Melton."

"Oh Harry, Harry, you are but a poor adviser."

"Why, you're pretty right, my stock of consolations is but small, and so—God bless me, (pulling out his watch in a violent hurry,) so seems my memory. Why, my dear fellow, I ought to have been at the Horse Guards by this time. Good bye—good bye; read "Watts on the Mind," dare say you'll find something there for the "mind diseased;" or "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," and just scan "The Complete Letter Writer" through for a model till I return—adieu."

As soon as the door closed Farley threw himself on the sofa in a state of the deepest dejection. Remorse for his conduct towards Lady Belvoir, who he knew loved him too fondly, and a half repentance for his wild engagement with Miss Melton, so overpowered him, that he felt as though he could have wept for sheer misery. As it was, he sat gnawing his lips until he was able, by the arrival of his chocolate, to substitute some of the slips of toast for them. During breakfast two notes were brought to him, which eventually determined his conduct for the day. The first ran thus:

"My dear Mr. Farley;

"The happy events of last night caused me altogether to forget that I shall be at leisure the whole of this evening, as I do not go to Drury Lane to-night. You must forgive my not being sufficiently initiated yet, to know whether I am acting *à-la-mode* to send you an invitation, but I cannot help saying the truth, that I shall be most happy to see you to tea.

"Yours ever, affectionately,

"Fanny Melton."

The tide of emotion and affection which this epistle excited, burst through all the sluicegates of prudence, reflection, and repentance, but was nevertheless much checked in its progress by the other.

"Dear Frank;

"I am positively quite out of humour with you. I think you must have quarrelled with me, at least, every one tells me so, though I do not

precisely recollect the circumstance. I will really never pardon you if you do not produce yourself to-day. I have a new pony to show you—a present from papa—most beautiful—you must come. Breakfast will not be over till eleven, and I shall expect you before that time.

"Yours affectionately,

"CAROLINE BELVOIR."

"I will attend both," said he, as he folded them up and threw them on one side—not until, however, he had casually remarked that the seal on Miss Melton's was the same he recollected having seen in the possession of one Major Delisp, an unbounded puppy, and dangler on to theatres, &c., but gave it not another thought. He was soon on his way to Lord Belvoir's, with a heavy heart and an aching head. His footsteps flagged more and more as he approached the door, and he remained outside some minutes ere he could summon courage to knock. However, he at length entered the breakfast-room.

"Oh, you provoking creature," exclaimed Lady Belvoir, starting up, "I don't think I ought to excuse your shameful desertion—but you are pale—you have not been ill?" said she, affectionately, as she extended her hand.

"Are you unwell, Frank?" asked the earl from his newspaper.

"Thank you, merely a slight head-ache," answered Farley; and now, for some time, he had to listen to the wild gay chatter of Lady Belvoir, to admire the same brilliancy of intellect, the same piquancy of wit, which had so often charmed him in former days; but her ladyship soon began to perceive that something extraordinary possessed Frank, and her tone of gaiety became gradually lowered and restrained; and the strange manner in which he avoided meeting her eye, was a painful contrast to the eager, ardent gaze beneath which her own eyelids used to fall: and how much may any one, especially woman, gather from the eye?

"Well, the breakfast was removed, and the earl departed to his library, and Frank and lady Caroline remained, talking common-place, and sometimes wholly silent; both felt an unusual degree of awkward restraint, the one from conscious guilt, the other from undefined apprehension.

"Well, and why did you not come to Lady Darrington's last night?"

"I—I—was at Drury Lane."

"At Drury Lane?" repeated her ladyship, as though endeavouring to recall some recollection. "Well, I am sure, ladies should not, (if they take my advice,) allow their husbands to go to theatres; and if ever I should be so foolish as to—to—think of Frank Farley as my——"

"Caroline," said Frank, rapidly turning round, and looking her full in the face, "it may never be."

Had Lady Caroline been suddenly transformed into a marble statue, she could not have been more pale and motionless, for the first few seconds after this short announcement. The tone and manner in which it was conveyed, could leave not a shadow of a doubt. The man to whom, in the generosity of her heart, she had given her very

soul, was returning her an unrequited and an unvalued gift. Suddenly she started up, and placing her small white hand on an arm whose very tendons quivered beneath their tiny grasp, "Frank Farley," said she, with the fearful calmness of intense agony, "was the idle tale I heard true, then? Am I rejected—cast off—and for—how can I name her? Frank, you do not answer; one word only, for God's sake—if it be only to kill me! Frank! Frank! answer me only this one question. Do you love another?"

"Caroline, I can never forgive myself. I have wronged you beyond the power of thought," groaned forth the young man, as he disengaged his arm, and buried his face in his hands.

Lady Caroline's eagerness, her energy was gone, and calm she remained. She did not shriek, or faint, but the arrow had pierced deep into the heart. She simply said, "May I request you to remain a few moments?" and left the room. A minute after she re-entered with a packet; she was, if possible, paler than when she left the room—the transparent snowy whiteness of her features was slightly tinged with a livid hue.

"Mr. Farley," said she, drawing herself up to her full height, and speaking with bitter distinctness, "these are all that I ever received from you—the many letters—the bracelets—the miniature—take them, sir; from this moment all communication ceases between us" —her voice faltered slightly—"for ever!"

"Caroline—hear one word ——"

"Not one, sir—I have heard too much—I wish you farewell;" and she rang the bell. The bitter cold look of the lady sealed Frank's mouth—it was a look that none could have ventured to misunderstand. He left the house.

Wretched and slow were the hours he endeavoured to wile away till seven. He began to rally, and became more cheerful as the hour of his engagement approached, and the picture of the blushing happy actress erased, to a certain extent, that of the high-souled, agonized, and injured being he had left.

Seven o'clock beheld him quickening his pace to the door of Miss Melton's house. His hasty knock soon brought the domestic—he was just pushing in, when he was arrested by, "Beg pardon, sir, whom did you wish to see?"

"Why, Miss Melton, to be sure."

"You means young Miss Melton, of Drury Lane?"

"Yes, yes—what is the matter?"

"Please, sir, she's gone out of town."

"Gone out of town! what, any one dying?"

"Lor bless ye, sir; no, she went along with Major Delisp, of the 10th Dragoons."

"With whom? Woman—fiend!" shouted Frank.

"Please, sir, don't scream so; perhaps you'd better see Miss Melton as remains, the aunt, sir—poor soul, she takes on so. That Major Delisp, sir, I never liked him—lor, if he aint gone!" added she, as Frank rushed from the door like a madman. "Dear me, sure he's a little intoxicated—only to see how he staggers about;" and the abigail shut the door, as Frank sunk unobserved on a step, in the utter agony of self-accusing wretchedness.

The next morning Lord Belvoir and his daughter again sat at their breakfast-table, but in a different mood to what had influenced their minds on the previous day. Lady Caroline had informed her father of Frank's rejection; the earl had been wounded to the quick—he dearly loved his child, and felt honourably indignant at the insult offered to her. At her earnest request, however, he had forborne to mention it further, to herself or any one else. Lady Belvoir was still pale, but calm and peaceful, and in silence the meal was being despatched, when Captain Stewart was announced. He entered the room hurriedly, and with a vain attempt to appear calm, glanced at Lady Belvoir, and then "requested a word alone with his lordship, immediately."

"You are not come to plead for your worthless friend, I hope?" said the earl, sternly.

"Alas! no, my lord; but I wish to speak with your lordship immediately."

"Captain Stewart," interrupted Lady Belvoir, "you have bad news, let us hear the worst at once—I am prepared," but her lip quivered with anxiety.

"Then, Lady Belvoir, my poor friend will never need one to plead for him more."

"Is it even so? then am I indeed bereft," sobbed her ladyship, for the woman remained unsubdued, and the smothered, though unchanged affections of her soul, burst out in fuller force than ever. She wept abundantly. The earl was affected—for Frank had been an universal favourite.

"What was the immediate cause of his death, captain?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders with a shudder of horror—he thought unobserved by Lady Belvoir; but she had seen him, and she half raised herself from the sofa on which she had sank.

"He did not wilfully give up the life which only God may take!"

"It is too true, Lady Belvoir: that worthless woman, for whom he abandoned every thing, left town yesterday morning, the mistress of another man. Poor Frank ascertained the fact late last night. I saw him an hour afterwards, as he stood on the steps of his own house—I hope never to see again such a countenance as his then was—utterly despairing. The last words he said to me were, 'Harry, if I had listened to principle this would have been avoided, and I might have been happy—'tis too late now.' This morning, before any one was up, the house was alarmed by the report of a pistol—he had blown out his brains—but, good heavens! Lady Belvoir has fainted."

"My child, my child!" exclaimed the earl, as he leant over her lifeless form, and supported her head.

"Father!" she uttered almost inaudibly:—but let us draw the veil over this sad picture of domestic misery, and thus refrain from blazoning forth the dreadful results that too frequently ensue from a misplaced affection, which, like a sweet flower, pure in itself, withers and dies, because the soil on which it is planted is nothing but rottenness.

# THE EXPIATION; OR, ARDENT TROUHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

THE north-easterly wind had set in with a malicious perseverance, that could be likened to nothing more aptly than the oration of a scolding termagant, gathering strength by the mere exercise of her capabilities of blustering. It blew all the livelong day: some sails were taken in, and others blown out of the boltropes, and, when night came on, we supposed that we should have a lull, upon the strength of which supposition the master took an extra glass and turned in early, and thus between stupidity and rum, found that lull in his cot, that was not to be found, either on deck, or in the heavens, or on the face of the waters.

The brig, as far as such a tub could be said to be trimmed at all, was in good trim. The lightness of her cargo was well rectified by the quantity of the ballast, and, so far, she had behaved well. I was very sick. If I repaired to the deck, I could not keep my footing, and below, the stench and the close air were nearly insupportable. These certainly are common-place miseries; but they were, from my previous habits, my punctilious cleanliness, and the delicate nurture of my previous life, actual agonies. About eight in the evening, my torments below became unendurable; for, in addition to the nauseous effluvia of the confined cabin, and the horrible creaking of the ship's timbers, I had to be irritated with the regular, loud, and stertorous snore of the brutalized Master Tomkins, who was sleeping in a sort of cupboard immediately adjoining the cabin, of which I was so miserable a tenant. To the sleepless, and those labouring under morbid nervous affections, I have understood the tick, tick, ticking of the death-watch, is a sensation that may be likened to the breaking of the wearied spirit slowly on the wheel; but which compared with the brutal and unintermitting grunting of my tormentor, must have really appeared music. Almost, for the first time in my life, my irritability was excited—a strange feeling of a want and a wish to destroy came over me. I contemplated, first with horror, and then with a grim satisfaction, the diabolical pleasure that the braining of the wretch would give me. I shuddered at my own thought, yet I cherished it, in spite of myself. I wondered at my own depravity—I quivered with agitation at this sudden insight into my own heart—wrathfully, and with shame, did I confess that I was a son of Adam and a brother of Cain. "Oh!" I exclaimed, as I tossed upon my restless bed, "if this panting to destroy is thus strong upon you, Ardent Troughton, from provocation so slight, from an impulse so apparently causeless, what is the guarantee against the murderous hand, when injury tramples upon, insult, mocks you? There is a black coal smouldering with an unholy fire in your heart, quench it, and at once, or by it you will be consumed."

[1] Continued from vol. xv. page 443.

I flung myself from my lair, and humbled, ill, and wretched, I crawled upon the deck. The view there, and from thence, was disconsolate. The sea had increased with our distance from the land, and the ill humour and sullenness of the mate, who had charge of the watch, had increased with the sea. The vessel was holding her course for the Straits of Gibraltar, with the gale on her larboard quarter, and with nothing set but her reefed foresail and storm staystail. She was making rapid way, but the night was excessively dark, the cold extreme, and its bitterness much increased by the frozen, arrowy sleet, that drove aslant across the decks.

When I gained the deck, it must not be supposed that I was in the blandest frame of mind. As I made my appearance above the hatchway, I distinctly heard the man at the wheel say, with a contemptuous roll of his quid, "the long-shore dandy."

As I stumbled across the weather side of the little space, dignified by the high-sounding title of the quarter-deck, I came in contact, certainly not willingly on my part, with the surly mate. His name was Gavel. Yes, James Gavel, I remember was the name of this man with the unfortunate temper.

"Out of my way, sir," said he to me, pushing me aside with his arm.

"This to me?"

"Yes."

"You are rude, sir."

"I am doing my duty. You are in my way. On duty, if you were the king's son, and got in my way, I would send you out of it thus," and he thrust me over to leeward.

I staggered with the violent motion of the brig, and came with great force against the iron belaying pins, and was much hurt. I did not feel *that* pain then. The action of the mate could not be called a blow. It was a push—a something with which to put aside an obstruction. I glared upon my assaulter, and looked eagerly round for some weapon with which to avenge the insult. Even Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, of whom I have made honourable mention, recent as was our acquaintance, sided with me. He placed himself in a hostile attitude before my person, as if to protect it from further injury, and growled defiance at my aggressor. This sudden action of the dog seemed to strike Gavel forcibly, and he exclaimed with a horrible oath, "Is every thing that breathes my enemy?"

I felt the infirmity of passion fast mastering me; but, remembering my horrible impulse in the cabin, with one mighty effort I subdued it. What a mystic entanglement of thoughts and feelings is the human mind! For no intentional injury or insult, I had just thirsted for blood, and now that both had been inflicted upon me, and that, in no measured degree, I thought only of vindicating my injured honour, and of simply chastising my insulter.

After the first burst of resentment had subsided, I made my way to Gavel, and placing my hand heavily upon his shoulder, I said to him slowly and distinctly, "You have grossly wronged me. You must apologize."

"See you d——d first."

"But indeed you must. Here, upon your own element, and on a planking on which I cannot even keep my footing—annoyed in mind, and dreadfully enfeebled by a sickness that is to you but a source of your derision, I am unable fairly to cope with you. Do not put, therefore, the assassin's thought into my head, for your sake and mine. Apologize—I even entreat you."

"Tell ye I wont. To a man as is a man, if so be as I have wronged him unlike a man, I am willing, heart and soul, to ask his pardon; but that I, a thorough seaman, should demean myself to beg pardon of a tooth-polishing, pomatum-smelling, white-handed thing of starch like yourself—no, not if you were standing over me with the stiletto at my bosom, that your d——d cowardly countrymen are so fond of using. Ask *your* pardon!—even if the point were in my heart, I would curse you, and with my last struggle spurn you. Ah! you are feeling for your knife or your dagger, are ye? Well, there is my broad chest, strike if you dare. I may as well die by the base hand of a mongrel Spaniard, as live the cursed life I now do; for I am sick, sick, sick of the world, and all that is in and upon it."

Notwithstanding the towering passion which the principal part of this speech had thrown me into, the last sentence of it was uttered with such a touching and deep tone of melancholy—a tone in complete contrast with his usual reckless and ferocious bearing—that I was suddenly checked in my intent of summary vengeance, though I hardly knew how that intent was to be worked out. Holding on, therefore, by the weather main rigging, I answered with a calmness that surprised myself. "Mr. Gavel, you refuse me justice because you hold me not to be a man, but as, in your acceptation of the term, something inferior to one. Your profession is not mine—nor your knowledge, nor your capability to bear hardship, nor your power of keeping footing in this terrible sea—all these, I repeat, are not mine. A man may want these, and yet have a nobleness of heart, a firmness of purpose, and a sublimity of true courage, which the uneducated cannot even comprehend. These qualities I do not, to any great degree, arrogate to myself; but I trust that I have enough of them to write myself as good a man as James Gavel, chief mate of my father's hired brig, the Jane."

"Prove it," said my adversary sullenly.

"I will prove it, when occasion offers itself—and when I have, you will confess your error—you will apologize. This is the first quarrel that I ever had upon my hands, I humbly beseech of Heaven it may be the last—it seems to be changing me into a demon."

"Well, you speak fairly, Mr. Troughton. Occasions enough will soon offer themselves. This is a doomed vessel. The death-fires were playing last night round the foretopmast head, a whole hour by the glass; and there was a strange animal seen forward by old Huggins, half fish, half hyena—it lives upon sailor's carcases, and knows better than the shark when fat corpses will be tumbling into the sea. Take that, you lubber," he continued, giving the man at the wheel a tremendous blow on the face, that covered it instantaneously with blood, at the same time seizing the spoke itself, and rapidly righting

the course of the vessel—"take that, and learn to mind your trick at the wheel, and don't founder us before our time."

I was not altogether sorry for the chastisement, albeit it was so severe. The fellow was cowed in a moment, and without wiping the blood off his face, he resumed his office. In listening to the mate, he had neglected the steerage, and suffered the brig so far to broach to, as to bring the wind right abeam, and a deluging sea swept clean over her. As every thing was well secured, no other damage was sustained, than that arising from adding a salt water wetting to the fresh one that we were so patiently enduring.

"You think then, Mr. Gavel, that we are in danger?"

"Know it—not sorry—tired of the world. No preferment for a man as does his duty. Look at that beast, our skipper Tomkins—with his means I might be happy, and make my poor mother comfortable and happy too."

"But is he not reckoned a good seaman?"

"This is the exact case, sir; he is fit to command this or any other vessel just two half hours in the four-and-twenty—those are the periods, just before he gets outrageously drunk. Before he has had a sufficient quantity to wind him up, he is as fearful as a hare, and as weak as a spoilt lady who lives upon green tea; when he has had too much, he is as rash and as reckless as a ruined gamester, with a wife and young family; and, excepting during the two half hours that I have mentioned, he is always either in one or other of these states. But, never mind, it's all one now—his green shroud is ready for him—he'll find it wide enough, I'm thinking—he'll shortly lie in a deeper grave than his father's."

"But why all these misgivings? You know that, as yet, I am a wretched sailor, or you should not have thrust me from you as you did, with impunity. You'll have to answer for that yet. But why all these doubts of our safety? The vessel rolls, but she seems to be now in no more danger than she has been for the last eight-and-forty hours. Really, your dismal prognostications look like superstition."

"Do they? Well, call it what you like. The rats are much better judges of those matters than we—poor blind mortals that we are. This is an old craft, mark you, and was, erewhile, overrun with these black gentlemen with long tails and black whiskers. There was not a finer colony in any vessel in the Thames from London Bridge to the Nore light. Well, I'm blessed if I did not see them, the very night, that you came on board, at Gravesend, walk down the chain cable, as leisurely and as orderly as if they had been soldiers at a parade, and take to the water in three divisions, some of the mothers and fathers taking the little ones in their teeth."

"Incredible!"

"True! One line swam on board the George Indiaman. She is a safe ship for this voyage. The owners and merchants, if they knew all, might have saved their insurances."

"Where did the other two divisions go?"

"I didn't watch. A good way down the river, I'm thinking. I should like to know myself—but I was so much taken up with the last of the train that left the brig. It was a large rat, grown grey

with age. As he stood upon the last link of the chain cable, and just before he plunged into the water, he turned himself round very leisurely, and then shook his head at the craft, with quite as much gravity and wisdom as a judge upon the bench. I had a great mind to have flung a marling spike at him, that I happened to have in my hand, only the hooker is not too well found in stores. Upon my soul, I had a great mind to have cut my stick, and walked off with them."

"So, you judge from this that we shall perish?"

"Certain: besides, we have a murderer on board."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, my own vile thoughts in the cabin rising up in judgment against me. "This is a grave accusation, Mr. Gavel; —how know you this?"

"The deed may not yet be committed, but it is predestined; and the man that is to do it, or has already done it, is now in this condemned barky."

"But if, according to your ridiculous omens, the vessel is so soon to be lost, and this murder is not committed, there can be no murder at all, since we shall all share one common fate." I spoke this with a dreadful mistrust of myself.

"Mayhap it is, mayhap it ain't. If it t'ain't yet done, short as is our time, it will still be long enough to commit wickedness to plunge us all into hell. You yourself looked just now at me as if you longed to cut my throat, merely for pushing you out of my way. I dare say, that if just then you had had a knife in your hand, you would have clapped it between my ribs—you shudder.—Why, Master Troughton, what a trivial accident only intervened between you and murder! —you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

My cheeks burned with contrition at this reproof from the rough and sullen seaman, but still I was too proud to betray my feelings in words, and I coldly replied, "You will give me satisfaction for that outrage when you have proved me: it is a quarrel that we will suspend, yet not forget. In the mean time, let us act generously towards each other. I have already learned to esteem your sterling good qualities,—already I know that on you only, the salvation of this ship depends, if she may be saved: it is a pity that you should mar those good impressions by your ruffianly deportment."

"My ruffianly deportment, as you are pleased to call it, is neither here nor there. Concerning this matter, the craft is not to be saved, without, Jonas-like, we could pitch the murderer overboard. If he was struggling in that eddying whirl to leeward there, we might have fine weather and a quiet sea in an hour's time. I wish he was, from the bottom of my heart!"

"Mr. Gavel, you shock me! Are these the impressions of a Christian? It is meet that crime should be punished, but unmanly and unnatural to rejoice in the punishment; had I said diabolical, I should but have characterised the feeling too truly."

"Self-preservation, Master Troughton—but hark! there is a fresh hand at the bellows:—and, mark me, fair and delicate sir, how pitchy dark it is suddenly grown—you are not sea-sick now—no, fear has overcome it—lift up your head, and look over the bulwark if you dare, and then tell me what you see."

I obeyed fearfully; at first the intense violence of the wind nearly took away my breath, and the sleet almost blinded me; but shading my face partially with my hands, I was enabled to preserve my watching and look-out for a short space.

"Another hand at the wheel. Mind your helm, my boy, mind your helm,—steady so—meet her, boys, meet her—she reels like a drunken man-o'-war's-man on the Point. Well, Master Troughton, what have you seen?" he continued, turning to me, who had been fairly beaten off by the wind, and was now endeavouring to recover my breath as I crouched down beneath the weather bulwark.

"All above was black, black, black; the only light seemed to be emitted from the angry foam of the vexed waters, and the horizon marked by a pale, sickly streak of colour, seemed fearfully near us, as if approaching to compass us in on every side. That pallid light, Gavel, from the hissing waves is very horrible to look upon."

"It is—but did you not see the corpse-lights dancing here and there, just where the opening gulfs of the waves look the blackest?"

"Describe them to me."

"Oh, they are nothing when one is used to them. They always appear to me as if, through the black depths of the unfathomable ocean, they were each lighting a condemned soul down to hell; and yet they are nothing but quivering little bits of sickly-looking blue flames, after all. They were dancing round the maintop-head last night—there—there," said he, seizing my arm with the grip of a Sampson, "look at the fore rigging:—there they are! As sure as God is in heaven, the murderer is on board."

I gazed and shuddered. There were many small, wiry, and snaky streams of electric fire playing among the shrouds: though I knew that these proceeded from natural causes, I could not prevent the chill of superstition from creeping through my blood to my very heart; however, I mastered my fears as well as I could, and turning to the mate, said, "These blue flames, that you call corpse-lights, are nothing but indications that the atmosphere is overcharged with positive electric matter, attracted, no doubt, by the working of the wood and rope against the iron at the head of the foremast: instead of showing us that we have a murderer on board, it merely prognosticates that we shall have thunder and lightning."

"I know that too: but this comes of your book learning—you believe nothing—just like you all, with your philosophy. Why, you have philosophised away all the truths of the Bible already:—fie upon your natural causes—you will have everything proved and nothing believed. Because thunder generally follows these corpse-lights, it is no rule that they do not indicate the presence of a murderer on board; and because the rainbow is produced merely by natural causes, it is no reason why it should not be regarded as a perpetually-recurring miracle, placed there as a sign by God himself to all men and to all nations, that water shall never again drown the world, though it is likely enough it will drown all of it that there is in this condemned barky. However, Jem Gavel, with the ruffianly deportment, will do his duty to the last, blow high blow low. I wish that foresail was off, but I doubt whether we have beef (*i.e.* men) enough to take it in, without splitting it to ribbons;—upon my soul, those corpse-lights are

making a merry dance of it." No sooner had he uttered these words than a crash that seemed the very bursting of the heavens, accompanied by an intense and blinding light, threw us all into a state of momentary stupefaction. The maintopmast was shivered, and with its encumbering rigging fell over to leeward. The stupendous thunderclap produced a sudden calm. Hitherto, the roaring of the winds had prevented my hearing the dull, monotonous, yet angry dashing of the waves; the whole surface of the sea seemed now suddenly imbued with the voice of countless multitudes, and the moaning came up from the face of the ocean near and far, like the groans of a sinful world from their graves on the awful day of resurrection. In dreadful contrast to this universal and harrowing clamour below, all was again dark and unnaturally still above.

"All hands up foresail—clear wreck!" shouted the mate. "Now 's the time—oh, for half a dozen good hands—up—up!" but before the first man of the watch below had shown his shrinking head above the hatchway, the tempest renewed its fury with a redoubled vengeance, but from nearly an opposite quarter, throwing the foresail dead aback. In an instant the brig had terrific stern way, the wheel span round, and the man at the helm was very nearly tossed overboard by the shock, whilst the rudder was jammed hard the wrong way, which counteracted the effect that the backed foresail and the inclination of the foreyard would have naturally had to make her pay off to port. The mate and myself first flew to the wheel, but we could not move it. In less than a minute the dead lights of the cabin windows were driven in, the cabin filled with water, and Mr. Tomkins, our drunken master, was washed out of his cot, and up the companion hatchway in his shirt.

The wretch was despicable in his fears. He ran about helplessly wringing his hands, and beseeching God to forgive him. He made no effort, he gave no orders—no one regarded him. The vessel all this time going furiously astern. The water was now pouring into her from the cabin windows, and she was filling fast—no staying below for the skulkers. The cold waves washed them out of their hammocks.

"All hands forward," shouted Gavel, "we must cut away the foremast—it is our only chance. Quick, quick, my lads,—come along, Troughton. Shall we leave the bewildered sot to his fate?" pointing to the master. "The mast will fall upon and crush him."

"Who is the murderer in thought now, Gavel? No." So we hurried him with us on the forecastle. The mate seized an axe, and a very large and active black fellow another. Gavel cut away at the fore, and the negro at the foretopmast stay, and, in less than half a minute the whole of her masts lay fore and aft upon the deck. The effect of this manœuvre was instantaneous. The brig heeled round immediately and presented her broadside to the wind, and thus our lives were, for the present, saved.

When we scrambled aft, to add to our misfortunes, we found the rudder wrenched from the pintles, and, held on by the rudder chains, dashing about under the counter. After a few ineffectual attempts to secure it, it was cut adrift lest it should beat a hole in the vessel's side. "She is half full of water:—all hands to the pumps." I just gave one passing thought to my father's dry goods, and stripping to the waist,

took my spell, and gloriously I worked. As we freed the vessel from the water rapidly, we had no reason to apprehend that we had sprung a leak. About midnight, there was only six inches in the pump well, and, as no immediate danger was threatened, Gavel came up to me and said with a grim courtesy, "Well, Master Troughton, I can't but say, that you have proved yourself a man to-night: and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am heartily sorry that I shoved you to leeward. I suppose that I must not offer my hand to a gentleman born like yourself, but I will say this, that I am heartily sorry that you ever embarked aboard this craft—for she is doomed. However, let me recommend you to go and turn in. The steward will help you to a dry suit; make yourself comfortable and your mind easy; for, depend upon it, we shall see how each other can meet death before many days are past and gone."

I took his advice, but not his proffered hand. I refused it from no motives of malice, but because my pride would not permit me yet to think that I had given any very great proofs of manliness. When I reached the cabin, I found the carpenter had just finished securing the dead-lights, and that the steward and the cabin boy had made my berth tolerably dry. The water that had rushed into the cabin when the brig had stern way had not penetrated into my trunks, so I easily contrived to get into a complete suit of dry clothes. My sea-sickness had entirely disappeared, and I was never troubled with it again.

The master had also dressed himself, and with great assiduity was again getting brutally drunk. To his maudlin intreaties for me to join him in his debasing debauch, I returned only a contemptuous refusal, and, breathing vengeance against me, and imprecating every thing possible and impossible, he was, in the space of a short half hour lifted into his cot in a state of the most beastly insensibility.

Before I went to sleep I made a vow, that if ever I reached Spain in safety, the Jane was the last vessel that Josiah Tomkins should ever command, though whether I would intercede for James Gavel, I had not yet made up my mind. I soon fell asleep, and, contrary to my expectation, I slept soundly, and I awoke late the next morning in health, and not only refreshed, but almost in good spirits.

It was nine o'clock before I again got on deck. The men were slowly and doggedly clearing away the wreck that lay all about the decks, and the surly mate was kicking and handspiking them with a savageness that immediately recalled the unfavourable impressions that his activity and gallantry of the preceding night had partly obliterated. However, I did not think myself justified in using any interference, for the crew, perhaps, deserved the castigations that were lavished upon them so unsparingly. To amuse myself, having cleared away the rubbish and the remnants of rope from a small space under the lee of the quarter-deck bulwark, I called my friend Bounder, the large Newfoundland dog, to me, and began to propitiate his good graces by commencing a hearty and rough game of romps. My overtures were most graciously received, and my tokens of friendship most warmly returned.

The weather had now settled into a steady and staggering gale (a connexion of adjectives well understood) directly from the westward. We were completely at its mercy, and lay, as the seamen say, like

a log upon the water. We had not a stick standing, with the exception of the bowsprit: yet all but the superstitious and sullen mate now entertained sanguine hopes that we should reach port in safety. Indeed, with the exception of the gale and the wreck before us, everything wore a cheerful aspect. We had been driven well south, and the day was genial, the sun shining brightly out from an unclouded sky.

Notwithstanding the amenity of my disposition, I could not play with a dog for ever, and being really ennuyéed for want of occupation, I rose, and went to Mr. Gavel, and asked him, with a becoming humility, if he could not make me useful.

He repaid me by a stare of unsophisticated surprise, and then stammered out, "Willingly—most heartily; here, lend us a hand to unbend this sail—do it thus—come, we will work together, and you can thus learn to do it in a ship-shape fashion. There is the true heart of oak in your bosom after all; only, methinks that the tarry sinnet will soil those pretty long white fingers of yours. Well done—by the holy—that's the true Jack way. Why, the Lord love you, they should have made a sailor of you."

"Well, you see, Gavel, how agreeable I am willing to make myself—you're improving me fast—oblige me, and let me try to improve you."

"With all my heart—I'm perfect in nothing but in seamanship."

"It is in seamanship that I wish to work the improvement."

"Well, that's good—what next?—should like to hear, however."

"I want to teach you how to make the most of the force, strength—I think you call it beef—that you have at your disposal—to get the most, and the quickest work out of your very ragged and grumbling crew."

"And so I do, don't I? Look at the station-book—every man knows where to go and do his duty, if he would only be man enough, and do it."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gavel, they do not work for you willingly, therefore all the work is but imperfectly done."

"Know it—the nest of lubbers! God knows, that my tongue is tired with cursing, my hand sore with hiding them."

"The very thing that I deplore—do try fair means."

"My ruffianly deportment, hah! I understand you. But I should like to prove to you that you're quite wrong."

"No, let me prove to you that I am quite right. Neither curse nor strike any of them for the next half hour—point out the offender to me—let me speak to him. If you don't like my method, you need not adopt it, I only ask as a favour that you should see it tried."

"Very well, Master Troughton, I begin to like you—go to your work. Look at that lazy, grumbling rascal, that has just thrown down his serving mallet, not only idling himself, but hindering, with his damned lawyer's tongue, all around him from working."

I went up to him, and said a few words in a conciliatory and kind tone, and when I returned to my own labour along side of the mate, to the utmost surprise of the latter, he saw the recent offender working in silence, as if for his very life, and that cheerfully too. I had occasion to rise and address three other culprits, and with the same

beneficial effects, before my half hour of delegated authority had expired. At first, the mate was mute with astonishment, and then begged me either to give him my recipe for making men, not worth their salt, work like sailors, or else to keep my authority over them as long as we sailed together.

"It lies all in a nut-shell—*teach them self-respect*, by showing that *you can respect them*. O Gavel, do you think that there is any thing that God created in his own likeness and in yours, that he meant to be knocked about, like the brutes that perish, by his fellow man? Abuse, contumely, and blows, are not the greetings that one sinner should bestow upon another. Every one of those men that you have so inhumanly buffeted, and so impiously cursed, has, like yourself, an immortal soul. Then, for the sake of that glorious privilege, that you share with them, respect it. Yes, I know what you would say, that they are debased beings—that some of them are radically vicious, and that all of them are desperately wicked. But believe me, in the very worst of us there is much that is good—in the very best of us, there is much that is bad. Let us, Gavel, work with the good that we find in them, and depend upon it, you will find the bad that is in them rapidly decrease."

"Well, Master Troughton, you put this in a new light. I'll try your plan. Be near me as much as you can, to assist me when I am steering right, and to check me when I am in the wrong course. In payment for which, I'll undertake to make you a perfect seaman."

I agreed to the bargain, and the benefits were great and mutual. The gale continued unabated; our prospects were, in the first instance, to endeavour to make ourselves visible to some passing vessel, and thus, to receive succour; and, if this failed, to depend upon our own resources when we had got up all our jury rigging. To effect the first, we had, even on the first day after the wreck, elevated a tall spar, which we lashed to the stump of the main-mast, and on which we displayed the ensign, union downwards. But some days had now elapsed, and we were rapidly increasing our distance from the shores of Europe, and with that our chance of rescue. On the eighth day of the gale, of our latitude, which was 31°, 50′, we were well assured, from solar observations, but we had no idea at all of the westing that we had made.

The captain continued in a state of drunken stupor, equally avoided by the mate and myself. The men worked cheerfully, and on the ninth day we began to attempt to get jury lower-yards across. This was on the second of April 18—, and the next day we had shipped a make-shift rudder. During all this I had laboured incessantly, under the directions of the mate, and thus imperfectly learned to rig a ship. I kept watch with him, I made myself as useful as I could in every department of a seaman's life, and thus gained invaluable knowledge. On the fifth of April the wind failed, the sea became smooth, and the weather delightful. At noon it was a perfect calm. Indeed, every thing seemed again to wear a smiling aspect. Even Mr. Tomkins, the master, felt the renovating influence of our changed condition, and kept himself sober the greatest part of the day, and was much on deck. He could not help expressing his admiration and astonishment at the improved condition and discipline of the crew. The men did

their duty with alacrity and cheerfulness. Mr. Gavel, too, had ceased bullying, swearing, and striking. The lesson of the last fortnight had been to me invaluable. It had taught me how to make use of my resources, and the full value of the beauty of that science, known to none so perfectly as to sailors, and recognised by the humble title of "Make-shift."

We had now three days of perfect calm, during which our jury rigging was completed, even to the rattling down the lower rigging. I now went aloft, laid out on the yards, and soon acquired the art of reefing and furling. I also took lessons in navigation of the mate, and learned the use of the quadrant, the sextant, and the azimuth compass. Gavel smiled sorrowfully at the ardour with which I entered into all these pursuits—but said nothing whatever to repress it.

On the tenth of April a light breeze sprung up from the northward, when a consultation was held by the skipper and the mate, to which I was invited out of courtesy, to decide upon what course we should pursue. We had only shipped, when we left for England, six weeks' water and provisions—we now had been at sea nearly one month. Still there was no occasion for alarm. At length, we decided to run farther to the south, with the present fair wind, into the latitude of the Canaries, and then westward, until we made the lofty peak of Teneriffe. We did so, and next day at noon, found ourselves in the exact latitude.

In this parallel we ran on for two days, and, making no land, we began to grow alarmed. On the third day it again fell calm, and the mate and a couple of old sailors began to surmise that we had got too far to the westward, and were now in those variable climes that are always met with before the regular trade winds are reached.

This disagreeable suspicion was too surely verified the next day, by the means of an imperfectly-taken lunar observation, made by the mate. Our situation again became alarming, and we found it necessary to put the crew upon half allowance. At this there was a good deal of murmuring, which Gavel, returning to his old system, wished to allay with the handspike. I overruled him, and, with his permission, calling them all aft, I in the first place threw the whole of my private provisions into the public stock, reserving to my sole use, for the present, my wine only, and then with a few calm and firm words, I reconciled them to the necessary privations, and was rewarded with a cheer for my exertions.

These unfortunate accidents were rapidly educating, and fitting me to act hereafter with decision in those trying and singular events with which it was my ill fate to struggle for so many years. We now kept the vessel's head eastward, endeavouring to make some one of the Canaries, but we had nothing but calms, intermixed with light and baffling winds. We made no progress on the ocean, though the progressive disappearance of our stores was rapid. I need not say that the mate, with whom I had entered into a strict alliance—friendship I will not call it—joined heartily with me in making his private stock common with that of the rest of the crew. He and I consulted together, and we now resolved to propose to the Master, Tomkins, to follow our example. I have shown how much I despised, I hated this man, but with a prudence, the remnant, perhaps, of the former quietism of my

character, I had as yet refrained from coming to any thing approaching to a rupture with him. We debated, for some time, as to the most fitting time to make to him our disagreeable overture, but we soon found that this procrastination was useless. Latterly he had never been perfectly sober. So, at noon, we quietly walked into the cabin, and told him what was expected of him. His rage was ungovernable. He heaped upon us the most unlimited abuse, and accused Gavel of being the primary cause of all our disasters; and, finally, he shouted for the steward to bring his pistols, swearing that he would shoot us on the spot, as we were in the act of open mutiny.

Before we entered upon this conference, I made Gavel swear to me that he would command his temper. This he did, if preserving a sullen and ferocious silence can be called so; but who was to control mine? It was now Ardent Troughton who spoke. I hurled at him my impassioned vituperations, my ineffable scorn—I placed his character before him; I dwelt upon his drunkenness, his bestiality, his incapacity, his cowardice—I was carried away by the torrent of my fury. He first of all sate aghast, gazing at me with a drunken stupidity, but his eye began gradually to illumine, the muscles of his face to assume a stern rigidity, his countenance a demoniac expression, but he sat perfectly still, with the exception that he began to handle one of his pistols with his right hand, as if unintentionally and mechanically.

The steward, a venerable and respectable grey-headed man, alarmed by the appalling look of Tomkins, crept cautiously behind me, ever and anon peering over my shoulder at his baited and deadly-looking master. But I had not yet brought my philippic to a climax, and transported with indignation, and stamping violently on the deck, I thus concluded—"Degraded brute as you are, in the scale of creation, infinitely beneath the noble dog upon deck, if we did our duty to ourselves and to the crew, we ought to dispossess you immediately of the command, and thrust and lash you in the animal's kennel, that I tell you you would pollute—handle your pistol, coward! I scorn it and you—and then feed you with the offal of the meanest in the ship; and as sure as there is a God in heaven, if you do not henceforward do your duty—if you do not share with us your hoarded stock of delicacies—if you do not keep yourself sober—I speak in the name of the crew, in the name of the owner, that has foolishly entrusted you with his rich merchandize—I speak in the name of my father, this thing we will do."

"You will, young mutineer!" was his quick reply. He lifted his pistol, and discharged it. I had my eye upon him, and leaped aside, and the ball entered the breast of the old man behind me. Ere Tomkins could reach the other weapon, Gavel and I flung ourselves upon him, threw him to the ground, and instantly bound him hand and foot.

"This is the murderer, then," said the mate to me, in a husky whisper; "we must give him the fate of Jonah, and thus save all our precious lives."

*(To be continued.)*

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.[1]

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

" 'Tis the most dreadful night-piece I ever saw !"

* * * * * *

" He composed himself with great tranquillity for half an hour, and was just falling asleep, when he started on a sudden."

" This threw him into so great a ferment, that he jumped out of his bed."

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

" LET us," said Pedestres, turning to Clavileno, " let us take one peep at the cathedral, ere our growing eagerness to pace the rugged land of Taffy attract our knight-errantry to the mountains. What say you, sir, of the Woodenpeg?"

Clavileno made no answer: that was nothing: for, as "*silence gives consent*," Pedestres very well perceived in which course Clavileno's *penchant* lay. So, without another word, they both went to the cathedral.

The dark and venerable western front, studded with statues, stood over them in grave and frowning majesty as they entered. The lofty and groined roof within curled over their heads like the stately branches of the beech that sweep across from opposite sides of an aged avenue, and mutually, in the middle, mingle their lengthened arms in indistinguishable intricacy. There is something solemn in entering a cathedral: Pedestres felt it to-day. Their foot-steps echoed as they walked down the nave; and the spacious building multiplied the few sounds to such a degree, that it was difficult to imagine otherwise than that hundreds were pacing around them, although invisible. The clustered columns springing from the pavement, shot through a darkened atmosphere to a misty and grey-tinted elevation. The grotesque figures that adorned the capitals so far above them, seemed to gnash their teeth, and roll their huge eye-balls upon the worldly intruders below, in token of rage and impatience; whilst a solitary sunbeam found entrance through an upper painted window, and shooting across the gloom in a vivid streak, gilded up the elaborate tracery of the oaken screen. The effect was heightened past description, when the full-bodied and melodious tones of the organ suddenly broke forth, and were allowed to wander at liberty through the many aisles and recesses of the spacious fabric. The high and rapid notes of the treble warbled like the nightingale when she addresses the moon; and a pensive listener would have willingly fancied the similitude stronger, by the circumstance of the dim twi-

[1] Continued from vol. xv. page 419.

light that surrounded him, as he eagerly caught every sound. The deep bass, rumbling in the sweetest accord with the more shrill twittering of the upper octaves, seemed to possess the substance of a cloud of harmony, and to roll in *globules* from one vaulted ceiling to another—through arch succeeding arch—until it gradually died away exhausted, like the receding hollow sounds of a distant peel of thunder, or a discharge of large artillery. It was sweet indeed.

"That man had sixteen wives, sir," said the guide, pointing with a staff to a monument in the south transept.

"Pish!" exclaimed Pedestres hastily; his reverie, which had arisen from the feature of solemnity that reigned on all sides of him, being suddenly broken by the presence of sixteen wives. "How this calls one home to humanity," he thought within himself.

"And he who lies there, sir, had none at all," continued the guide.

"Bah! man, dost thou not hear the organ pouring forth again?"

"Would you like to listen?" inquired the man with an astonished air: "and this is the tomb of Leofricus, the first and very famous Bishop of Exeter; who was translated from Crediton, by Edward the Con——"

"A heavenly chord that!" exclaimed Pedestres in a rapture.

"fessor, sir," continued the man, nothing interrupted. "That Prince Edward was the most scrupulous and holy man that, I suppose, every carried a sceptre over his shoulder like a cudgel. Why, sir," he said, drawing nearer, and lowering his voice mysteriously, "he married a very beautiful wife, and do you know he never——"

"Hish!" again exclaimed Pedestres, very well aware of what was coming. "Perhaps, amid all your knowledge touching this cathedral, you may be able—let us walk down this aisle—you may be able to tell me who laid the first stone of this edifice?"

"Neither I, nor any man can answer you that question, sir," replied the cicerone; "the precise date of its foundation is buried in the grave of antiquity. And no mattock or crow-bar, such as I would employ to delve into any of the tombs that lie scattered around us, would dig up even the bones of the true answer that you require."

Pedestres had accidentally wound up his guide, by inadvertently touching the key to the history of the building they were in: so that, like a piece of clock-work, he set off through a systematic routine of historical events, until he was run down. "King Athelstan," he therefore continued, "erected a house of Benedictine Monks on, or near, the site of the Virgin Mary's Chapel: but this must have been destroyed at the total subversion of the city by Sweyn the Dane. It is most probable the present structure was begun soon after the removal of the episcopal chair, from Crediton to Exeter, by Edward the Confessor, the holy prince of whom I was going to speak to your honour just now, but you wouldn't let me. When he installed——"

"The sweetest organ I ever heard!" interrupting him.

"When, sir, he installed Leofricus in this see, he pronounced these ancient words—*very* ancient words, sir——"

("I suppose they were not words of the nineteenth century," said Pedestres, in a parenthesis.)

"These ancient words, sir:—'I, kynge Edward, takynge Leofrike bye the ryghte haunde, and Edythe, my queene, bye the lefte; doe installe hym the fyrste and moste famous byshoppe of Exon, wythe a greate desyre of aboundance of blessynge to all such as shall furder and encrease the same; but wythe a fearful and execrable curse on all such as shalle diminishe, or take any thynge from it.' But, sir, this cathedral was not, as it has been learnedly expressed—*opus unius seculi.* (Pedestres looked at the man.) No, sir, we are told by Mr. Isaac, that it was 437 years in building."

"Its varied architecture," said Pedestres, and Clavileno did not deny it, "is an incontestible proof that it is not the offspring of one century—or half o' dozen."

"True, sir, true," replied the other; "but the greater part of what we now look on, emanated from the bounty of Peter Quivill, about the year of our blessed Lord 1288, with the exception of the two great towers. They, we are told, are the only remains of the fabric, that, before Quivill's time, was built by Bishop Warlewest. John Grandison, the seventeenth bishop, completed the choir, and rebuilt the nave: and when your youthful honour, and your honour's walking-stick, came in at the west doorway—(Clavileno stamped on the pavement at this)—you passed a small chapel on your right, which goes by the name of 'Bishop Grandison's Chapel:' and which, in 1369, became his last resting place."

"This recess we are near," said Pedestres, taking up the conversation, "should be the corner, that, like a conservatory, has contained that evergreen—that never-fading blossom—that blooming flower of a century?"

"You may well say, '*should be* the corner;' for her radiance no longer brightens the surrounding walls."

"Ah! what?" exclaimed Pedestres in astonishment; "how is this? let me look closer?"

"Your honour may go into the corner, but you will find nothing—she is gone—she is covered with the dust from whence she came."

"Good heavens!" rejoined Pedestres in great agitation; "why who—why how—which—where—when—what have they done with her? Tell me, I entreat—I command you!"

The guide smiled.

"The lady has returned to the dust from whence she came, as I told you."

"What sacrilegious hand hath been here then? What discourteous knight hath violated and assaulted the sex he is bound to defend and protect by all the oaths, the most sacred and most obligatory that it is possible for a man to enrol himself under? Religion—word—honour—chivalry—Oh! great are the wrongs ye have suffered!"

"Your honour may as well spare yourself the trouble of apostrophizing."

"Tell me who did it—and how it was done—and when it was done—and——"

"Her wasn't no use, sir," said the man drily.

"No use! no use! yes, every thing is of use!"

"So far she was of use, sir—she might have brought one or two

visitors in the year to see the cathedral; but many there are who come here, would rather turn the other way, than look into a coffin standing up-on-end."

"You know nothing about it, man," said Pedestres warmly; "you are no true knight——"

"I was here one night, sir, standing by her coffin about midnight—I never shall forget it—I fancy I hear the bones of the skeleton creaking and dangling against the hollow sides of the upright coffin at this minute—'twas so dismal. I had forgotten to shut yonder window after evening service, and went home to my bed, leaving it in that state. But, as the great bell struck twelve, I started out of my sleep, and thought on the window I had left open. I couldn't rest—I couldn't sleep—I couldn't lie in my bed, till I had come here to shut it, and see that it was safe. I threw a cloak over me, without taking off my nightcap; and hastened through the south aisle to the window, dressed in that fashion—but 'twas no matter what I had on at that time o'night, I trow. When I got to Saint Gabriel's Chapel, where we now stand, I thought I heard somebody close behind me—'twas enough to try the stoutest man—my heart jumped into my mouth, sir——"

"Did you swallow it again?" inquired Pedestres, feelingly.

"I don't know, sir, I was in such a fluster—I trembled like a sinner——"

"Happy simily!"

"But I think the best man in the varsel world would have wished himself elsewhere at such a moment. The farthing candle that I held in my hand seemed to light only those monuments that I passed close to, as I hurried across the cold pavement; and the figures carved on the tombs that were a few yards off appeared to follow me through the obscurity with their eyes. A man feels ready to take everything for a ghost when he walks among the dead at midnight; and there are many tales going, about spectres and phantoms that haunt the old walls, and stalk along the battlements on the roof when all well-disposed folks ought to be a-bed. Well, sir, when I got here, I thought I heard somebody so close to my heels, that I expected to be either knocked down by a being of this world, or griped round the waist by a spirit o' some other. But, sir," he added with an air of self-satisfaction, "when I think of it I am sometimes astonished at my own courage and presence of mind, that I displayed, when it was the thing I so much needed. I stood still, and after about three seconds—and not before—I was able to turn round and look back. There was nothing to be seen; I listened—there was nothing to be heard of living man. It was a boisterous night towards the latter end of November; and the tempest howled through the loop-holes in the southern staircase, and that rusty iron chain you may see hanging from the roof, swung to and fro, and grated like a screech-owl. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'it is that dismal sound that I heard just now,'—and the lattice of the casement I had come to shut flapped in the raging storm.—It was awful, sir.—Whilst I stood on this spot, close to the coffin containing the old skeleton of the woman who murdered her infant, a gust of wind swept across the aisle from the window, and whisked round in the corner like a whirlwind. The lid of the

upright coffin resembled the door of a cupboard, as you know, for you have seen it, and was hung on two hinges, though the lower one had some time been broken. The sudden puff drove open the decayed door, and slammed it violently back beyond the strength of the hinge to withstand. I thought the skeleton had burst it open, and was now coming after me—but I had no time to reflect. The lid came rattling about my ears, making, as I fancied, the most unearthly noise, and fell with the weight of a grave-stone on my right arm, which held the candle. I would have offered up a final prayer had I been able, —but how could I just then? I might as well have attempted to have looked into the coffin itself as to have spoken a syllable, when this happened. The lid nearly shattered my trembling arm, and knocked the candle away out of my hand,—I know not whither—for I have never seen it again from that day to this. Never was a poor man in such a situation. I was in total darkness, beset on all sides by the flitting and unsubstantial ghosts of the dead. This was too much for the living.—I set off to run, as if a legion of spirits had been behind me, with the evil one at the head of them."

"Are you sure he was not there?"

"I suppose, sir, he would scarcely venture to enter such a holy place as a cathedral. But I pictured the worst that a terrified man could imagine, and therefore ran accordingly. I got safe up this aisle, and through the great door at the end of it, and then ran faster than before, because I thought I knew the building well, and could find my way as well in the dark as the light, particularly when I got to the broader aisle of the nave. But when I had passed about half way through it towards the western door, I must, some how or other, have turned aside and got out of my direction without knowing it. There is a large tomb, with two recumbent figures resting on the slab that crowns the pedestal, as it were, standing about five feet high; and this tomb is placed at the base of one of the tall clustered columns of the nave."

"Ah, I know it," said Pedestres.

"Well, sir, I ran full butt against this curs—— (I was going to say a naughty word)—against this misplaced monument, and knocked myself to the pavement senseless. This was a piteous adventure."

"I faith, it is well we meet not with such every night:—but how did the frolic terminate?—how long did you lie there?"

"Verily, sir, it must have been many a long hour," resumed the guide, "for the day had broke when I came to my senses and opened my wondering eyes. At first I could not but think myself in a dream, and it was many minutes ere I could rouse my delirious wits and stand on my feet. Then, indeed, my condition was a sad reality."

"I would have given a trifle just to have peeped in upon you at that moment."

"These tales are all very well to banter at when they are safely past and gone; but there is no mirth in the acting of them."

"You may say that," answered his auditor, who enjoyed the joke. "The best tales to tell are generally the worst to enact."

"But it did not end here, sir," rejoined the man. "Let me crave your patience a space longer, for I think my exploits in returning

home were worse than all, because they were done in the public streets."

"Glorious!" exclaimed Pedestres, quite involuntarily.

"I thought there was nothing glorious in it," returned the speaker drily. "I had only a night-cap and cloak, as I mentioned, and under this latter a shirt, that barely descended as low as my knees, whilst my unhosed legs were a prey to the idle winds, and my feet were carelessly thrust into the toes of two odd slippers. On perceiving daylight, consider my reflections. The day had dawned for an hour, and it was perfectly light when I recovered, although the gloom of the cathedral, and the obscurity that reigned within very much deceived me in this. It was much lighter, of course, without; the artisans and trades-people were already up and going to their work, and I found I had no other alternative, in order to regain my home, than to run boldly through the streets in the very face of life, light, and business. The mere thought of this galled me sorely: but I set off to run like a mad dog, and it were well if I had not run so fast and rashly. I believe I was mad at the time;—I know I must have been so. But what could I do? I could not stay here in the building; I could not think of hiding myself all day in some dreary hole or tomb—cold, without covering, without food—and truly, in such a state of thought and reflection as would have rendered everything else ten times more bitter. One would have imagined that my race the night before through the south aisle, and the well nigh spilling o' my brains against the monument, would have been wholesome and dearly-bought experience to keep me wisely in the right path in future, and, moreover, to maintain that path with discretion; but, sir, it was quite otherwise. Instead of making me sober and cautious, as I ought to have been then, it only rendered me desperate and furious in the act of hurrying back to my own house.

"The people seeing such a strange creature as I was running through the streets, said at once it was a madman, an escaped felon, or a flying thief. Some cried out, 'Catch him, catch him, and send him to Bedlam!' some hooted after him, and said, 'Seize him, seize the villain, he has broken out of jail—lay hold of him there!' and others shouted, 'Stop thief!' But I ran, sir, as if there had been ten thousand more devils at my heels at that moment, than I fancied there had been behind me the night before. Devils—infernal devils, there is no doubt but they were,—devils more to be dreaded than those harmless spirits I pictured so frightfully to myself in the cathedral, whose only terror consisted in the wild state of my own imagination. Thus I flew like the wind from one street to another, until I thought I should have died from exhaustion and want of breath; but was still able to keep at the head of a tag-rag and bob-tail rabble, that hooted, shouted, roared, yelled, and pelted as if Old Harry himself had broken loose. John Gilpin was a joke—a fool to me.

"Fortunate it was, my home was now at hand; but before I could get there the greatest trouble of all came upon me like a thunderbolt."

"An admirable climax, indeed!" interposed Pedestres.

"Ay, sir, but it was sad past telling. There had been rain in the night: the pavement was muddy, and possessing that gluey con-

sistency peculiar to the mud of all large cities. My slippers were loose, and a great impediment to swiftness; this and the dirt I think I could have contended against, had that been everything; but in an evil moment all my rapidity, all my haste, all my hopes, and all my rising inward gratulation of feeling near the end of my career, received such an unforeseen stroke, that I was hurled to the abyss of misery in an instant. One unfortunate corner of my flying cloak hung lower on my ancles than it ought to have done, and I, in my haste, took no note of it; but by degrees it fell so low as to get under my feet. I stepped upon this unhappy end, and like lightning I toppled headlong, face and hands, slap-dash upon the stones! Can you imagine it, sir?"

Pedestres burst into a roar.

"Oh, sir, to tell you the tale is nothing—I never can speak what I felt. The mob at my heels thus seeing their game come down, set up a yell more horrible and uproarious than the piercing war-cry of the Indians; and they, either unwilling or unable to stop, for I know not which, rushed over me like a torrent. Never was a poor man so beset! I was nearly crushed to a barbarous death by their weight, and trampled to pieces by their heavy and hob-nailed shoes. They continued to run over me for about ten minutes, as if I had been one of the flags of the pavement; and then finding they had overshot that which they pursued, they hurried back and formed themselves into a large circle around me, thereby adding one of the bitterest torments I had endured. I was covered with mud, bruised, battered, and breathless. I could have cried like a child, had it done me any good. Hundreds stood on all sides glorying in the exploit: the noise they made was dreadful and brutal—to me at any rate. I was vexed, angry, provoked, ashamed, enraged, and would have given the value of a thousand sexton's fees, had I but had the power to have sunk into the earth and concealed myself. I could have burst into tears like an infant, but the mob closed round me, and I rose to run once more. In forcing, or, rather fighting, my way through them, I lost both my mantle and my slippers; so that I was obliged to hurry barefoot on the stones, with nothing to cover me save a shirt that descended not to my knees.

"Thus I got home; where I found my wife wondering at my absence, and now indeed wondering at my presence; and suffering nearly as much in her way, as I did in mine."

Here succeeded a deep pause; and Pedestres knew not whether to laugh outright, or don the garb of supreme sympathy; but with much feeling and consideration, he took the latter course, and at the same time assuming a great air of mock philosophy, "Remember, man," said he, turning to his guide, "remember, O sinful man, that we are born to trouble and vexation:—we come into this world giving sorrow and pain, and while we are yet babes wrapped in swaddling clothes, we weep—we shed bitter tears of affliction, long—long ere we are able to say what ails us, or what causes our sorrow: nay, I may add—long ere *we ourselves know the reason* of our infant grief."

"I confess it, sir: and a pity 'tis, we cannot cry away all our troubles in our childhood."

"Every man," continued Pedestres with gravity—"every man has to live under his load——"

"So I thought, sir," said the man, interrupting him, "when the mob was running over me—only I thought I should have died then."

"Bear in mind, that through the whole length of your race of——"

"I never ran such a race in my life, sir, as I did that night."

Pedestres felt his *sphincter oris* giving way to a risible influence: but he instantly recalled his solemnity and tried again.

"We are all to endure our share of vexation and sorrow——"

"Then, sir, I think my share was like Benjamin's—it was five times as large as the share of any body else. If a man were to suffer crosses in life commensurate with his sins—or rather, sir, if one's sins were always equal to one's troubles, then Heaven have mercy on me, say I, had I been trampled o'er the threshold of death's door by the mob!"

"Your backslidings——"

"Nay, sir, I slipped forward when I fell with my face and hands all along the pavement."

"Your stiff-neckedness——" (trying another *façon de parler.*)

"True, sir, true: my neck was so painful with the bruises and cold wind o' the night, that for a month afterwards, I was unable to turn my head, had it been ever so."

"Your spiritual blindness——"

"No, sir, I neither saw nor tasted a drop o' spirits all that blessed night, as the saying is, though I could say any thing but blessed; and I think a drop o' summut short would a done me a' power o' good when I came to my senses under the monument."

Pedestres could endure this no longer: he stamped Clavileno's one leg violently down on the broad flags, and turned on his heel towards the west door. "Confound you, for a most egregious fool!" cried he, partly to himself, yet in a tone somewhat above a whisper: "and I myself am no better for staying here, tumbling my brains over to seek modes, expressions, and idioms, that should meet the comprehension of thy obdurate skull." He gave a hasty glance at the empty corner where had stood the woman—"Ah, chivalry, thou faded blossom!" exclaimed he—"but I'll be gone—I will not stay. My patience has fled like a captive I would still have kept within bounds—my time has been wasted by unnecessary speech, and my knight-errantry has been shocked and sneered at."

One of the vergers of the cathedral beckoned to the man, thereby leaving Pedestres again free to his own thoughts. They unconsciously wandered back to the subject of violated chivalry, and the removal of the injured fair.

"Is it possible," thought he to himself, as he walked across the spacious nave; "can it be possible, that things are come to such a pass as this! Oh, thou spirit of knighthood, valour, and all that appertains thereunto—Oh, whither—oh, to what unknown, and inauspicious regions hast thou fled? It has been said by sages and by historians, that knight-errantry and civilisation go never hand in hand: that chivalry, five centuries past, doled to a barbarous world, that protection and safety to its unprotected inhabitants, which is now, in the

days of the present years, shed and dispersed to them, by the sweeter and more benign influences of wholesome laws, civilized hearts, cultivated intellects, and refinement. Every one in these golden ages is secure—every one protected—every one free—and every one equally defended by just and equitable statutes. But how then has this Queen of Love and Beauty fared? This lady, 'paper white,' as the poet hath it, who would have graced the highest gallery on the list of the ancient tournament, where valiant deeds of valiant knights were repaid by radiant favours shed by radiant flowers—and when, in fierce encounters, deadly pointed lances were shivered to atoms in the cause, and for the sakes, of the fair ancestors, of perhaps this unfortunate daughter, whose fate I so chivalrously deplore. My long acquaintance with her had, it is not impossible, engendered within my unconscious breast, a warmer, and I fear more imprudent influence than discretion suggested; the force and height of which I never knew, until the object towards which it tended, was withdrawn. But when did discretion ever find entrance into the throbbing bosom of a lover? (Pedestres shook his head.) There was no plausible reason that I can discern, that would have authorized any man to deprive her of a prerogative she had obtained by time. Her long abode there, entitled her to a longer: and her claims to remain may have approached to a right. She was the most inoffensive creature that a boisterous world ever contended with: retired, modest, secluded, and unpresuming.

"I think Milton must have mistaken Eve for her, when he wrote thus—

> "Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
> *The more desirable.*"

"Mark—'*the more desirable.*'"

"I have looked at her often—I have seen others do so: yet I never so much as saw her raise her eyes from the ground. But she is gone—why need I lament? The world has been deprived of one of its blessings. Have not the eyes of multitudes gazed on her with wonder and astonishment? but she is gone—she has been snatched away! Yet many an audacious lover has eloped with the fair object that has delighted the dazzled eyes of hundreds—ay, thousands. This case, then, is not without parallel; but is this reflection a soothing consolation? Alas, no—*no*—NO!"

Pedestres at this moment passed under the arch of the west doorway, and proceeded across the cathedral yard.

"It was unfair—it *was* unfair," he continued within himself, in spite of the numbers through which he threaded his way, and who much tended towards the dissipation of his praiseworthy meditations; "it *was* unfair, because she could not vindicate herself—she could not plead her own cause—she had no tongue. What, what's that? what did I say? no tongue? a woman without a tongue? *without a tongue*, did I say so? could I have said so? Yes, yes—'tis true—it is even so, though this is not the *annus mirabilis* of Dean Swift. But it was not manly; no, it was mean," he resumed, recalling his composure; "she was unable to defend herself: the natural weakness of her sex—how could she? and she, in sooth, the weakest of the weak: the in-

herent delicacy, and want of nerve, peculiar to all of her soft kind—and she, poor thing, had but very few nerves. Besides, it was extremely ungallant, and ungenerous: it was done by those who ought to have defended the weaker vessel—they took an undue advantage over her. Heavens! is this a reality, that is almost too much for imagination? What are the blossoms of the fairest of creation to do when the world comes to this? Yet this is the age of civilisation, and therefore, not the age of chivalry, because sages tell us that the two never go hand in hand! Yea, it is indeed *not* the age of chivalry. What will become of them, when their destined and natural protectors, not only neglect, but rise in arms against them?

"'Ah me,' I have no doubt but she sighed through her old dry bones—for she *must* have soliloquized on the occasion; 'ah me! where are the days of chivalry? where are the roaming knights with whom the land teemed in days of yore? they, who were always ready to raise the buckler and couch the lance, when the cry of distress met their ever-listening ears? whose sole profession it was, to defend the abandoned and lovely—to feed the hungry—(I am sure I am empty enough)—to clothe the naked—(alas, look at my limbs!)—to fatten the thin—are these the defenders of the unfortunate? the strengtheners of the weak? the succourers of the helpless? the aiders of the forlorn? or the comforters of the wretched?'"

Just as Pedestres had finished his quotation from the imaginary speech of the lady, he most unwittingly stepped on the end of the curled tail of a pug-dog, that lay asleep in the sun. There was a most piteous howl set up for a second or two, which disturbed Pedestres' reverie to a painful degree. Vexation, sorrow, (mingled with remorse,) and sympathy towards the offended extremity of the cur, now claimed his undivided attention for a few minutes. The injured party, however, soon lost the poignant twitchings of the agony—appeared more composed—and, turning round three times, in order to discover the most comfortable posture for another nap, again took up his quarters by laying them down.

Pedestres walked on, and shortly found himself in the bustle of High Street; but he unconsciously set himself to cull and collect his affrighted thoughts, that had been scattered from his possession as if they had been husks and chaff before the driving tempest.

"Numerous and sturdy knights," he continued, "lay all round the fair creature at the very moment of this foul play: yea, at the very time of her distress: it was enough to have called them from their graves: but yet, I suppose, they were as weak and empty as herself. She had so much to boast of—such attributes—(not that she would ever boast of them *herself*)—that I wonder she had not more friends and defenders: a more permanent flower never blew; the roses on her cheeks, and the cherries of her lips, glowed with as dazzling a vermilion to her last day, as they had done a hundred summers before: and her fair forehead and neck were as white as ivory. But why need I ponder over all this? 'tis vain—'tis enough, 'tis enough. She was as blooming when she was buried, as she was a whole century before: *what lady can say this of herself?*"

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

Aston's father was a waterman upon the river Thames, but dying suddenly, left his son an orphan, who, although at the time an apprentice, was pressed and sent to sea; where, the first day he was placed on board a man-of-war, he was started to compel him to go up aloft. Indignant and enraged at his cruel treatment, he turned round and struck the man who was belaying him with a rope's end, upon which the fellow took up a marling-spike, and gave Aston a tremendous blow upon the head, which fractured his skull, and left him for dead. Two days afterwards he was sent on shore to the hospital, from whence, after lying five months, he was discharged with a depression in his head, in which, after his hair was removed, the raised part of a penny bun might be laid. On his discharge he could obtain no remuneration for the usage he had received, and was told if he was not quiet he would be taken up and tried by a court-martial for mutiny, when he must expect to be hanged or flogged through the fleet. Finding that he had no redress from those who tax us for the protection of our persons and property, and that they were the very parties who had inflicted the injuries he had received, he fell into a melancholy state, and was supported in the workhouse for twelve months; but one day a friend of his father's calling to see him, he all of a sudden became lively and excited, and shortly afterwards left the place to seek for employment. The subsequent history of his life is soon told; about one moiety of his time was spent in the most senseless, mad excitement, the least freedom with the glass depriving him of his senses; while, at intervals, he fell into periods of melancholy and depression, which brought on the most horrible feelings of despair and distress of mind. In this state he was picked up by an acquaintance of mine, who was the most famous man upon the town for putting away his palls; he was called Long Tom, not because he was tall, but in consequence of his great length of run in the career of crime. In this man's hands Aston was about three years, alternately

[1] Continued from vol. xv. p. 44.

following and abandoning the professions of ramping and housebreaking, at all times being either in a state of raving or melancholy madness. The only wonder is, that he should have had so long a run, seeing that he never was a sane man; but I have often observed, that those who embark in desperate undertakings, when they go about them recklessly, generally succeed the best; and I believe Aston never cared or thought of consequences after the sailor gave him the blow with the marling-spike. Now I am old, and see things through a reflective mind, I consider this man's case among one of the judicial murders which were committed in my time.

> "The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
> And for the king's offence the people died."

When I consider the principle of our press laws, and their effect upon society, I have no hesitation in declaring that the government have occasioned full one half of the crimes which have been committed in my time. When honest, unoffending, and industrious men, are dragged from wife and children without a moment's notice to prepare, or for the father to solicit a brother to give them some attention in his absence, what can be expected of the family left behind? The mother becomes mad, or nearly so, from distress and desperation; the sons, if old enough for reflection, despise and contemn the laws which first rob them and their mother of support, and then denounce death upon the widows and orphans they have made such, if distress urges them to commit a petty offence to preserve themselves from starving: the daughters and younger sons, having no control or superintending authority over them, take to the streets, and lay the foundation for a new race of vagabonds. This began with the war; forty years have shown the result of the system, but the end is not yet come; for every father the rulers stole, they left three individuals behind to become criminal, and to propagate and increase a like race, which must ever continue to annoy and harass the peaceful and respectable members of the community.* The errors of a bad government are sure to be apparent in the end, but then it is the people who suffer: in no instance has this been more conspicuous than in the impressment of men for the service of the navy. When I was a boy about the town, I had upwards of fifty acquaintances in my own walk among the sneaks, whose fathers had been pressed and carried off to be placed at the cannon's mouth against their will; while the government, regardless of consequences or any principles of justice, left their children to starve in the streets. The busy, thoughtless world, think triflingly of these matters, looking only on the fair side of the question—the splendid victories our brave abused brethren have achieved. O man! man! what a monster of hypocrisy thou art! Sending thy bishops and ministers of the gospel to preach to the people the benevolence of Christianity in the morning, and in the evening of the same day (the Sabbath) sending these ruffians into

* Jack Ketch must hang by his own opinions. The editor had some intention of cutting out this rhapsody, but it is a pity not to let the suspender have his swing.

the streets with cutlass and pistols to rob the mother and the child of all they possess in the world. Freedom, we are told, cannot reign without them; but the practice of impressment sets the example of lawlessness, it disorders the whole mechanism of society. The legislators are the greatest criminals: they, through their agents, both rob and murder, and still worse, they cause a very large number of those whom it is their duty to protect and educate for virtuous purposes, to do the same—they execute men one hour for a comparatively minor offence, and the next commit the greatest of crimes themselves—for surely no offence can exceed the stealing a father, on whichever side of the question we view it; whether we consider his own rights, or those of his family, it stands the foulest and most heinous in the list of crimes; although it be not to be found in the Old Bailey session papers, where those who patronize the system, if they had their deserts, would figure with heavy sentences affixed to their names.

I have said thus much on this subject, because I believe our legislators are as ignorant upon the mischievous effects of impressment, as they are upon many others which vitally affect the common weal, and the interests of society. In what they call general legislative principles, they lose sight of causes, which operating continuously, although slowly, bring about practical effects, which set all their theoretical laws at defiance. Whilst they are busily engaged in storming a fort, a mine is sprung under their feet, which no human ingenuity or power can prevent from taking effect. They break the statute laws of God by killing men merely for theft—they defile the land with blood upon trifling occasions—they make laws for the good regulation of society, and are the first to break through all laws human and divine. That the heads of the government have committed crimes of the deepest dye under the impressment system, is well known to me, but I have not room for the insertion of cases. The following, however, which is already embodied for me in a speech made in the Parliament House, is too striking to pass unnoticed. Mr. Meredith said: "Under this act one Mary Jones was executed, which I shall just mention. It was at the time when press-warrants were executed, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for some debt of his, and she, with two small children, turned a-begging. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young, (under nineteen,) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linendraper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down: for this she was hanged. Her defence was:—'That she lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then, she had no bed to lie on—nothing to give her children to eat—and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done wrong, for she hardly knew what she did.' The parish officers testified the truth of this story; but it seems there had been a good deal of shoplifting about Ludgate. An example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the satisfaction of some shopkeepers about Ludgate Street. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved

in such a frantic manner, as proved her mind to be distracted; and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn.

"Let us reflect a little on this woman's fate. The poet says, 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' He might have said, with equal truth, that a beauteous woman is the noblest work of God. And for what cause is God's creation robbed of this, its noblest work? It was for no injury; but for a mere attempt to clothe two naked children by unlawful means. Compare this with what the law did. The state bereaved the woman of her husband, and the children of a father, who was all their support; the law deprived the woman of her life, and the children of their remaining parent, exposing them to every danger, insult, and merciless treatment, that destitute and helpless orphans suffer. Take all the circumstances together, I do not believe that a fouler murder was ever committed against law, than the murder of this woman by law. Some who hear me are perhaps blaming the judges, the jury, the *hangman*, but neither judge, jury, or *hangman*, are to blame; they are ministerial agents; the true *hangman* is the member of parliament: he who frames the bloody law is answerable for the blood that is shed under it."

This, I assure the world, is but one case out of numbers which have come under my notice, of distress and want bringing persons to the gallows, and that distress and want being occasioned by the robbery committed by government upon the family. The doctrine, that when the king wants men he must have them, should stand next in place to the maxim, that the first principle of government is to give the people justice. But it is not true that men need be stolen for the service of the navy, any more than for the army: and the service of the latter is very appositely illustrated by an anecdote told of a Quaker.

An honest country Quaker, who was lately driving his calf to Manchester market, put a flaming cockade upon one side of its head, and being met on the road by a friend, who inquired what he was driving before him, the Quaker replied in his plain country dialect, "Doesn't thou see, friend, what I am driving before me? A young recruit, to be sure." Upon which the other demanded of him where he was going? "Why, where dost thou think I am going with him?" answered the Quaker, "but to the butcher's slaughter-house." The conduct of the Quaker would have been more censurable, and the fate of the calf would have occasioned more notice, however, had the latter been stolen, and the former been the thief.

At this period of my life I was one day summoned by the order of a great man, to attend him the following morning, at his house in ——— Square. The command was delivered by his steward, who informed me his master was a member of parliament, and lately had some compunctions of conscience regarding the severity of the criminal laws, regretting the part he had taken in their enactment: and, further, that he believed his master now meant to become very active in their repeal.

Having, in my time, had to do with many odd characters, I inquired of the steward whether he thought his master perfectly sane, that I

might have my cue how to act when before him. Upon this question being asked, the man went into an affected passion, and threatened that he would inform his master of my impertinence. "What," said I, "is it such a wonderful thing to meet with mad members in the House of Commons, that you pretend to be ignorant of the fact?"

"Come, come," said he, "I didn't think you were so well acquainted with the great folks; and we servants, you know, must not be free in letting the ignorant world know too much; if *we* know our master's weakness, it is our business to turn it to account, and not blab till we are out of the wood." He then told me, that the family had long been aware of his insanity; he was however harmless, and they allowed him to have his way and humours without restraint; giving, as a reason, the elevated post he occupied in the state, and the great admiration his speeches were held in by his party and the public. Concluding with saying, "that a man was employed, without his knowledge, to follow and watch him to and from the Parliament House, to guard against any sudden freak of the mind which might tend to his personal injury, or exposure of his unhappy condition in the world."

The following morning, at the hour appointed, I was in attendance; being introduced into his breakfast-room, he desired me to be seated, and then at once entered upon the business which induced him to send for me. "I must inform you," said he, "that I know your history; you have seen the worst side of the picture of life, and must have known an infinite number of unfortunate, or criminal, men in your time. I want to collect a history of as many as I can; I mean," continued he, "authentic accounts of men, and not such as are now every day published as correct biographies, to deceive and delude the world upon the matter."

"I think, sir," said I, after a little consideration, "I may be able to furnish you with some facts."

"Well," continued he, after a long pause, "suppose you collect for me a correct account of the most notorious offenders which come under your notice for the future. My object is to compare their course and progress through crime, in connexion with our system."

I made my obeisance, and was withdrawing, when he said, "Go on with your work, but do not come again until I send for you."

Two questions of difficulty presented themselves to me as I returned home; first, How an insane man could appear in manner perfectly rational? And, secondly, What could occasion his sending for me upon such apparent nothingness of matter?

On my way home, having a little business to transact with my friend the surgeon, I called and mentioned the affair to him. "Take my word for it," said he, "that you will never hear any more from him. I know these characters better than you do; theirs is a madness not yet defined or named in our profession. My father," continued he, "used to say that it was peculiar to English legislators, and endemic only in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's Chapel. I think, he explained, that it was occasioned by a small worm or maggot getting under the bump which inclines men to the practice of law mak-

ing; and that there it tickled or irritated that portion of the brain so much, that the patient could never rest unless he was framing new, or abrogating old, laws." He then explained to me that he once had a patient afflicted with this malady under his care, who for seven years had his nights disturbed by new and wild schemes of legislation entering his head, but that none remained with him more than a few hours; coming in and going out so rapidly that before he could finish his inquiries for the establishing one idea he was constrained to turn aside and pursue another; and the surgeon said this process went on until the patient lost his seat in Parliament by the destruction of rotten boroughs when the reform bill passed. I then inquired how it was with a disease of this nature that a man could make such long speeches as many of them did? "Don't you know," said my friend, "that the fluency of speech is entirely owing to the scarcity of matter in a man's head? He who has a mind full of ideas will naturally hesitate to select those which are the most proper to urge, and to find appropriate language to dress them in. Common speakers have but one set of ideas, often but a single idea, like my patient; also but one set of words, which are always ready and at the tongue's end. So people come faster out of a theatre when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door. Others, who have been disappointed in their political career, turn suddenly round and roar against their former doctrines with a zealous perverseness that astonishes all their friends."

"It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd."

It fell out just as my friend predicted; the legislator probably forgot both me and his new theory the next day, as I never had any other communication from him, either upon that subject or any other, but it set me to work, and caused me to make many inquiries respecting criminals, which otherwise I should have neglected.

The first remarkable case which came under my notice after the interview above named, was that of a gentleman of a most respectable family, who was committed to Newgate on a charge of forging the acceptor's name on three bills of exchange for 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each. I shall first relate the history of the case, as I think it a useful one to publish, and then inform the reader how I possessed myself of the particulars.

An extravagant and fashionable young man of good family, having lost a considerable sum of money at the gaming-table, had his attention arrested by an advertisement in the public newspaper, wherein the advertiser offered to lend money to any amount upon personal security. The young man, anxious to pay some debts of honour and replenish his funds for another venture at play, vainly flattering himself that he might redeem his losses, in an evil hour applied for assistance to the good-natured people, who cried aloud in the highways for others to come and relieve them of their money. He had flattered himself, from the wording of the advertisement, that he should obtain

the money upon his own security; but to this mode of lending cash many objections were made, the parties saying they must have a collateral security, and he came away disappointed. On the following morning, however, while at breakfast, a gentlemanly man (a stranger) was shown up by his servant; after making his obeisance and taking a seat, he said,

"Sir, I have been privately informed that you want the temporary loan of a thousand pounds."

"Yes," replied the novice, "I did make an application yesterday to some parties for that purpose, but as they discount only bills accepted by other persons than the borrower, I have abandoned my hopes of raising the money. I have no bills, and, as I would not make my want public, have made up my mind not to ask a friend for his name."

"I am aware of this," rejoined the stranger, "and hence my visit here this morning. I am no money-lender myself, but I am acquainted with a respectable person whose situation in life will bear the strictest inquiry, yet from pecuniary private difficulties must very shortly go through the "Gazette:" he is now in great want of money, and I have no doubt, when I inform him that in accepting bills for you there is no risk, he will, for a small gratuity, accommodate you with his name."

It is unnecessary to detail the whole of the subsequent conferences, suffice to inform the reader, that the person addressed in the end paid the sum of thirty-five pounds for three bills of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each, he being the drawer and another person unknown to himself the acceptor. The following day the young man went, as directed by the procurer of the bills, again to the money-lenders, who, first and last, advanced about two hundred pounds in cash, and as they (the money-lenders) said, as much more in jewellery, that is, valueless trash, still continuing to promise, from time to time, further advances, until the first bill became due. Now the *dénouement* of the plot developed itself; a new performer in the drama was introduced, namely, a stranger, who represented himself as a respectable tradesman, and the holder of the three bills for which he had given value.

"I know nothing," said he, "of the money-lenders; I have given value for these bills in the way of my business; in fact, hard cash, and must have payment without delay."

Thus ended the first visit. The second, the next day, the same individual appeared again with a friend; both assuming an air of great mystery, and assumed tone of authority.

"Pray, sir," said one of them to the gentleman, "do you acknowledge yourself the drawer of these bills?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Have you many such bills out in the world?" continued the other.

"No, only those three; for which I have not received the value of one," rejoined the drawer of the bills.

"Ah!" said the holder of the documents, "quite enough to hang you, sir; these bills which I hold in my hands I have ascertained are all forgeries, so far as regards the accepted name upon them; you

have before this gentleman acknowledged yourself the drawer of them, and I have no terms to make with you; pay me the money, or take the consequence."

I have before told this story, which is a true one; but then suppressed the fact, that the young man was committed to Newgate upon the charge of forgery without knowing or foreseeing the peril of his situation. When his friends learnt the facts of the case, they paid the money; on which the evidence which it was said would appear before the grand jury was withheld, and the bill of course ignored. I have often thought what a book could be made, were all the matter which has been discussed in the cells of Newgate collected, were we to go back only to the period when the present building was erected, after the burning of the last in Lord George Gordon's time. My readers must understand, that I had now learnt, when any striking or doubtful case presented itself, to inquire for the name of the accuser, and the principal witnesses, by which plan I often found either an old acquintance, or one that I had heard of in my career; when, however, this happened, I always knew there was something wrong in the affair with which they were connected.

In the last-named case I had heard of one Jack Nose, as he was called, having something to do with it, and the following session, this man coming into Newgate for trial, he being afterwards transported, I went to visit him as an old acquaintance, and from him obtained the particulars of the money-lending swindlers' tricks. His own case, as related by himself, I have every reason to believe is a true one, and that many such do often occur at the Old Bailey court, but which no laws or any judge can prevent; and many say, ought not, as it is a benefit to the public whenever one rogue transports another. Jack had for nearly eight years acted as clerk, messenger, livery servant, and gentleman alternately, as required, for three of the party, who were his especial masters, having no regular payment of wages, relying upon their liberality whenever a scheme succeeded, to give him something for his support out of the profits. After the last affair was terminated, two out of three of his employers each gave him a ten pound note, which led him to calculate upon ten pounds more from the third, to whose lodgings, a few days subsequently, he was sent with a note by one of the other confederates; having no further orders than to deliver it, and being unacquainted with its contents, when it was read the receiving party said, "Very well, that will do; then, as if recollecting himself, said, "Here, Jack, here's a ten pound note." Jack conceiving it to be his own, put it into his pocket as he had done the other two, and it did not attract his attention that another man stood by at the time. The following day he was in the custody of police officers, on a charge of embezzlement; of which he was afterwards convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. It seems, that when the affair of the young man's robbery of the thousand pounds came to the ears of the father, that he, notwithstanding the settlement made, threatened to prosecute all the parties for a conspiracy. Now, the part that Jack had taken in the affair made him the only witness who could bring them to justice, so that when they took the alarm about the impending prosecu-

tion, they at once resolved to make the law an instrument in destroying the evidence against them: and this they succeeded in doing, by handing him a ten pound note under circumstances which they were aware would induce him to consider it his own. The note, however, was read in court, and contained a threatening application for cash to that amount, while the strange man, who had been placed there for the purpose, proved the delivery of it; thus completing all the machinery of the trap to catch their victim in. Fenn's case, which is mentioned in another part of this work, was precisely of this nature; few of them, however, verify the adage, that "when rogues fall out, honest men obtain their rights."

The case of Fauntleroy, the Berner Street banker, is of comparatively recent date, and claims some notice. Firstly, because he was a member of a superior class in society to offenders in general. Secondly, because his practice of committing forgery commenced much earlier in life than is generally known; and lastly, because the mode was novel, and of considerable extent in its mischievous effects.

Fauntleroy said while in Newgate, that after he became of age, and was admitted a partner into the banking-house, he found it in a state of bankruptcy, (these were his own words to one who attended on him.) As the active management of the concern shortly afterwards devolved upon him, his pride, interest, and more than all, his partiality and liberality for the fair sex, prompted him to make the most desperate struggles to maintain his station in life, and with it the means of indulging his passions. It may be, however, that the recklessness of his situation, known only to himself, throughout his miraculous long run, might have impelled him to the gratification of passions, which a more regular course would have taught him the propriety of restraining. If this be a doctrine unintelligible to the generality of my readers, I can only reply, that it is one verified and proved by my own experience. I feel even now, had I been born to know my parents, and by them taught to fill any regular station in life when young—even that of a chimney sweeper—that I should have gone through life's probation without being troubled with any unruly or inordinate desires, more than those to which all humanity is subjected, and which would not have seduced me from the path of honesty. To make a man or woman honest, we must give them a motive to its practice in early days; the possession of property, the acquirement of honour, fame, health, and long life, must be placed in their view, when the aid of religion will come in to teach, that the welfare of the soul hereafter, as well as the body here, dictates and points out to man the direct and straight high road of probity, as the only one of safety to travel on. Fauntleroy, unlike me, had a prize to win; but then, unfortunately for him, he did not in time see that the honest would have answered his purpose better than a contrary course. He was well educated, and, moreover, was not driven by hunger and nakedness to the commission of crime, but was tempted to it by pride, and a false notion of station; as if a less elevated post in society than a principal in a falling banking-house, could not be one of happiness. His crime is ascribable to the self-determination of a strong will, acting upon the accidents of individual destiny: he found the affairs

of the house embarrassed; putting himself forward to pilot the ship through the breakers, his vanity and sanguine temperament, we may suppose, led him to persuade himself, when he committed the first crime, that he was only borrowing the money. But it did not occur to him, that when he was once naturalized and enrolled as a subject of the prince of darkness, there was no rebelling against his authority. Having by the means of forgery sold out, and appropriated the stock of one individual to his own use, when that money was called for, he was constrained to have recourse to the same dishonest means to make up the amount, to prevent the discovery of his practice, until he was involved in a labyrinth, and had committed a series of forgeries, which were too overwhelming for reflection.

There is, perhaps, no instance on record, of a man situated as Fauntleroy was; well educated, and possessing a sensitive mind, enduring for so long a period a state of peril and danger, yet keeping up all the external appearances of gaiety and self-possession; though his acquaintance now say, that it was evident he laboured to be at ease. There could be no doubt but that the latter part of his career was spent in making efforts to disengage himself from his own thoughts, one of the hardest tasks for man to accomplish; and it is highly probable, had his detection been protracted much longer, that his mind would have broken down under the energies his unhappy situation called him to exert.

The force of a fall is always in proportion to the height from which we are hurled; the truth of this aphorism was illustrated in this case: he had no hope from the moment of his apprehension; his depression was complete, and but the work of an instant. The sight of Plank, the Marlborough Street police officer, whom he knew, when he came into his presence operated upon him like a *coup de soleil*, and he never afterwards rallied; his heart, indeed, must always have been like a watch, which never knows repose until it ceases to beat. As regards money, for several years he appears to have been reckless of consequences, his habits being of the most expensive nature.

A troubled mind ever shows itself in inconsistencies of character; he was a liberal subscriber to many public charities, and frequently gave a sovereign when asked for alms by casual beggars in the streets; at other times he either was, or affected to be, extremely parsimonious. He, however, was subjected to many more fits of extravagance than saving, many of which, without doubt, he plunged into whilst in a confused or perturbed state of mind; they were efforts to gild a rotten heart, to paint in gaudy colours the exterior of a charnel-house, or whiten the outside of the sepulchre. Knowing his own hollowness, he on every side endeavoured to entrench himself with splendid artificials, to divert the eye from penetrating his internal condition. As he advanced, he said, "in life, he became more subject to paroxysms of despair, and at times wildly looked round for a gap through which he might make his escape, but there was no hope left for him; in vain then would he call for *mandragora*, or pray for a plunge in Lethe's stream." These were his own words when giving some particulars of his life and feelings to a friend whilst in Newgate. "I could," said he, "any day have left the country with money sufficient

to insure me a retreat in safety to some remote part of the world; this alternative often presented itself to my mind, but I wanted the resolution to dismount my fancied pedestal of consequence; the dread of the world discovering what I was, spell-bound me to the spot, and kept me waiting a ready victim to the offended laws of my country." False pride, and the idea that he was in some way a man of consequence, possessed his mind to the last. "Alas!" exclaimed he one evening, after his condemnation, while looking in the glass, and picking a bunch of grapes, a fruit of which he was remarkably fond, "is this all that is left of the once spoken of Henry Fauntleroy? It was not long since I had wealth, fame, and friends. What am I now? A man without estimation of any kind—a condemned, disgraced felon." He then dropped into a chair, burying his face between his hands, resting them upon his elevated knees, in which position he would often remain for hours together. Rising suddenly up, and pacing the room, he muttered to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the person who attended him, "It was natural for me to wish to pass through life with honour, and to maintain the position of my father; but I sought the honour of men, and a poor, unsatisfactory bauble it is: to acquire estimation and reputation here we must become subservient, and conform to a world wholly made up of error. The d——d pride of winning a few little months' esteem from mortals has overthrown me." Casting his eyes upwards, the person who was in the room with him took the opportunity to point to a Bible which was lying on the table. "True," he continued, "I thank you. Time is rapidly on the wing, and I imagine that I shall have none to spare. Oh! had I but reflected that it must have come to this, I might have avoided the ignominy and disgrace, but,

> "Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
> All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
> From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
> Or who could suffer being here below?"

Suddenly becoming more fixed, apparently in thought, with his eyes directed towards the Bible, he continued: "Yes, there is a cause—a God, which supports, upholds, and governs all things—that regulates all things by an irresistible and sovereign decree—that pervades the whole moral and natural system. It pleased God that I should be born to take charge of a troubled house—to end my days on a scaffold; yet had I not a will to cut out for myself some less dangerous path? Could I not have steered round the rock, instead of dashing the head of my vessel point blank against it? Had I chanced——"

"Do not use that word, Mr. Fauntleroy," said a pious friend of his mildly, as he at the moment entered the room unobserved.

"Why not?" asked the unhappy man.

"Because," he rejoined, "there is no such thing as chance."

"Are all things, modes, attributes, actions, and passions, then preordained?" inquired the other.

"God is the sole arbiter of the universe, and has left nothing to

chance—he is the cause of all causes, and origin itself is comprised in the term. Had vivid fancy fled to its remotest borders in quest of language, or vain conception in pursuit of words, none could have been found more vague and simple than what is called *chance*. It neither includes the common course of nature, or any secondary cause; but amounts, as a writer expresses it, simply to this: that *something* is produced by *nothing*. God is the disposer of the means tending to every appointed end. Man's will instrumentally is the means, when God's will is the appointment; the former is a changeable cause, but depends on an unchangeable one. You must admit that there can be no effect without a cause," continued his friend, anxious to avail himself of this opportunity to prepare Fauntleroy's mind for the worst. "You are now in a situation that may be termed the extreme of distress; in whichever way we may view it, we cannot imagine one of greater trouble. The perusal of your trial informs us of the immediate cause; if we search for the secondary, or remoter causes, we shall find them not far distant, nor can they elude our observation. This is no time, Mr. Fauntleroy, for a real friend to be over ceremonious. Do not accuse Providence of placing you in a jumbled concatenation of circumstances, which constrained your path; but look seriously to your own state of mind, examine yourself closely, and see if, to an extent, you have not a free will, and possess a power to act in conformity with it? Your chance is order not understood? Man would, if he could, make the stars guilty of his crimes; but we will speak of this further, presently. I have a letter for you, which you must read." So saying, he put it into his hand.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΝΙΚΑΕΩΣ.

Εἰς Παῖδα τῆς μητρος τεθνηχυιας μασον θηλαζοντα.

Draw, child of sorrow, life's fast failing stream,
No more thy ruby lips shall soothe this breast,
Life's scenes are fading, like a morning dream,
And I, in iron sleep, must sink to rest.
Draw, 'tis the last from nature's font shall flow,
Ere from my bleeding wound my soul shall wend
In flight, to Pluto's dreary realms below,
Where love shall teach me still my child to tend.

J—— W——.

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# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

## AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER XIII.

In which the ship's company join in a chorus, and the corporal goes on a cruise.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN is in his cabin, with Snarleyyow at his side, sitting upon his haunches, and looking in his master's face, which wears an air of anxiety and discomfiture; the fact is, that Mr. Vanslyperken is any thing but content; he is angry with the widow, with the ship's company, with the dog, and with himself; but his anger towards the dog is softened, for he feels that, if any thing in this world loves him, it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will permit; and, at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still he is certain that Snarleyyow hates every body else. It is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association. Now that the life of his cur was demanded by one, and, as he was aware, was sought for by many, Vanslyperken put a value upon him that was extraordinary. Snarleyyow had become a precious jewel in the eyes of his master, and what he suffered in anxiety and disappointment from the perverse disposition of the animal, only endeared him the more. "Yes, my poor dog," apostrophised the lieutenant, "they would seek your life—nay, that hard-hearted woman demands that you should be laid dead at her porch. All conspire against you, but be not afraid, my dog, your master will protect you against all."

Vanslyperken patted the animal on the head, which was not a little swelled from the blows received from the broom of Babette, and Snarleyyow rubbed his nose against his master's trowsers, and then raised himself up, by putting his paw upon his master's knee. This brought the dog's head more to the light, and Vanslyperken observed that one eye was swelled and closed. He examined it, and to his horror found that it had been beaten out by the broom of Babette. There was no doubt of it, and Mr. Vanslyperken's choler was extreme. "Now, may all the curses of ophthalmia seize the faggot," cried the lieutenant, "I wish I had her here. My poor, poor dog!" and Vanslyperken kissed the os frontis of the cur, and what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else could have brought about, Mr. Vanslyperken *wept*—actually wept over an animal, which was not, from any qualification he possessed, worth the charges of the cord which would have hanged him. Surely the affections have sometimes a bent towards insanity.

After a short time the lieutenant rang his bell, and ordered some

[1] Continued from p. 14.

warm water, to bathe the dog's eye. Corporal Van Spitter, as Smallbones was in his hammock, answered the summons, and when he returned aft with the water, he made known to Mr. Vanslyperken the mutinous expressions of Jemmy Ducks. The lieutenant's small eye twinkled with satisfaction. "Damned the Admiral, did he—which one was it—Portsmouth or Plymouth?"

This Corporal Van Spitter could not tell; but it was certain that Jemmy had damned his superior officer; "And moreover," continued the corporal, "he damned me." Now Mr. Vanslyperken had a great hatred against Jemmy Ducks, because he amused the ship's company, and he never could forgive any one who made people happy; moreover, he wanted some object to visit his wrath upon, so he asked a few more questions, and then dismissed the corporal, put on his tarpaulin hat, put his speaking trumpet under his arm, and went on deck, directing the corporal to appoint one of the marines to continue to bathe the eye of his favourite.

Mr. Vanslyperken looked at the dog-vane, and perceived that the wind was foul for sailing, and moreover, it would be dark in two hours, so he determined upon not starting till the next morning, and then he thought that he would punish Jemmy Ducks; but the question occurred to him whether he could do so or not. Was James Salisbury a boatswain by right, or not? He received only the pay of a boatswain's mate, but he was styled boatswain on the books. It was a nice point, and the balance was even. Mr. Vanslyperken's own wishes turned the scale, and he resolved to flog Jemmy Ducks if he could. We say, if he could, for as, at that time, tyrannical oppression on the part of the superiors was winked at, and no complaints were listened to by the Admiralty, insubordination, which was the natural result, was equally difficult to get over; and although on board of the larger vessels, the strong arm of power was certain to conquer, it was not always the case in the smaller, where the superiors were not in sufficient force, or backed by a numerous party of soldiers or marines, for there was then little difference between the two services. Mr. Vanslyperken had had more than one mutiny on board of the vessels which he had commanded, and, in one instance, his whole ship's company had taken the boats and gone on shore, leaving him by himself in the vessel, preferring to lose the pay due to them, than to remain longer on board. They joined other ships in the service, and no notice was taken of their conduct by the authorities. Such was the state of half dicipline at the period we speak of in the service of the king. The ships were, in every other point, equally badly fitted out and manned; peculation of every kind was carried to excess, and those who were in command thought more of their own interest than of any thing else. Ships' stores and provisions were constantly sold, and the want of the former was frequently the occasion of the loss of the vessel, and the sacrifice of the whole crew. Such maladministration is said to be the case even now in some of the continental navies. It is not until a long series of years have elapsed, that such regulations and arrangements as are at present so economically and beneficially administered to our navy, can be fully established.

Having settled the point so far, Mr. Vanslyperken then proceeded

to debate in his own mind, whether he should flog Jemmy in harbour, or after he had sailed; and feeling that if there was any serious disturbance on the part of the men, they might quit the vessel if in harbour, he decided that he would wait until he had them in blue water. His thoughts then reverted to the widow, and, as he turned and turned again, he clenched his fists in his great coat pockets, and was heard by those near him to grind his teeth.

In the mean time, the news had been imparted by the marine, who came up into the galley for more warm water, that the dog had had one of his eyes put out, and it was strange the satisfaction which this intelligence appeared to give to the ship's company. It was passed round like wildfire, and, when communicated, a beam of pleasure was soon apparent throughout the whole cutter, and for this simple reason, that the accident removed the fear arising from the supposition of the dog being supernatural, for the men argued, and with some reason, that if you could put out his eye, you could kill him altogether; for if you could destroy a part, you could destroy the whole. No one ever heard of the devil's eye being put out—*ergo*, the dog could not be a devil, or one of his imps: so argued a knot of the men in conclave, and Jansen wound up by observing, "Dat de tog was only a tog after all."

Vanslyperken returned to his cabin and stated his intentions to his fac totum and confidant, Corporal Van Spitter. Now, in this instance, the corporal did not adhere to that secrecy to which he was bound, and the only reason we can give is, that he had as great a dislike to Jemmy Ducks as his lieutenant—for the corporal obeyed orders so exactly, that he considered it his duty not to have even an opinion or a feeling contrary to those of his superior officer. He was delighted at the idea of flogging Jemmy, and communicated the lieutenant's intention to the most favoured of his marines, who also told the secret to another, and thus in five minutes, it was known throughout the cutter, that as soon as they were in blue water, the little boatswain was to be tied up for having damned the admiral in a snow storm. The consequence was, as the evening was clear, that there was a very numerous assemblage upon the forecastle of the cutter Yungfrau.

"Flog Jemmy," said Bill Spurey. "Why, Jemmy's a hofficer."

"To be sure he is," observed another; "and quite as good a one as Vanslyperken himself, though he don't wear brass on his hat."

"D—n it—what next—heh, Coble?"

Coble hitched up his trowsers. "It's my opinion he'll be for flogging *us* next, Short," said the old man.

"Yes," replied Short.

"Shall we allow Jemmy to be flogged?"

"No," replied Short.

"If it warn't for them ere marines, and the lumpy beggar of a corporal," observed one of the seamen.

"Pish," quoth Jemmy, who was standing among them.

"Won't he make it out mutiny?" observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott! it was mutiny to flog de officer," said Jansen.

"That's very true," observed another.

"But Jemmy can't stand against the fat corporal and the six marines," observed Bill Spurey.

"One up and t'other down, I'll take them all," observed Jemmy, expanding his chest.

"Yes, but they'll all be down upon you at once, Jemmy."

"If they lays their hands upon an officer," observed Coble, "it will be mutiny; and then Jemmy calls in the ship's company to protect him," said Coble.

"Exactly," observed Jemmy.

"And den, mein Gott, I zettle for de corporal," observed Jansen.

"I'll play him a trick yet."

"But now, it's no use palavering," observed Spurey; "let's come to some settlement. Obadiah, give us your opinion as to what's best to be done."

Hereupon Coble squirted out a modicum of 'baccy juice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said, "It's my opinion, that the best way of getting one man out of a scrape, is to get all the rest in it. Jemmy, d'ye see, is to be hauled up, for singing an old song, in which a wench very properly damns the admiral for sending a ship out on a Christmas Day, which, let alone the unchristian-like act, as you may know, my lads, always turns up on a Friday, a day on which nothing but being blown out from your anchors can warrant any vessel sailing on. Now, d'ye see, it may be mutiny to damn a live admiral, with his flag hoisted—I won't say but what it is—but this here admiral as Jemmy damned, is no more alive than a stock fish; and, moreover, it is not Jemmy as damns him, but Poll; therefore it can be no mutiny. Now, what I consider best is this, if so be it be against the articles—well, then, let's all be in for it together, and then Vanslyperken will be puzzled, and, moreover, it will give him a hint how matters stand, and he may think better of it; for although we must not have Jemmy touched, still it's quite as well not to have a regular breeze with the jollies; for if so be that the Scarborough, or any other king's ship, be in port when we arrive, Vanslyperken may run under the guns, and then whip the whole boiling of us off to the Ingies, and glad to get us, too, and that's no joke. Now, that's my idea of the matter."

"Well, but you've not told us how we are all to get into it, Coble."

"More I have—well, that's funny; left out the whole burden of my song. Why, I consider that we had better now directly sing the song over again, all in chorus, and then we shall have damned the admiral a dozen times over; and Vanslyperken will hear us, and say to himself, 'They don't sing that song for nothing.' What do you say, Dick Short, you're first hofficer?"

"Yes," replied Short.

"Hurrah, my lads, then," cried Bill Spurey; "now then, strike up, Jemmy, and let us give it lots of mouth."

The song which our readers have already heard from the lips of Jemmy Ducks, was then sung by the whole of the men, *con animo e strepito*, and two verses had been roared out, when Corporal Van Spitter in great agitation presented himself at the cabin-door, where he found Mr. Vanslyperken very busy summing up his accounts.

"Mein Gott, sar! dere is de mutiny in de Yungfrau," cried the corporal.

"Mutiny," cried Vanslyperken, catching at his sword, which hung up on the bulkhead.

"Yaw, mynheer—de mutiny—hear now de ship's company."

Vanslyperken lent his ears, when the astounding chorus came rolling aft through the door of the cabin.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old Hunks,
Port admiral—you be d——d."

"Bow, wow, wow," barked Snarleyyow.

"Why, it's the whole ship's company!" cried Vanslyperken.

"All but de Corporal Vanspitter, and de six marines," replied the corporal, raising his hand up to his head *à la militaire*.

"Shut the door, corporal. This is indeed mutiny and defiance," cried Vanslyperken, jumping up from his chair.

"It is von tyfel of a song," replied the corporal.

"I must find out the ringleaders, corporal; do you think that you could contrive to overhear what they say after the song is over; they will be consulting together, and we might find out something."

"Mynheer, I'm not very small for to creep in and listen," replied the corporal, casting his eyes down upon his huge carcase.

"Are they all forward?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes, mynheer—not one soul baft."

"There is the small boat astern; do you think you could get softly into it, haul it up to the bows, and lie there quite still? You would then hear what they said, without their thinking of it, now that it is dark?"

"I will try, mynheer," replied the corporal, who quitted the cabin.

But there were others who condescended to listen as well as the corporal, and in this instance, every word which had passed, had been overheard by Smallbones, who had been for some hours out of his hammock. When the corporal's hand touched the lock of the door, Smallbones made a hasty retreat.

Corporal Van Spitter went on the quarter-deck, which he found vacant; he hauled up the boat to the counter, and by degrees lowered into it his unwieldy carcase, which almost swamped the little conveyance. He then waited a little, and with difficulty forced the boat up against the strong flood tide that was running, till at last he gained the chesstree of the cutter, when he shortened in the painter, (or rope that held the boat,) made it fast to a ring-bolt without being perceived, and there he lay concealed, not daring to move, for fear of making a noise.

Smallbones had, however, watched him carefully, and as the corporal sat in the middle thwart, with his face turned aft, catching but imperfectly the conversation of the men, the lad separated the painter with a sharp knife, and at the same time dropping his foot down, gave the bow of the boat a shove off, which made it round with the stream. The tide was then running five or six miles an hour, and before the corporal, in the utter darkness, could make out what had occurred, or raise his heavy carcase to assist him, he was whirled

away by the current clear of the vessel, and soon disappeared from the sight of Smallbones, who was watching his progress.

It is true that the corporal shouted for assistance when he found himself astern, and also that he was heard by the men, but Smallbones had leaped among them, and in a few words told them what he had done, so, of course, they took no notice, but rubbed their hands with delight at the idea of the corporal being adrift like a bear in a washing-tub, and they all prayed for a gale of wind to come on that he might be swamped, and most of them remained on deck to hear what Mr. Vanslyperken would say and do when the corporal's absence was discovered. Mr. Vanslyperken remained nearly two hours without sending for the corporal; at last, surprised at not seeing him return, he went on deck. The men on the forecastle perceiving this, immediately disappeared gently down the fore-hatchway. Mr. Vanslyperken walked forward and found that every one was, as he supposed, either in bed or below, for in harbour the corporal kept one of the watches, and this night it was his first watch. Vanslyperken looked over the side all round the cutter, and could see no boat and no Corporal Vanspitter, and it immediately occurred to him that the corporal must have gone adrift, and he was very much puzzled how to act. It would be flood tide for two hours more, and then the whole ebb would run before it was daylight. Corporal Vanspitter would traverse the whole Zuyder Zee before they might find him. Unless he had the fortune to be picked up by some small craft, he might perish with cold and hunger. He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Vanspitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributer of provisions, &c. The loss was irreparable, and Mr. Vanslyperken, when he thought of the loss of the widow's favour and the loss of his favourite, acknowledged with bitterness that his star was not in the ascendant. After some reflection, Mr. Vanslyperken thought that as nothing could be gained by making the fact known, the wisest thing that he could do was to go to bed and say nothing about it, leaving the whole of the ulterior proceedings until the loss of the boat should be reported to him in the morning. Having arranged this in his mind, Mr. Vanslyperken took two or three turns more, and then went down and turned in.

## CHAPTER XIV.

In which some new characters appear on the stage, although the Corporal is not to be heard of.

The loss of the boat was reported by Obadiah Coble at daylight, and Mr. Vanslyperken immediately went on deck with his spy-glass to ascertain if he could distinguish the corporal coming down with the last of the ebb-tide, but he was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Vanslyperken went to the mast-head and surveyed in every direction, but he could neither see anything like the boat or Corporal Vanspitter. His anxiety betrayed to the men that he was a party to the corporal's proceedings, and they whispered among themselves. At last Mr. Vanslyperken came down on deck, and desired Corporal Vanspitter to be sent to him. Of course, it was soon reported to him that Corporal Vanspitter

was nowhere to be found, and Mr. Vanslyperken pretended to be much astonished. As the lieutenant took it for granted that the boat had been swept out with the ebb, he determined to get under weigh in pursuance of his orders, pick up the corporal if he could find him, and then proceed to Portsmouth, which was the port of his destination. Smallbones attended his master, and was so unusually active that the suspicious Mr. Vanslyperken immediately decided that he had had a finger in the business; but he took no notice, resolving in his own mind that Smallbones should some day or another be adrift himself as the corporal was, but with this difference, that there should be no search made after him. As soon as the men had finished their breakfasts, the cutter was got under weigh and proceeded to sea. During the whole day Vanslyperken cruised in the Zuyder Zee looking for the boat, but without success, and at last he unwillingly shaped his course for England much puzzled and perplexed, as now he had no one to act as his steward to whom he could confide or by whose arrangements he could continue to defraud the ship's company; and, farther, he was obliged to put off for the present all idea of punishing Jemmy Ducks, for, without the corporal, the marines were afraid to move a step in defiance of the ship's company. The consequence was, that the three days that they were at sea Mr. Vanslyperken confined himself altogether to his cabin, for he was not without some fears for his own safety. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he delivered his letters to the admiral, and received orders to return to his cruising ground after the smugglers as soon as he had replaced his lost boat.

We have observed that Mr. Vanslyperken had no relations on this side of the water; but in saying that, we referred to the epoch that he was in the service previous to the accession of King William. Since that and about a year from the time we are now writing about, he had brought over his mother, whom he had not till the peace seen for years, and had established her in a small apartment in that part of the town now known by the name of the Halfway Houses. The old woman lived upon a small pension allowed by the Dutch court, having been employed for many years in a subordinate capacity in the king's household. She was said to have once been handsome, and when young prodigal of her favours; at present she was a palsied old woman, bent double with age and infirmity, but with all her faculties as complete as if she was in her prime. Nothing could escape her little twinkling bloodshot eyes or her acute ear; she could scarcely hobble fifty yards, but she kept no servant to assist her, for, like her son, she was avaricious in the extreme. What crime she had committed was not known, but that something lay heavy on her conscience was certain; but if there was guilt, there was no repentance, only fear of future punishment. Cornelius Vanslyperken was her only living child: she had been twice married. The old woman did not appear to be very fond of him, although she treated him still as a child, and executed her parental authority as if he were still in petticoats. Her coming over was a sort of mutual convenience. She had saved money, and Vanslyperken wished to secure that, and also have a home and a person to whom he could trust, and she was so abhorred, and the reports against her so shocking where she resided,

that she was glad to leave a place where every one, as she passed, would get out of her way, as if to avoid contamination. Yet these reports were vague, although hinting at some horrid and appalling crimes. No one knew what they exactly were, for the old woman had outlived her contemporaries, and the tradition was imperfect, but she had been handed down to the next generation as one to be avoided as a basilisk.

It was to his mother's abode, one room on the second floor, to which Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded as soon as he had taken the necessary steps for the replacing of the boat. As he ascended the stairs the quick ear of the old woman heard his footstep, and recognised it. It must be observed, that all the conversation between Vanslyperken and his mother was carried on in Dutch, of which we, of course, give the translation.

"There you come, Cornelius Vanslyperken; I hear you, and by your hurried tread you are vexed. Well, why should you not be vexed as well as your mother, in this world of devils?"

This was a soliloquy of the old woman's before that Vanslyperken had entered the room, where he found his mother sitting over a few cinders half ignited in a very small grate. Parsimony would not allow her to use more fuel, although her limbs trembled as much from cold as palsy; her nose and chin nearly met, her lips were like old scars, and of an ashy white, and her sunken hollow mouth reminded you of a small, deep, dark sepulchre; teeth she had none.

"How fare you, mother?" said Vanslyperken, on entering the room.

"I'm alive."

"And long may you live, dear mother."

"Ah," replied the woman, as if doubting.

"I am here but for a short time," continued Vanslyperken.

"Well, child, so much the better; when on board you save money, on shore you must spend some. Have you brought any with you?"

"I have, mother, which I must leave to your care."

"Give it me then."

Vanslyperken pulled out a bag and laid it on the lap of his mother, whose trembling hands counted it over.

"Gold, and good gold—while you live, my child, part not with gold. I'll not die yet—no, no, the devils may pull at me, and grin at me, but I'm not their's yet."

Here the old woman paused, and rocked herself in her chair.

"Cornelius, lock this money up and give me the key:—there now, that is safe, you may talk, if you please, child, I can hear well enough."

Vanslyperken obeyed; he mentioned all the events of the last cruise, and his feelings against the widow, Smallbones, and Jemmy Ducks. The old woman never interrupted him, but sat with her arms folded up in her apron.

"Just so, just so," said she at last, when he had done speaking; "I felt the same, but then you have not the soul to act as I did. I could do it, but you—you are a coward; no one dared cross my path, or if they did—ah, well, that's years ago, and I'm not dead yet."

All this was muttered by the old woman in a sort of half soliloquy; she paused and continued, "Better leave the boy alone,—get nothing by it;—the woman—there's work there, for there's money."

"But she refuses, mother, if I do not destroy the dog."

"Refuses—ah, well—let me see:—can't you ruin her character, blast her reputation; she is yours and her money too;—then, then—there will be money and revenge—both good;—but money—no—yes, money's best. The dog must live, to gnaw the Jezebel—gnaw her bones—but you, you are a coward—you dare do nothing."

"What do I fear, mother?"

"Man—the gallows, and death. I fear the last, but I shall not die yet:—no, no, I *will* live—I will *not* die. Ay, the corporal—lost in Zuyder Zee—dead men tell no tales; and he could tell many of you, my child. Let the fish fatten on him."

"I cannot do without him, mother."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed the old mother, "that I should have suffered such throes for a craven. Cornelius Vanslyperken, you are not like your mother:—your father, indeed——"

"Who was my father?"

"Silence, child,—there, go away—I wish to be alone with memory."

Vanslyperken, who knew that resistance or remonstrance would be useless, and only lead to bitter cursing and imprecation on the part of the old woman, rose and walked back to the sallyport, where he slipped into his boat and pulled on board of the Yungfrau, which lay at anchor in the harbour about a cable's length from the shore.

"Here he comes," cried a tall bony woman, with nothing on her head but a cap with green faded ribbons, who was standing on the forecastle of the cutter. "Here he comes;—he, the willain, as would have flogged my Jemmy." This was the wife of Jemmy Ducks, who lived at Portsmouth, and who, having heard what had taken place, vowed revenge.

"Silence, Moggy," said Jemmy, who was standing by her.

"Yes, I'll hold my tongue till the time comes, and then I'll sarve him out, the cheating wagabond."

"Silence, Moggy."

"And as for that 'peaching old Corporal Blubber, I'll *Wan Spitter* him if ever he turns up again to blow the gaff against my own dear Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy—there's rowed of all, and a marine at your elbow."

"Let him take that for his trouble," cried Moggy, turning round, and delivering a swinging box of the ear upon the astonished marine, who not liking to encounter such an Amazon, made a hasty retreat down the fore-hatchway.

"So there you are, are you?" continued Moggy, as Vanslyperken stepped on the deck.

"Silence, Moggy."

"You, that would flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy, will you?" said Jemmy Ducks, in an angry tone, "or I'll smash your peepers."

"You must climb on the gun to reach them, my little man," replied his wife. "Well, the more I holds my tongue now, the more for him when I gets hold on him. Oh! he's gone to his cabin, has he, to kiss his Snarleyyow:—I'll make *smallbones* of that beast afore I'm done with him. Flog my Jemmy—my own dear darling Jemmy—a nasty lean——"

"Go down below, Moggy," said Jemmy Ducks, pushing her towards the hatchway.

"Snivelling, great-coated——"

"Go below," continued Jemmy, shoving her.

"Ferret-eyed, razor-nosed——"

"Go down below, will you?" cried Jemmy, pushing her near to the hatchway.

"Herring-gutted, bare-poled——"

"Confound it, go below."

"Cheating rip of a wagabond! Lord, Jemmy, if you a'nt a shoved me down the hatchway! Well, never mind, my darling, let's go to supper;" and Moggy caught hold of her husband as she was going down, and with surprising strength lifted him off his legs and carried him down in her arms as she would have done a child, much to the amusement of the men who were standing on the forecastle.

When it was dusk, a boat dropped alongside of the cutter, and a man stepped out of it on the deck, when he was met by Obadiah Coble, who asked him, "What's your pleasure?"

"I must speak with the commander of this vessel directly."

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell him what you say," replied Coble, who reported the message to Mr. Vanslyperken.

"What sort of a person is he?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Oh, I don't know,—sort of half-bred, long-shore chap—looks something between a bumbailey and a bumboatman."

"Well, you may show him down."

The man, who shortly after entered the cabin, was a short, paunchy little fellow, with a red waistcoat, knee breeches, and round jacket of green cloth. His face was covered with carbuncles, some of them so large that his small pug nose was nothing more in appearance than a larger blotch than the others. His eyes were small and keen, and his whiskers of a deep red. As soon as he entered the cabin, he very deliberately locked the door after him.

"Nothing like making sure," observed he.

"Why, what the devil do you want?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, rather alarmed, while Snarleyyow walked round and round the thick calves of the man's legs, growling, and in more than two minds to have a bite through his blue worsted stockings; and the peculiar obliquity with which he carried his head, now that he surveyed with only one eye, was by no means satisfactory.

"Take your cur away, and let us proceed to business, for there is no time to lose," said the man coolly, taking a chair. "Now there can be no eaves dropping, I trust, for my life may be forfeited, if I'm discovered."

"I cannot understand a word of all this," replied Vanslyperken, much surprised.

"In few words, do you want to put some five thousand pounds in your pocket?"

At this question Vanslyperken became attentive. He beat off the dog, and took a chair by the side of the stranger.

"Ah! interest will always bring civility; so now to the point. You command this cutter, do you not?"

"I do," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well, you are about to cruise after the smugglers?"

"Yes."

"I can give information of a cargo to be landed on a certain night worth ten thousand pounds or more."

"Indeed," replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and put your boats in such a position that they must seize the whole."

"I'm very much obliged to you. Will you take something, sir, any scheedam?" said Vanslyperken, unlocking one of his cupboards, and producing a large stone bottle, and a couple of glasses, which he filled.

"This is very good stuff," observed the man; "I'll trouble you for another glass."

This was one more than Mr. Vanslyperken intended; but on second thoughts, it would make his new acquaintance more communicative, so another was filled, and as soon as it was filled, it was emptied.

"Capital stuff!" said he of the rubicund face, shoving his glass towards Vanslyperken, by way of hint; but the lieutenant would not take the hint, as his new guest had already swallowed as much as lasted himself for a week.

"But now," observed Vanslyperken, "where is this cargo to be seen, and when?"

"That's tellings," replied the man.

"I know that; but you have come to tell, or what the devil else?" replied Vanslyperken, who was getting angry.

"That's according," replied the man.

"According to what?"

"The snacks," replied the man. "What will you give up?"

"Give up! How do you mean?"

"What is my share to be!"

"Share! you can't share—you're not a king's officer."

"No, but I'm an informer, and that's the same thing."

"Well, depend upon it, I'll behave very liberally."

"How much, I ask?"

"We'll see to that afterwards; something handsome, depend upon it."

"That won't do. Wish you good evening, sir. Many thanks for the scheedam—capital stuff!" and the man rose from his chair.

But Mr. Vanslyperken had no intention to let him go; his avarice induced him at first to try if the man would be satisfied with his promise to reward him—a promise which would certainly never have been adhered to.

"Stop, my dear sir, do not be in such a hurry. Take another glass."

"With pleasure," replied the man, reseating himself, and drinking off the scheedam. "That's really prime; I like it better every time I taste it. Now, then, shall we go to business again? I'll be plain with you. Half is my conditions, or I don't inform."

"Half!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "half of ten thousand pounds? What, five thousand pounds?"

"Exactly so; half of ten is five, as you say."

"What, give you five thousand pounds?"

"I rather think it is I who offer you five thousand, for the devil a penny will you get without me. And that I will have, and this bond you must sign to that effect, or I'm off. You're not the only vessel in the harbour."

Vanslyperken tried for some time to reduce the terms, but the man was positive. Vanslyperken then tried if he could not make the man intoxicated, and thus obtain better terms; but fifteen glasses of his prime scheedam had no effect further than extorting unqualified praise as it was poured down, and at last Mr. Vanslyperken unwillingly consented to the terms, and the bond was signed.

"We must weigh at the ebb," said the man, as he put the bond in his pocket. I shall stay on board; we have a moonlight night, and if we had not, I could find my way out in a yellow fog. Please to get your boats all ready, manned, and armed, for there may be a sharp tussle."

"But when do they run, and where?" demanded Vanslyperken.

"To-morrow night at the back of the Isle. Let me see," continued the man," taking out his watch; "mercy on me, how time has flown—that's the scheedam. In a couple of hours we must weigh. I'll go up and see if the wind holds in the same quarter. If you please, lieutenant, we'll just drink success to the expedition. Well, that's prime stuff, I do declare."

## CHAPTER XV.

In which the crew of the Yungfrau lose a good prize, and Snarleyyow loses his character.

The next morning the Yungfrau was clear of St. Helens, and sounding the eastern part of the Isle of Wight, after which, she made sail into the offing, that she might not be suspected by those on shore waiting to receive the cargo. The weather was fine, and the water smooth, and as soon as she was well out, the cutter was hove to. In the hurry of weighing, Mr. Vanslyperken had not thought, or had not known perhaps, that the wife of Jemmy Ducks was still on board, and as he was turning up and down on the quarter-deck, he perceived her on the forecastle, laughing and talking with the men.

"What woman is that?" said he to Jansen, who was at the wheel.

"De frau, mynheer. Dat is de frau of Shimmy Duk."

"How dare she come on board? Send her aft here, marine."

The marine went forward and gave the order; and Jemmy, who expected a breeze, told his wife to behave herself quietly. His advice did not, however, appear to be listened to, as will be shown in the sequel.

"How came you on board, woman?" cried Vanslyperken, looking at her from top to toe several times, as usual, with his hands in his great coat pockets, and his battered speaking-trumpet under his arm.

"How did I come on board! why, in a boat to be sure," replied Moggy, determined to have a breeze.

"Why did you not go on shore before the cutter sailed?" replied Vanslyperken in an angry tone.

"Why, just for the contrary reason, because there was no boat."

"Well, I'll just tell you this, if ever I see you on board again, you'll take the consequence," retorted Vanslyperken.

"And I'll just tell you this," replied Moggy; "if ever you come on shore again you shall take the consequences. I'll have you—I give you warning. Flog my Jemmy, heh! my own dear darling Jemmy." Hereupon Moggy held out one arm bent, and with the palm of her other hand slapped her elbow—"*There!*" cried she.

What Jemmy's wife meant by this sign, it is impossible for us to say; but that it was a very significant one was certain, for Mr. Vanslyperken foamed with rage, and all the cutter's crew were tittering and laughing. It was a species of free-masonry known only to the initiated at the Sally Port.

"Send the marines aft here. Take this woman below," cried Vanslyperken. "I shall put all this down to your husband's account, and give him a receipt in full, depend upon it."

"So you may. Marines, keep off, if you don't wish your heads broken; and I'll put all this down to your account, and as you say that you'll pay off my pet, mark my words, if I don't pay off on your's—on your nasty cur there. I'll send him to cruise after Corporal Van Spitter. As sure as I stand here, if you dare to lay a finger on my Jemmy, I'll kill the brute wherever I find him, and make him into *saussingers*, just for the pleasure of eating him. I'll send you a pound as a present. You marine, don't be a fool—I can walk forward without your hoffering your arm, and be d——d to you." So saying, Moggy stalked forward and joined the men on the forecastle.

"D'ye know much of that strapping lass?" said Mr. Vanslyperken's new acquaintance.

"Not I," replied Vanslyperken, not much pleased at the observation.

"Well, look out for squalls, she'll be as good as her word. We'll draw the foresheet, and stand in now, if you please."

It was about dusk, for the days were now short, and the cutter was eight miles off the land. By the directions of the informer, for we have no other name to give him, they now bore up and ran along the island until they were, by his calculations, for it then was dark, abreast of a certain point close to the Black Gang Chyne. Here they hove to, hoisted out their boats, three in number, and the men were sent in, well armed with pistols and cutlasses. Short had the

charge of one, Coble of the second, the stern sheets of the third was occupied by Vanslyperken and the informer. As soon as all was ready, Jemmy Ducks, who, much to Vanslyperken's wish, was left in charge of the cutter, received his orders to lie to where he was, and when the tide made flood, to stand close in shore, and all was prepared for a start, when it occurred to Vanslyperken that to leave Snarleyyow, after the threat of Jemmy's wife, and the known animosity of Smallbones, would be his death warrant. He determined, therefore, to take him in the boat. The informer protested against it, but Vanslyperken would not listen to his protestations. The dog was handed into the boat, and they shoved off. After they had pulled a quarter of an hour in shore, they altered their course, and continued along the coast until the informer had made out exactly where he was. He then desired the other two boats to come alongside, told the crews that they must keep the greatest silence, as where they were about to proceed was directly under where the smugglers would have a party to receive the goods, and that the least alarm would prevent them from making the capture. The boats then pulled in to some large rocks, against which the waves hoarsely murmured, although the sea was still smooth, and passing between them, found themselves in a very small cove, where the water was still, and in which there was deep water.

The cove was not defended so much by the rocks above water, for the mouth of it was wide; but there appeared to be a ridge below, which broke off the swell of the ocean. Neither was it deep, the beach not being more than perhaps fifty feet from the entrance. The boats, which had pulled in with muffled oars, here lay quietly for nearly an hour, when a fog came on and obscured the view of the offing, which otherwise was extensive, as the moon was at her full, and had shone bright.

"This is all the better," whispered the informer, "they will fall into the trap at once. Hark! hist! I hear oars."

They all listened; it was true, the sound of oars were heard, and the men prepared their arms.

The splash of the oars was now more plain. "Be silent and ready," whispered the informer, and the whisper was passed round. In another minute a large lugger-built boat, evidently intended for sailing as well as pulling, was seen through the fog looming still larger from the mist, pulling into the cove.

"Silence, and not a word. Let her pass us," whispered the informer.

The boat approached rapidly—she was within ten fathoms of the entrance, when Snarleyyow, hearing the sound, darted forward under the thwarts, and jumping on the bow of the boat, commenced a most unusual and prolonged baying of Bow wow, bow wow wow wow!

At the barking of the dog the smugglers backed water to stop their way. They knew that there was no dog with those they expected to meet, it was therefore clear that the Philistines were at hand. The dog barked in spite of all attempts to prevent him, and acting upon this timely warning, the lugger-boat pulled short round,

just as lights were shown from the cliffs to notify an enemy at hand, for the barking of the dog had not escaped the vigilance of those on shore, and in a few seconds she disappeared in the mist.

"Blast your cur! Five thousand pounds out of my pocket!" exclaimed the informer. "I told you so. Chuck him overboard, my men, for your pockets would have been lined."

Vanslyperken was as savage, and exclaimed, "Give way, my men, give way; we'll have them yet."

"Send a cow to chase a hare," replied the informer, throwing himself back in the stern sheets of the boat. "I know better; you may save yourself the trouble, and the men the fatigue. May the devil take you, and your cursed dog with you. Who but a fool would have brought a dog upon such an occasion? Well, I've lost five thousand pounds; but there's one comfort, you've lost too. That will be a valuable beast, if you put all down to his account."

At this moment Vanslyperken was so much annoyed at the loss of what would have been a fortune to him, that he felt as angry as the informer. The boats' crews were equally enraged, the dog was pommelled, and kicked, and passed along from one to the other, until he at last gained the stern sheets, and crouched between the legs of his master, who kicked him away in a rage, and he saved himself under the legs of the informer, who, seizing a pistol, struck him with the butt end of it such a blow, that nothing but the very thick skull of the dog could have saved him. Snarleyyow was at a sad discount just then, but he very wisely again sought protection with his master, and this time he was not noticed.

"What are we to do now?" observed Vanslyperken.

"Go back again like dogs with their tails between their legs; but observe, Mr. Lieutenant, you have made me your enemy, and that is more serious than you think for."

"Silence, sir, you are in a king's boat."

"The king be d——d," replied the informer, falling back sulkily against the gunnel of the boat.

"Give way, men, and pull on board," said Vanslyperken, in equally bad humour.

In equally bad humour the men did give way, and in about an hour were on board of the cutter.

Every one was in a bad humour when the affair was made known; but Smallbones observed, "that the dog could be no such great friend, as supposed, of Vanslyperken's, to thwart his interests in that way; and certainly no imp sent by the devil to his assistance." The ship's company were consoled with this idea, and Jansen again repeated, "that the *tog* was but a tog, after all."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### In which we change the scene, and the sex of our performers.

We must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back

of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance, was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down, and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicular, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path, used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were portioned off here and there with sail cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, ever in such a volume as to be supposed to be any thing more than the vapours drawn up by the heat of the sun.

In this abode there were at least thirty people residing, and generally speaking, it might be called a convent, for it was tenanted only by women. Their husbands, who brought over the cargoes, returning immediately in their boats to the opposite shore, for two reasons; one, that their boats could only land in particular seasons, and could never remain in the cove without risk of being dashed to pieces; and the other, that the absence of all men prevented suspicion; the whole of the interior smuggling being carried on by the other sex, who fearlessly showed themselves on every part of the island, and purchased their necessary supplies of provisions here and there, without exciting any misgivings as to the nature of their employment. A few isolated cottages, not far from the beetling brow of the cliff above, were their supposed abodes; but no one ever troubled

them with a visit, and if they did, and found that they could gain no admittance, they imagined that the occupants had locked their doors for security, while they were busied with their labours in the field. Accustomed to climb up the tortuous path from the cave to the summit, the women would, on the darkest night, carry up their burdens and deposit them in the cottages above, until they had an opportunity of delivering their contraband articles into the hands of their agents; and this traffic had been carried on for many years, without the government or excise having the slightest suspicion by what means the smuggling was accomplished. As we before observed, the great articles in request, and which were now smuggled from France, were alamodes and lutestrings. The attention of government had been called to check the admission of these goods, but hitherto their attempts had not been attended with much success.

At the grey of the morning after the attempt to seize the smugglers had been defeated by the instrumentality of Snarleyyow, upon the top of the immense fragment of the rock which we have described as lying upon the sea-edge of the platform, was perched a fair, slight-made little girl, of about twelve years of age. She was simply clad in a short worsted petticoat and bodice of a dark colour, her head was bare, and her hair fluttered with the breeze; her small feet, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were also naked, and her short petticoat discovered her legs half way up to the knee. She stood there, within a few inches of the precipice below, carelessly surveying the waves as they dashed over the rocks, for she was waiting until the light would enable her to see further on the horizon. By those who might have leaned over the ridge above, as well as by those who sailed below, she might have been taken, had she been seen to move, for some sea bird reposing after a flight, so small was her frame in juxtaposition with the wildness and majesty of nature which surrounded her on every side. Accustomed from infancy to her mode of life, and this unusual domicile, her eye quailed not, nor did her heart beat quicker, as she looked down into the abyss below, or turned her eyes up to the beetling mass of rock which appeared, each moment, ready to fall down and overwhelm her. She passed her hand across her temples to throw back the hair which the wind had blown over her eyes, and again scanned the distance as the sun's light increased, and the fog gradually cleared away.

"A sharp look out, Lilly, dear; you've the best eyes among us, and we must have a clue from whence last night's surprise proceeded."

"I can see nothing yet, mother; but the fog is driving back fast."

"It's but a cheerless night your poor father had, to pull twice across the channel, and find himself just where he was. God speed them, and may they be safe in port again by this time."

"I say so too, mother, and amen."

"D'ye see nothing, child?"

"Nothing, dear mother; but it clears up fast to the eastward, and

the sun is bursting out of the bank, and I think I see something under the sun."

"Watch well, Lilly," replied the woman, who was throwing more wood on the fire.

"I see a vessel, mother. It is a sloop beating to the eastward."

"A coaster, child?"

"No, mother, I think not. No, it is no coaster—it is that king's vessel, I think, but the glare of the sun is too great. When he rises higher I shall make it out better."

"Which do you mean, the king's cutter on the station, the Yungfrau?"

"Yes, mother," replied Lilly, "it is. I'm sure it is the Yungfrau."

"Then it is from her that the boats came last night. She must have received some information. There must be treachery somewhere; but we'll soon find that out."

It may appear singular that Lilly could speak so positively as to a vessel at a great distance; but it must be remembered that she had been brought up to it, nearly all her life. It was her profession, and she had lived wholly with seamen and seamen's wives, which will account for her technical language being so correct. What Lilly said was true; it was the Yungfrau, which was beating up to regain her port, and having to stem a strong ebb tide during the night, had not made very great progress.

"There are three other vessels in the offing," said Lilly, looking round, "a ship and two brigs, both going down channel:" and as she said this, the little thing dropped lightly from rock to rock till she stood by her mother, and commenced rubbing her hands before the now blazing fire.

"Nancy must go over to Portsmouth," observed the mother, "and find out all about this. I hardly know whom to suspect; but let Nancy alone, she'll ferret out the truth—she has many gossips at the Point. Whoever informed against the landing, must know of this cave."

But we must introduce the mother of Lilly to the reader. She was a tall, finely-featured woman, her arms beautifully moulded, and bare. She was rather inclined to be stout, but her figure was magnificent. She was dressed in the same costume as her daughter, with the exception of a net worsted shawl of many colours over her shoulders. Her appearance gave you the idea that she was never intended for the situation which she was now in; but of that hereafter. As the reader may have observed, her language was correct as was that of the child, and proved that she had not only been educated herself, but had paid attention to the bringing up of Lilly. The most perfect confidence appeared to subsist between the mother and daughter: the former treated her child as her equal, and confided every thing to her; and Lilly was far advanced beyond her age in knowledge and reflection, her countenance beamed with intelligence; perhaps a more beautiful and more promising creature never existed.

A third party now appeared from the cave; although not in cano-

nicals, his dress indicated his profession of a priest. He approached the mother and daughter with, " Peace be with you, ladies."

" You forget, good father," replied the elder of the females, " my name is Alice—nothing more."

" I crave pardon for my forgetting who you were. I will be more mindful. Well, then, Alice—yet that familiar term sounds strangely, and my tongue will not accustom itself, even were I to remain here weeks, instead of but two days—I was about to say, that the affair of last night was most untoward. My presence is much wished for, and much required, at St. Germains. It was unfortunate, because it proves that we have traitors among us somewhere ; but of that, and of the whole affair, I will have cognizance in a few days."

" And should you discover the party ?"

" His doom is sealed."

" You are right."

" In so important and so righteous a cause, we must not stop at aught necessary to secure our purpose. But, tell me, think you that your husband will soon be here again ?"

" I should think not to-night, but to-morrow or the next he will be off ; and if we can show the signals of surety he will land, if the weather will permit."

" 'Tis indeed time that I were over. Something might now be done."

" I would so too, father ; it is a tedious time that I have spent here."

" And most unfitting for you, were it not that you laboured in a great cause ; but it must soon be decided, and then that fair lily shall be transplanted, like a wild flower from the rock, and be nurtured in a conservatory."

" Nay, for that, the time is hardly come. She is better here, as you see her, father, than in the chambers of a court. For her sake I would still remain ; but for my husband's sake, and the perils he encounters, I wish that one way or the other it were decided."

" Had there been faith in that Italian, it had been so before now," replied the priest, grinding his teeth, and turning away.

But the conversation was closed at the appearance of some women who came out of the cave. They were variously clothed, some coarsely, and others with greater pretensions to finery : they brought with them the implements for cooking, and appeared surprised at the fire being already lighted. Among them was one about twenty-five years of age, and although more faded than she ought to have been at that early age, still with pretensions to almost extreme beauty. She was more gaily dressed than the others, and had a careless, easy air about her, which suited to her handsome, slight figure. It was impossible to see her without being interested, and desiring to know who she was.

This person was the Nancy mentioned by Alice in her conversation with Lilly. Her original name had been Nancy Dawson, but she had married one of the smugglers, of the name of Corbett. Her original profession, previous to her marriage, we will not dwell upon ;

suffice it to say, that she was the most celebrated person of that class in Portsmouth, both for her talent and extreme beauty. Had she lived in the days of King Charles II., and had he seen her, she would have been more renowned than ever was Eleanor Gwynne; even as it was, she had been celebrated in a song, which has not been lost to posterity. After a few years of dissipated life, Nancy reformed, and became an honest woman, and an honest wife. By her marriage with the smuggler, she had become one of the fraternity, and had taken up her abode in the cave, which she was not sorry to do, as she had become too famous at Portsmouth to remain there as a married woman. Still she occasionally made her appearance, and to a certain degree kept up her old acquaintances, that she might discover what was going on—very necessary information for the smugglers. She would laugh, and joke, and have her repartee as usual, but in other points she was truly reformed. Her acquaintance was so general, and she was such a favourite, that she was of the greatest use to the band, and was always sent over to Portsmouth when her services were required. It was supposed there, for she had reported it, that she had retired to the Isle of Wight, and lived there with her husband, who was a pilot, and that she came over to Portsmouth occasionally, to inquire after her old friends, and upon business.

"Nancy Corbett, I must speak to you," said Alice. "Come aside: I wish you, Nancy, to go over immediately. Can you go up, do you think, without being perceived?"

"Yes, Mistress Alice, provided there is no one to see me."

"The case is so important, that we must run the risk."

"We've run cargoes of more value than that."

"But still you must use discretion, Nancy."

"That's a commodity that I've not been very well provided with through life; but I have my wits in its stead."

"Then you must use your wit, Nancy."

"It's like an old knife, well worn, but all the sharper."

Alice then entered into a detail of what she would find out, and gave her instructions to Nancy. The first point was, to ascertain whether it was the cutter which had received the information; the second, who the informer was.

Nancy, having received her orders, tied the strings of her bonnet, caught up a handful of the victuals which were at the fire, and bidding the others a laughing good-bye, with her mouth full, and one hand also occupied, descended the ladder, previous to mounting the cliff.

"Nancy," said Lilly, who stood by the ladder, "bring me some pens."

"Yes, dear; will you have them alive, or dead?"

"Nonsense, I mean some quills."

"So do I, Miss Lilly; but if you want them dead, I shall bring them in my pocket, if alive, I shall bring the goose under my arm."

"I only want the quills, Nancy," replied Lilly, laughing.

"And I think I shall want the feathers of them before I'm at the top," replied Nancy, looking up at the majestic cliff above her. "Good-bye, Miss Lilly."

Nancy Corbett again filled her handsome mouth with bread, and

commenced her ascent. In less than a quarter of an hour she had disappeared over the ridge.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In which there is a great deal of plotting, and a little execution.

We will follow Nancy Corbett for the present. Nancy gained the summit of the cliff, and panting for breath, looked round to ascertain if there was any one in sight, but the coast was clear; she waited a minute to recover herself a little, and then set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the hamlet of Ryde, which then consisted of a few fishermen's huts. It was an hour and a half before she gained this place, from whence she took a boat, and was safely landed at the Point. The fisherman who brought her over was an old acquaintance of Nancy's, and knew that he would have to remain to take her back, but he was well paid for his trouble, and it was a lucky day for him when Nancy required his services. The Yungfrau had rounded St. Helen's, and was standing into Spithead, when Nancy landed, and the first door at which she knocked was at the lodgings of Moggy Salisbury, with whom she was well acquainted, and from whom she expected to be able to gain information. On inquiry, she found that Moggy had not come on shore from the cutter, which had sailed during the night very unexpectedly.

This information pleased Nancy, as Moggy would in all probability be able to give her important information, and she took up her quarters in Moggy's apartments, anxiously awaiting her arrival, for Nancy was not at all anxious to be seen. In due time the cutter was again anchored in the harbour, and the first order of Mr. Vanslyperken's was, that Moggy Salisbury should be sent on shore, which order was complied with, and she left the vessel, vowing vengeance upon the lieutenant and his dog. The informer also hastened into a boat, and pulled on shore on the Gosport side, with a very significant farewell look at Mr. Vanslyperken. Moggy landed, and hastened, full of wrath, to her own lodgings, where she found Nancy Corbett waiting for her. At first she was too full of her own injuries, and the attempt to flog her dear darling Jemmy, to allow Nancy to put in a word. Nancy perceived this, and allowed her to run herself down like a clock; and then proposed that they should send for some purl, and have a cosey chat, to which Moggy agreed, and as soon as they were fairly settled, and Moggy had again delivered herself of her grievances, Nancy put the requisite questions, and discovered what the reader is already acquainted with. She requested, and obtained a full description of the informer, and his person was too remarkable, for Nancy not to immediately recognise who it was.

"The villain!" cried she; "why if there was any man in whom we thought we could trust, it was——him;" for Nancy had in her indignation, nearly pronounced his name.

"Nancy," said Moggy, "you have to do with the smugglers, I know, for your husband is one of them, if report says true. Now, I've been thinking, that the cutter is no place for my Jemmy, and that

with this peak-nosed villain, he will always be in trouble. Tell me, will they let him in, if he volunteers."

"I can't exactly say, Moggy; but this I can tell you, that you may be very useful to them in giving us information, which you may gain through your husband."

"Ay, and not only through my husband, but from every body on board the cutter. I'm yours, Nancy—and here's my hand on it—you'll see what I can do. The wagabond, to attempt to flog my own dear, darling duck—my own Jemmy. Only tell me what you want to know, and if I don't ferret it out, my name's not Moggy. But hear me, Nancy; I join you now hand and heart, though I gain nothing by it; and when you choose to have him, I'll bring you my little duck of a husband, and he will be worth his weight in gold, though I say it that shouldn't say it."

"Thanky, Moggy; but you shall not work for nothing;" and Nancy laid a gold Jacobus on the table. "This for your present information. Be secret and cautious, and no gossiping, and you'll find that you shall have all you wish, and be no loser in the bargain. And now, good night—I must be away. You shall see me soon, Moggy; and remember what I have told you."

Moggy was astonished at the sight of the gold Jacobus, which she took up and examined as Nancy departed. "Well," thought she, "but this smuggling must be a pretty consarn; and as sure as gold is gold, my Jemmy shall be a smuggler."

Nancy turned down the street, and passed rapidly on, until she was clear of the fortifications, in the direction of South Sea Beach. A few scattered cottages were at that time built upon the spot. It was quite dark as she passed the lines, and held her way over the shingle. A man was standing alone, whose figure she recognised. It was the very person that she wished to find. Nancy watched him for awhile, and observed him pull out a paper, tear it in two, and throw it down with gesticulations of anger and indignation. She then approached.

"What's o'clock?" said Nancy.

"Do you want the right time?" replied the man.

"To a minute," replied Nancy, who, finding that the password was given correctly, now stopped, and faced the other party. "Is that you, Cornbury?"

"Yes, Nancy," replied the man, who was the same person who went on board of the cutter to give the information.

"I have been seeking you," replied Nancy. "There has been some information laid, and the boats were nearly surprised. Alice desires that you will find out what boats entered the cove, whom they belonged to, and, if possible, how they obtained the information."

"Boats nearly surprised—you don't say so," replied Cornbury, with affected astonishment. "This must indeed be looked to. Have you no idea——"

"None," replied Nancy. "There was no vessel to be seen the next morning—the fog was too thick. Have you seen Wahop?"

"No; I thought he was on the Isle."

"He ought to have been, but has not come; I have been at the

oak tree for three nights running. It's very strange. Do you think that he can have played false?"

"I never much liked the man," replied Cornbury.

"Nor I either," replied Nancy; "but I must go now, for I must be back at the crags before daylight. Find out what you can, and let us know as soon as possible. I shall be over again as soon as the cargo is run: if you find out any thing, you had better come to-morrow night."

"I will," replied Cornbury; and the parties separated.

"Traitor," muttered Nancy, when she was once more alone. "If he comes, it shall be to his death;" and Nancy stooped down, picked up the pieces of paper which Cornbury had torn up, and put them in the basket she carried on her arm.

It will be observed, that Nancy had purposely thrown out hints against Wahop, to induce Cornbury to believe that he was not suspected. Her assertion that Wahop was not on the island was false. He had been three days at Ryde, according to the arrangement. The bait took. Cornbury perceiving that the suspicion was against Wahop, thought that he could not do better than to boldly make his appearance at the cave, which would remove any doubts as to his own fidelity.

Nancy hastened down to the Point, and returned that night to Ryde, from whence she walked over to the cave, and was there before daylight. She communicated to Alice the intelligence which she had received from Moggy Salisbury, and the arrangements she had proposed to her, by which all the motions of the cutter could be known.

"Is that woman to be trusted, think you, Nancy?" inquired Alice.

"Yes, I believe sincerely she may be. I have known her long; and she wishes her husband to join us."

"We must reflect upon it. She may be most useful. What is the character of the officer who commands the vessel?"

"A miser, and a coward. He is well known—neither honour nor conscience in him."

"The first is well, as we may act upon it, but the second renders him doubtful. You are tired, Nancy, and had better lie down a little."

Nancy Corbett delivered the pens to Lilly, and then took the advice of her superior. The day was remarkably fine, and the water smooth, so that the boats were expected on that night. At dusk two small lights, at even distances, were suspended from the cliff, to point out to the boats that the coast was free, and that they might land. Alice, however, took the precaution to have a watch on the beach, in case of any second surprise being attempted; but of this there was little fear, as she knew from Nancy that all the cutter's boats were on board when she entered the harbour. Lilly, who thought it a delight to be one moment sooner in her father's arms, had taken the watch on the beach, and there the little girl remained perched upon a rock, at the foot of which the waves now only sullenly washed, for the night was beautifully calm and clear. To a passer on the ocean she might have been mistaken for a mermaid who had left her watery bower to look upon the world above.

What were the thoughts of the little maiden as she remained there fixed as a statue? Did she revert to the period at which her infant memory could retrace silken hangings and marble halls, visions of splendour, dreamings of courtly state, or was she thinking of her father, as her quick ear caught the least swell of the increasing breeze? Was she, as her eye was fixed as if attempting to pierce the depths of the ocean, wondering at what might be its hidden secrets, or as they were turned towards the heavens, bespangled with ten thousand stars, was she meditating on the God who placed them there? Who can say?—but that that intellectual face bespoke the mind at work is certain, and from one so pure and lovely could emanate nothing but what was innocent and good.

But a distant sound falls upon her ear; she listens, and by its measured cadence knows that it is the rowers in a boat: nearer it comes and more distinct, and now her keen eye detects the black mass approaching in the gloom of night. She starts from the rock ready to fly up to the cave to give notice of an enemy, or, if their anticipated friends, to fly into the arms of her father. But her alarm is over, she perceives that it is the lugger, the boat dashes into the cove, and the first who lands strains her to his bosom.

"My dearest Lilly, is all well?"

"Yes, all is well, father; but you are well come."

"Run up, dearest, and let the women be ready to assist. We have that here which must soon be out of sight. Is the Father Innis here?"

"Since Thursday last."

"'Tis well, dear; you may go. Quick, my lads, and beach the cargo:—see to it, Ramsay; I must at once unto the cave." Having given these directions, the father of Lilly commenced his ascent over the rough and steep rocks which led up to the cavern, anxious to obtain what information could be imparted relative to the treachery which had led to their narrow escape two nights preceding.

He was met by Alice, who cordially embraced him; but he appeared anxious to release himself from her endearments, that he might at once enter upon matters to him of more serious importance. "Where is the Father Innis, my dear?" said he, disengaging himself from her arms.

"He sleeps, Robert, or, at least, he did just now, but probably he will rise now that you are come. But in the mean time, I have discovered who the traitor is."

"By all the saints, he shall not escape my vengeance."

Alice then entered into the particulars related by Nancy Corbett, and already known to the reader. She had just concluded when Father Innis made his appearance from the cave.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, holy father."

"Welcome, too, my son. Say, do we start to-night?"

"Not till to-morrow night," replied the husband of Alice, who having ascertained that in all probability Cornbury would come that night, determined, at all risks, to get possession of him: "we could well be over before daylight, and with your precious person, I must not risk too much. You are anxiously expected."

"And I have important news," replied the priest, "but I will not detain you now; I perceive that your presence is wanted by your men."

During this colloquy the women had descended the ladder, and had been assisting the men to carry up the various packages of which the boat's cargo consisted, and they now awaited directions as to the stowing away.

"Ramsay," said the leader, "we do not return to night; take the men, and contrive to lift the boat up on the rocks, so that she may not be injured."

An hour elapsed before this was effected, and then the leader, as well as the rest of the smugglers, retired to the cave to refresh themselves with sleep after their night of fatigue. As usual, one woman kept watch, and that woman was Nancy Corbett. The ladder had been hauled up, and she was walking up and down with her arms under a shawl to a sort of stamping trot, for the weather was frosty, when she heard a low whistle at the west side of the flat.

"Oh, ho! have I lured you, you traitorous villain," muttered Nancy, "you come in good time:" and Nancy walked to the spot where the ladder was usually lowered down, and looked over. Although the moon had risen, it was too dark on that side of the platform to distinguish more than that there was a human form, who repeated the whistle.

"What's o'clock?" said Nancy, in a low tone.

"Do you want the right time to a minute?" replied a voice, which was recognised as Cornbury's. Nancy lowered down the ladder, and Cornbury ascended the platform.

"I am glad you are come, Cornbury. Have you heard any thing of Wahop?"

"No one has seen or heard of him," replied the man, "but I have found out what boats they were. Did the lugger come over to-night?"

"Yes," replied Nancy, "but I must go in and let Mistress Alice know that you are here."

Nancy's abrupt departure was to prevent Cornbury from asking if the boat had remained, or returned to the French coast; for she thought it not impossible that the unusual circumstance of the boat remaining might induce him to suppose that his treachery had been discovered, and to make his immediate escape, which he, of course, could have done, and given full information of the cave and the parties who frequented it.

Nancy soon reappeared, and familiarly taking the arm of Cornbury, led him to the eastern side of the platform, asking him many questions. As soon as he was there, the leader of the gang, followed by half a dozen of his men, rushed out and secured him. Cornbury now felt assured that all was discovered, and that his life was forfeited. "Bind him fast," said the leader, "and keep watch over him;—his case shall soon be disposed of. Nancy, you will call me at daylight."

When Cornbury had been secured, the men returned into the cave, leaving one with a loaded pistol to guard him. Nancy still remained on the watch.

"Nancy Corbett," said Cornbury, "why am I treated thus?"

"Why?" replied Nancy, with scorn, "ask yourself why? Do you think that I did not know when I sought you at the beach that you had sailed in the cutter, had brought the boats here, and that if it had not been for the lieutenant taking his dog in the boat and its barking, you would have delivered us all into the hands of the Philistines?—wretched traitor."

"D——n!" muttered Cornbury, "then it is to you, you devil, that I am indebted for being entrapped this way."

"Yes, to me," replied Nancy, with scorn. "And, depend upon it, you will have your deserts before the sun is one hour in the heavens."

"Mistress Nancy, I must beg you to walk your watch like a lady, and not to be corresponding with my prisoner any how, whether you talk raison or traison, as may happen to suit your convanience," observed the man who was guard over Cornbury.

"Be aisy, my jewel," replied Nancy, mimicking the Irishman, "and I'll be as silent as a magpie, any how. And, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you'll just be plased to keep your two eyes upon your prisoner, and not be staring at me, following me up and down, as you do, with those twinklers of yours."

"A cat may look at a king, Mistress Nancy, and no harm done either."

"You forget, Mr. Fitzpatrick," replied Nancy, "that I am now a modest woman."

"More's the pity, Mistress Nancy, I wish you'd forget it too, and I dying of love for you."

Nancy walked away to the end of the platform to avoid further conversation. The day was now dawning, and as, by degrees, the light was thrown upon the face of Cornbury, it was strange to witness how his agitation and his fear had changed all the ruby carbuncles on his face to a deadly white. He called to Nancy Corbett in a humble tone once or twice as she passed by in her walk, but received no reply further than a look of scorn. As soon as it was broad daylight Nancy went into the cave to call up the leader.

In a few minutes he appeared, with the rest of the smugglers.

"Philip Cornbury," said he, with a stern and unrelenting countenance, "you would have betrayed us for the sake of money."

"It is false," replied Cornbury.

"False, is it?—you shall have a fair trial. Nancy Corbett, give your evidence before us all."

Nancy recapitulated all that had passed.

"I say again, that it is false," replied Cornbury. "Where is the woman whom she states to have told her this? This is nothing more than assertion, and I say again, it is false. Am I to be condemned without proofs? Is my life to be sacrificed to the animosity of this woman, who wishes to get rid of me, because—"

"Because what?" interrupted Nancy.

"Because I was too well acquainted with you before your marriage, and can tell too much."

"Now curses on you, for a liar as well as a traitor," exclaimed

Nancy. "What I was before I was married is well known; but it is well known also that I pleased my fancy, and could always choose. I must, indeed, have had a sorry taste to be intimate with a blotched wretch like you. Sir," continued Nancy, turning to the leader, "it is false; and whatever may be said against me on other points, Nancy Dawson, or Nancy Corbett, was never yet so vile as to assert a lie. I put it to you, sir, and to all of you, is not my word sufficient in this case?"

The smugglers nodded their heads in assent.

"And, now that is admitted, I will prove his villany and falsehood. Philip Cornbury, do you know this paper?" cried Nancy, taking out of her bosom the agreement signed by Vanslyperken, which she had picked up on the night when Cornbury had torn it up and thrown it away. "Do you know this paper, I ask you? Read it, sir," continued Nancy, handing it over to the leader of the smugglers.

The paper was read, and the inflexible countenance of the leader turned towards Cornbury,—who read his doom.

"Go in, Nancy Corbett, and let no women appear till all is over."

"Liar!" said Nancy, spitting on the ground as she passed by Cornbury.

"Bind his eyes, and lead to the western edge," said the leader.

"Philip Cornbury, you have but a few minutes to live. In mercy you may see the holy father, if you wish it."

"I'm no d——d papist," replied Cornbury, in a sulky tone.

"Lead him on then."

Cornbury was led to the western edge of the flat, where the cliff was most high and precipitate, and then made to kneel down.

"Fitzpatrick," said the leader, pointing to the condemned.

Fitzpatrick walked up to the kneeling man with his loaded pistol, and then the others, who had led Cornbury to the edge of the cliff, retired.

Fitzpatrick cocked the lock.

"Would you like to say, 'God have mercy on my treacherous sinful sowl,' or anything short and sweet like that?" said Fitzpatrick; "if so, I'll wait a couple of seconds more for your convanience, Philip Cornbury."

Cornbury made no reply. Fitzpatrick put the pistol to his ear, the ball whizzed through his brain, the body half raised itself from its knees with a strong muscular action, and then toppled over and disappeared over the side of the precipice.

"It's to be hoped that the next time you lave this world, Master Cornbury, it will be in a purliter sort of manner. A civil question demands a civil answer any how," said Fitzpatrick, coolly rejoining the other men.

*(To be continued.)*

# DIARY OF A BLASÉ.[1]

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Dovor, June 1836.

THERE is a species of taxation in England, which may be said to be almost peculiar to the country. That there will be extortion or begging everywhere, even in America, is undoubted; but these two principles are, in England, carried on upon a system quite unknown in any other country. It is not the applicants for your money who are the real beggars; it is their employers, who, to increase their own profits, throw upon the public all the minor expenses, much in the same way that the farmers used to contrive that the parish should pay the wages of their labourers. To a constant traveller these expenses become enormous; and even to one who travels seldom, they are at the time vexatious and irritating. They may be chiefly included under the heads of waiters, postilions, coachmen, guards, porters, and all those connected with embarkation and debarkation: the real mendicants are the innkeepers, coach proprietors, and general Steam Navigation Company, who, to reduce the nominal amount of their own charges without reducing their profits, have thrown upon the shoulders of the public all this variety of expenses, which ought to be defrayed by themselves. I took up a small volume to amuse me during my journey, without further attention to it at the time, except that it was one that I had not read. On opening it I found it was stated to be from the pen of Grant Thorburn, the seedsman and nailmaker of New York. After I had read a dozen pages, I felt convinced that although his style was well imitated, that it was from a superior hand. It is styled, "Men and Manners in Britain; or, a Bone for the Trollopes and Fiddlers;" a passage, indicating these extortions, arrested my attention.

I laid down the book, and determined to ascertain how far the observations were borne out in my present trip.

Drove in a cab to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—stopped close to the heads of the leaders of the coach—a porter seizes my luggage. "Which coach, sir?"—"Dovor."—"Just in time, sir."—"That's all I wished to be."—Takes my luggage into the coach-office.—"Please to remember the porter, sir."—Gave him sixpence for walking five yards, a common agricultural labourer would have worked hard for three hours to obtain the same.

Inside the coach.—"Your luggage was one portmanteau, carpet-bag, and a dressing-case?"—"Yes."—"They are all safe, sir, in the foreboot. Please to remember the porter, sir."—Another sixpence, the man looked a shilling at me, demurred, holding the coach-door open, then slammed it to.

[1] Continued from page 46.

On the road.—Stop half an hour at Rochester.—"Waiter, a glass of brandy and waiter, cold without."—"Coach is ready, sir."—"How much, waiter?"—"One shilling the brandy, sir."—As much as to say, and sixpence for myself.

Stop at Canterbury.—"Coachman: Gentlemen and ladies, if you please," says the party, waking us out of a sleep too difficult to be obtained, to be renewed for the rest of the journey. Two-and-sixpence forked by the three gentlemen passengers; the last, a French lady, watching what was given, and very unwillingly, and evidently with surprise mixed with unwillingness, following the munificent example. But what are you to do? No one likes to be exposed to insult, and such would certainly be the case. I once recollect giving a shilling, and was told by the coachman that I had made a mistake in my vehicle, and should have come by the wagon, as my mother always had done before me. Although the quietest man in the world, I turned round and thrashed the fellow. But was that any consolation? Would it not have been better to have paid one-and-sixpence more than have run the risk of a black eye, and have obtained the certainty of my knuckles peeled bare, and hands disfigured for a week? Most surely; but then my mother! It was all filial duty. Canterbury being but sixteen miles from Dovor, it was imagined that the new coachman would hardly have ventured to ask for a fee; but, alas! they had selected a man of such consummate impudence, that he boldly came in upon our arrival, and obtained from each one shilling.

The guard also now claimed his half-crown, and then all was paid up from London to Dovor: but now let us calculate the per centage. The coach fare inside was nominally twenty-eight shillings; and during the journey I had contributed to the support of no less than six individuals attached to the establishment, paying them seven-and-sixpence, or about twenty-seven per cent. And this is about the mark; that is, twenty-five per cent. is paid extra in England by this system of pauperism and robbery combined. The same ratio of expense attends embarkation of yourself and your luggage; nay, you cannot set your own person in the steam-vessel, although it is alongside the quay, without paying sixpence to the ladder-men, a species of accommodation which one would imagine that the proprietors of the vessels are bound to afford. But the worst of this is, that it is a regular organized system by the proprietors. Not only do their servants work without being paid, but they even pay the proprietors for their situations, as is well known to be a fact, in some of the principal London coffee-houses, and in all the hotels. And it is not the fault of those who demand the money, for they tell you truly that it is all they have to depend upon. How different is the case when you travel abroad! On your arrival at the seaport you will meet with extortion; but it is chiefly from English commissioners, your own countrymen, who have there introduced the English system. Travel post, or by diligence, there is no begging, no extortion of any kind from the postilions or conductors. Your luggage is put on and taken off without any demand, and if you choose to give *à pour boire*, it is thankfully received, but never asked for.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Habit and association blind us. No nation can well judge of its own merits and demerits. It is only the traveller *par excellence.* I refer not to the mere tourist; but the man who has been round and round the world, commencing from boyhood—who has, from continued absence, broken the links which would otherwise have bound him to the national *pro aris et focis,* who can truly judge, and whose opinion may deserve to carry some weight. He must be, in the truest sense of the word, a cosmopolite, free from all prejudice, and looking philosophically, but kindly, upon all countries alike, who can fully perceive the faults and the virtues of his own countrymen. Whether I have that claim I hardly know; as far as being torn from my paternal roof in childhood, and for a period of thirty years having wandered, not having remained, perhaps, more than four years out of that thirty in my own country, I may be considered as not wedded to national custom and prejudice; but whether I am competent, in other points, it is not for me to decide. I was reflecting last Sunday evening, when alone in my rooms, upon a very serious question.

Are the English the religious nation which they claim to be? and are they justified in their pharisaical contempt of the French? I thought for many hours, and it may be a matter of surprise, that I was unwillingly obliged to find a verdict against my own countrymen.

We are a sombre nation, a matter-of-fact nation, and in the middle and higher grades, perhaps, a moral nation, but not a religious nation; and the very outward observances are inimical to the true religion of the heart required by the Omniscient.

Let us first put the general question. Are we not the most gain-seeking nation in existence? It is undeniable. Can we therefore serve Mammon so diligently for six days in the week, and then turn round with all sincerity to God on the seventh? Impossible; it is contrary to nature. We may observe outward forms, but is the heart there? Can any man who has been ruled by what has become a habit, confirmed by years, divest himself of that habit at volition? He may try to do it, and in the trial lays the merit; but he can no more prevent his thoughts wandering back to his worldly affairs, than an inveterate snuff-taker, with the box open before him, could deny himself a pinch of snuff, because it was the hallowed day.

It is the fact that, as a nation and in communities, our virtues and our vices in this world depend more upon circumstances than upon ourselves. This may be considered to be a bold assertion, but it is borne out by investigation in every race and in every clime.

I have said that we are a sombre nation. There is more than one cause for it. Our climate has some effect; but what has more, is the national feeling with which we are innoculated from our cradles as a money-getting community—to obtain the greatest possible results by the least possible means—a law of mechanics, which actuates every motive of action in the English community, and to which they sacrifice every thing. It is this pervading first principle which has made us a sombre and suicidal nation, not our climate; for actuated

by it in all we do, we never study to please the imagination. There is no relaxation, no relief to the mind, which, like the machine, works on and on in its calling, till it wears out.

To prove the truth of this assertion, let us make a comparison between the two metropolises of England and France.

In London, where we suffer under a damp and foggy climate, and the smoke of coal fires, there is little or no ventilation in the narrow and confined streets,—and why? Because distance is time, time is money, and money is every thing.

In Paris, a merchant, when he takes a warehouse, will look as much for a cheerful situation as he will for a convenient one.

Bricks are cheaper than stone, and the very sombre hue of brick edifices is reflected upon the imagination. Does not the feeling of exhilaration rise when we pass through the light-built cheerful skirts of Paris, or saunter in the Boulevards, and the eye reposes upon the foliage of the trees?

The plan of building in London is equally productive of gloom. Space is money, and money every thing. The old and never-lost-sight-of principle appears, of the greatest possible results by the least possible means? What is the consequence?

We have staircases just large enough to get up. With us, staircases are staircases. Our rooms are equally confined, and more dark from a want of sufficient light. The servants live in cellars, for the kitchens are cellars, and nothing more. There is no space for ornament, nor light to display it. The walls are mostly bare,—there is nothing to catch and please the eye—no attempt to win the imagination for a moment, and allow other thoughts to be dismissed. All is matter-of-fact, of necessity, and no more.

Examine the interior of a house at Paris, see the space that is sacrificed, the lightness, neatness, loftiness of the rooms, the cheerfulness occasioned by the mirrors, the paintings, the good taste of the ornamental department in all its branches. You will then perceive that all this affects the imagination, and that the contrary occasions you to be sombre. You may feel the truth of this when you recollect how strong the effect of a fine sunny day is upon the spirits of an Englishman. And why so? because he is cheered by an accession of that light and air which he has denied to himself.

It is not the house of the rich man in Paris that I refer to; the same feeling pervades from high to low. Go into the porter's lodge, you will find that he has his decorations, his small mirror, his framed pictures, his little library, his flowers in the window-sill. It is but a hole, but it is as cheerful and gay as that hole can be made.

I feel convinced that the above observations are so true, that if London could be pulled down and rebuilt upon a better plan, a few years would materially improve the character of the inhabitants. We have sacrificed every thing to profit, and by so doing we have built ourselves dungeons. Who can be gay under such confinement, and actuated by the one only feeling of obtaining wealth?

I have said that we are a sombre nation, and in the middle and higher classes a moral one.

And here I am afraid that I shall not give satisfaction; for as there

can be no true morality without religion, so then, as I have denied religion, some other cause must be found for our morality. It is to be found in the ever-acting principle of the community, in the constant seeking after the attainment of wealth. In a commercial nation like ours, it is absolutely necessary that probity should be upheld as one of the first principles of guidance. If a man has once established his character in this point, he has half established his fortune. The notorious Colonel Chartres is known to have said, that he would give twenty thousand pounds for a good character, if such were to be obtained by purchase; and on being asked his reason, very honestly confessed that it was because he would make one hundred thousand pounds by it.

Now a man is seldom honest in one point and not in another; and the moral code is, generally speaking, either received or rejected in toto. The youth of England are brought up morally and religiously; it is their interest in advanced life to be the one, and to appear to be the other. In fact, they would perhaps be both, if circumstances would have permitted it; but they prove the truth of the Scripture, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Although the higher classes have religion in their mouths, talk of the Established Church, danger of popery, &c., as I cannot pretend to say what they have in their hearts, I will only observe, that as legislators, they have done much harm both to the cause of religion and of morality. It is generally supposed, that a man will be moral first, and religious afterwards. Now our government have attempted to force religion, or rather, the outward observance of it, upon the lower classes, without in any way legislating for morality. The discrepancy of this conduct has been more than absurd. They refuse to the poorer classes innocent amusements, and at the same time wink at, and almost sanction, the most degrading vice.

It is a well known fact, that there are whole streets in the metropolis occupied only by thieves, pickpockets, and the most abandoned of females. Streets utterly deserted, unlighted, the houses in them spacious and lofty, once, perhaps, the abode of all that was respectable, and wealthy, and good, now dark and dismal purlieus, appropriated as dens for vice and immorality. I have been through them at night from curiosity—not without danger—and have beheld this extremity of vice, dissipation, and misery. In these streets there is no landlord who can call for his rent, but two-pence or three-pence a-night is charged for the inhabiting of rooms full of filth, where promiscuously are heaped together the abandoned of both sexes, who, after prowling for their prey, return to their lairs either moody from disappointment, or flushed with gin and success. And in these streets are permitted to advance to maturity, thousands of children of both sexes, a nursery for prostitution and pickpockets, who live in a state of abandonment, supporting themselves by petty thieving, until they become ripe for their respective professions. And yet, although this is well known, the government do not interfere. No, this nursery of present and future crime, is not worthy of their consideration!

Again, we have, as it is calculated, forty thousand unhappy women walking the streets of London, all with their respective *beats*, which

are not interfered with—hundreds of houses *virtually* licensed by the police for the accommodation of the public.

But this is not the greatest of the evils. We have the gin palaces decorated at an enormous expense, with their numerous gas lights flaring and pointing out where inebriety holds his court. This is horrible, most horrible; call England a virtuous nation after this—when the government, showing in a body the national folly, think only of an increased revenue, and nothing of the demoralization of the people. A man may be guilty of some crimes when sober, but he will do what he would otherwise recoil at when intoxicated. There is a very apt fable of a man who was obliged, from some previous compact or another with the devil, to choose to obey him in three offices. The devil gave him his choice, to murder his father, to ruin his sister, or to get drunk. The man chose the last, as the least crime of the three; but what was the consequence? as soon as he was drunk, the devil persuaded him to commit the other two.

It may be urged, that the laws are severe, and are put in force. This is true, and, until lately, the laws were much too severely imposed; but is not prevention better than remedy? and is it not the duty of a paternal government to put an end to this nursery of crime? At present, they are acting in the same way as landed proprietors do, when they allow their rabbits to get a-head, that they may have the amusement of destroying them; for, by not interfering with this juvenile delinquency, they procure a continual supply of subjects for the hulks, the colonies, and the gallows.

Now that I have shown what our legislators for the last century do not think it their duty to interfere with, I will point out what they do interfere with, viz. the rational amusements of the people, such as dancing, theatricals, and any species of relaxation, particularly on a Sunday.

And here we come to a very important question, which is, upon what is, and what is not a due observance of the sabbath day. I feel that I am on dangerous ground; but I have my opinion on the subject, and if I am wrong, it is not from not having reflected upon the subject.

In England, the universal principle which guides every thing, has sunk the lower classes into mere machines; they are worked to excess during the six days in the week, and the utmost possible amount of labour is extracted from them at the lowest possible cost. Amusement is unknown and unthought of during the week days. Unlike the Catholic countries, we have no festival days except Easter and Christmas, in which a man can lay by his work and be merry. If he did, he would not have bread for his children for the day after.

The poor man in England has fifty-two days of rest in three hundred and sixty-five. Abroad, the poor man does not work more than two hundred days in the year. Now, with such incessant toil, our legislators will tell the poor wretches, that they are to keep the Sabbath in due observance—according to their reading of the word due observance, which, be it observed, is outward form only. There are no sabbath laws for the rich—they may, and they do, do as they please. It is true, that they observe the sabbath as far as going to church,

some, perhaps, twice a day; but are "*the cattle within their gates*" allowed the benefit of the commandment? Does even the bishop walk to church? Besides, be it remembered, that there is a great deal of difference between keeping one day sacred after having *amused* yourselves the other six, and keeping that day sacred, after having toiled for the same period. I will not pretend to say what may be implied by a due observance of the sabbath, as given out in the commandment, but this I do know, that our Saviour walked in the corn fields with his disciples on that day. I know that the sabbath is not observed by the higher classes, according to their own reading of the commandment as legislators and as divines, and that the measures taken by them to enforce the due observance of this day by the lower classes, is productive of much crime and misery, and that merely because the lower classes are denied rational amusement, which cannot be offensive to God.

The absurdity of legislating upon this point is fully proved by the inconsistencies which it has produced; for instance, barbers are not to shave on Sundays; is not cleanliness a duty, and is it not a part of the respect paid to the Lord's day? The upper classes may have their beards taken off by their valets, or with their own razors on a Sunday morning, but the poor may not. Might you not just as well prohibit washing hands and faces on a Sunday? for ablution is quite as necessary as shaving, if people are to appear clean.

Some devout legislator, I forget who it was, gets up a petition from the journeymen bakers, who, by cooking the Sunday dinners, complain that they are not able to attend Divine service. Now, in the first place, as all the Sunday dinners are out of the oven by half-past one o'clock, if they were prevented attending morning service, they were not prevented going to church in the afternoon; and in the next place, allowing this petition to have been attended to, what must have been the result? Say, that there are five thousand journeymen bakers throughout the kingdom who are detained watching the dinners of fifty families in each oven. Had these five thousand journeymen bakers gained their petition and baking on Sundays been put an end to, instead of one journeyman baker being kept away from church, there would have been fifty people obliged to remain at home to watch each separate dinner; or that to enable these five thousand to go to church, if so inclined, two hundred and fifty thousand people must have remained at home in the cottages to watch the separate cooking. And this is legislation!

The whole system, at present, is such as to drive the lower classes into vice and dissipation. Dancing is totally prohibited every day in the week, but a man may get as drunk as he pleases. Now, there is no recreation so valuable or so innocent as dancing; it affects the imagination, for the time absorbs all other ideas, the mind is exhilarated by the exercise and by the music, and it should be encouraged as much as possible. Upon what plea is it denied—because it leads to immorality? On the contrary, it checks immorality: the man who is amusing himself with dancing will not get tipsy half so soon as he would otherwise; in all probability not drink more than he ought. But we insist upon idleness, which is the root of all evil, and having nothing

better to do our people get drunk. Why are the French such a sober people? Because they are exhilarated by amusements, and do not require further stimulus. In England, the people get drunk in a corner like hogs, because they are not permitted to do any thing else.

Some months ago, a friend asked me whether I would accompany him to the play. I consented, without caring which theatre we might visit. He led me through a part of St. Giles's, until we arrived at a gateway leading into a yard. At the gateway he gave a man two-pence for our entrance, and we received two dirty bits of card. We walked to the end of the yard, mounted an outside staircase, and found ourselves in what had once been a large hayloft, and was now fitted out as a rude theatre. The sight was curious. There were about two hundred people collected, all unwashed except ourselves. Chimney-sweeps, apple-women, journeymen of all descriptions, boys and girls. Behind me sat in a row seven old women, each with a short pipe in her mouth. The man who acted as, I cannot say box-keeper, for we sat upon forms, but as master of the ceremonies, was deficient in that necessary appendage called a shirt, but he was very polite. Perceiving that we were rather respectable, he handed us to the best places, and in a few minutes, during which I was astonished at the quiet and decorum which were maintained, the curtain drew up and the performance commenced. The first piece was "Frankenstein:" I will not say much for the merits of the actors; but they acted with all their heart and soul, and we were much amused. They concluded with the "Mayor of Garratt," and here I could not help being surprised at one circumstance:—there is a part of this farce not very delicate, where Jerry Sneak comes in and relates to Bruen what he has seen through the keyhole relative to the Mayor and his wife. This is generally said out aloud in the theatres, but here it was *whispered*. But in other points, this penny theatre set an example to those licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. When the curtain drew up, the order for hats and bonnets off was immediately complied with; there was the greatest decorum and quiet throughout the whole of the performance, and, when it was over, the spectators separated without noise or confusion.

Now, I would put the case to the reader--were not these two hundred people much more rationally employed for two or three hours in spending a penny, and being thus amused and instructed, too, than in getting drunk at one of the gin palaces? And yet, had the police known of it they would have broken in, taken some of us up and lodged us in the watchhouse till we could make our appearance before their worships, the magistrates, on the following morning, who, in their horror of such profane and unlicensed doings, might have, perhaps, sent me and my friend for a week or so to the treadmill as an example to evil-doers.

We must now return to the sabbath-day, and examine how it is spent in this country in consequence of unwise legal enactments: the great object of legislation is to correct as far as possible—to render man perfect is impossible—but we have to choose the minor evil and the major good. If we cannot force people to keep the commandment, we must do all we can to induce them to keep it as far as pos-

sible: and, in our legislation, we must always bear in mind the peculiarities and the circumstances which bear upon the case. Under the present system, the most immoral day of the seven, in England, is the sabbath-day. It is singular that, while legislating upon such trifles as a man's beard, it has never occurred to our rulers that the sabbath is not the day of rest, but the day of hard work *par excellence*, for our noble friend the horse. Every animal that can be mounted or driven is put into requisition on that day: to the horse it is a day of misery. Away they go out of London in every direction, to distances beyond their strength, and do not return till late at night, driven furiously back by people in a state of inebriety. You may drive a noble animal to death, you may get drunk, you may seduce a virtuous girl, in short, you may be guilty of every species of vice and immorality, and cruelty on a Sunday, provided you do not shave, or play cricket, or dance in the evening, after having attended divine service and thanked God for his mercies in the morning of that day. And this is legislation!

I have said that the poorer classes of England require relaxation and amusement, which is denied them *in toto*. Circumstances will not permit them, even if it were allowed them to benefit by it on the six days in the week; it appears to me that sound legislation would permit it on the Sunday, and that, by its being permitted, the cause of morality would be upheld; and with all due respect to those who think otherwise, I do not think that it would be an offence in the eye of a merciful and kind God. We are told to keep that day holy, but the question is, what is the meaning of the word holy; is it not explained by what follows in the commandment, that it is to be a day of rest from worldly labour to all, not only to yourself but to your household and to your cattle. Does holy imply that you are to wear a grave face? Does holiness consist in outward observance? Is it a sin to laugh or be merry? Are we required to pray during the whole of that day? Did not our Saviour rebuke the Pharisee for his ostentatious public prayers, and justify the publican who ejaculated shortly and in secret? But the question is this:—Are we required of the Almighty to do more than our nature and infirmity will permit? And can any man—can the Archbishop of Canterbury, declare solemnly that he can dedicate that whole day to the service of God, without wandering? Impossible. Then if such is the case, let us make the day as holy as we can, and not attempt to desecrate it by hypocrisy. Let us enjoin a due attendance at church, and let us not forbid rational amusements which will put a stop to vice and immorality. The mind cannot be kept on the stretch, it cannot direct its attention to serious subjects for a whole day, nor is it required. If the rich, who have no excuse for the *outward* observance of that day, fail in their duty, how can they expect the poor man, after his six days of toil, to accomplish it, when he feels that relaxation is absolutely necessary for his existence?

At present, the day is desecrated. It is a day of beastly intoxication, because nothing else is permitted except idleness. It is a day which is the cause of bitter tears, of wretchedness, and infamy to many a poor girl; for it is a singular fact, that the idleness and want of amusement on that day is the cause of their ruin, and it has

been proved by inquiry that nine out of ten of the unfortunates who have been seduced have to recall the evening of some Sunday as the cause of their misfortune.

Let me conclude by observing, that there are more ways of worshipping and honouring the Deity than falling down before him on our knees. Why the chosen of God danced before the ark I leave to be explained by the divines; but this is certain, that cheerfulness and thankfulness, innocent mirth, good-will towards others, gratitude for mercies received, amusement and exercise, creating happiness and injuring none, are as acceptable to a merciful and loving God at the close of the day dedicated to him, as devout prayer and meditation at the commencement.

*( To be continued.)*

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## MY ISLAND HOME.

They tell of the breezes of Araby,
With spices on their wings;
But Albion's gales are the breezes for me,
Which the broad blue ocean brings.

Some talk of the thrill of the bulbul's notes,
In a perfumed eastern bower;
Far sweeter the song of the nightingale floats,
At England's sunset hour.

Some sing of the maiden of Georgia's face,
And the sunburnt dames of Spain;
But I am content with my land's native grace,
Nor seek it across the main.

Not the clime where the turrets of Venice rise,
Like a queen from out the sea;
Not the colours of Italy's glowing skies
Can vie with the isle of the free.

Show me the source of the eastern wind,
And the forests of the west,
Ye will not banish this thought from my mind,
That *here* is the isle of the blest.

Not the home of the Arab, the Persian, or Greek,
Where the myrtle and olive twine,
And the sunbeams tarnish the virgin's cheek,
Would I exchange for mine.

## CLEVER MEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I AM exceedingly fond of the phrase a "Clever Man;" it is not always well applied, but it is always well intended; it implies respect on the part of the speaker, and conveys agreeable ideas to the mind of the hearer. I was somewhat baffled in this theory a few months ago, by a gentleman, of whose abilities I have a high opinion, who assured me, that he had often heard the term clever applied to men, whose only sign of acuteness lay in a keen, cunning, attentive eye to their own interests; but when we came to discuss the point, he allowed that such men were only called "clever fellows."

Now this gives the phrase a completely different bearing; the familiarity of the substantive in a great degree neutralises the praise of the adjective; people speak of a clever fellow in a tone of contemptuous admiration, as they do for instance of a rope-dancer, who performs feats which they cannot do themselves, but which they would not do, even if they could. A "clever man," however, is spoken of with the deference which mental superiority must always command: for my own part, I consider an introduction to a clever man as a decided favour and benefit. I do not, at present, say a word about clever women, because it is my wish to treat only of the highest order of talent; and I am no disciple of Mary Wolstonecraft, no advocate for the equality of the sexes. I am certainly of opinion, that there are many women of decided intellect, that the education of the present day unfolds such intellect more than that of the past century, and that the improvements of future days may unfold it still more, but there my concessions must cease; as the education of women progresses, so does that of men; they must always keep far in advance of us, and the cleverest woman of this age, or of any other, if in company with a really clever man, will, if she be prudent, give up all thoughts of rivalling his conversation, and be contented to admire, and to profit by it. This would be a delightful world if all the clever men we hear of deserved the term; but, alas! I have so often been introduced to a clever man, with the assurance that I shall be enraptured with him, and so often found the cheating phantom fade into air in the first ten minutes of conversation, that, in fact, I begin now to have a kind of premonitory horror of the clever men who are introduced to my notice with a flourish of trumpets, and prefer those whose abilities I find out for myself. It is the custom to decry the society of watering-places as trifling and frivolous, but I must in justice to them say, that some of the very cleverest men whom I know, have been met with by me at a watering-place; and the perfect freedom of intercourse enjoyed under such circumstances, renders the conversation of the clever man a source of far greater satisfaction than if he were encountered at the crowded assembly of a lionizing dowager, or the formal banquet of

some ostentatious dinner-giver, who, secure that his service of plate is no counterfeit, does not care whether his clever man be so or not. Let me now, however, give my own notions on the subject. I was once asked in company to define my idea of a clever man. I answered, "A man who combines original genius, with extensive reading." I was told that my definition was a good one, but that I required too much; now, here the *vox populi* was, as it is very apt to be, in the wrong; it was *not* a good definition, and the fault of it was, that I did not require enough. I should have added, that my clever man must possess practical knowledge and experience of the world, for without that qualification, he could never bring his abilities to bear, so as to be generally useful in society.

A clever man should have tact enough to know when to be silent, and when and how to speak; he should be as well versed in the study of men as of books, and a person who has lived in retirement, or in a limited circle, can no more be fully acquainted with the former, than one, who has merely opened a few authors, can be thoroughly skilled in the latter. My definition, therefore, was as faulty as if I had been asked to define a good singer, and replied, "A person who unites a fine voice with an accurate ear:" these are certainly important requisites, but knowledge of musical science is indispensable, to regulate and keep them in order; and knowledge of the world, in the same way, can alone enable the clever man to turn his originality and his reading to good account. One of the disappointments which I have suffered so often, that I have now become quite hardened to it, is, being introduced to a clever man, and finding out that he is an eminent classical scholar, and *nothing else*. I do not mean to deny that a classical scholar may be a clever man in all the particulars I have enumerated, but his classical abilities do not necessarily render him so. I have sometimes also been entrapped into the idea that I am going to meet a clever man, and have found that he is only clever and distinguished in his own profession. What is it to me that a man is pre-eminently excellent and skilful in medicine, or in the law, unless I wish to become his patient, or his client? The same remark applies, in some measure, to professors of the fine arts; a sculptor, a painter, a musician, may be clever in his profession, and much may be learned from his conversation on professional subjects, but if he be not clever out of it, he ought not to receive the praise due alone to general talent.

Authors are more usually clever men than any other class of persons: an author, if at all eminent, must possess two of my requisites —he must have studied and digested the thoughts of others, to enable him to arrange and harmonise his own: as to knowledge of the world, he is rather likely to have too much than too little of it; the rivalries, the enmities, the jealousies, the littlenesses of human nature, have been too plainly revealed to him. On that account, although I am always glad to meet authors, I would rather choose that my clever man *par excellence* should not be an author, at least, not a decided and professional member of the world of letters. An author must be more than mortal if he can converse on the works of his brother-writers without the slightest mixture of prejudice and party spirit; it

is probable he has met with injustice and unkindness from some among them, whose talents are undoubted and splendid; and the feelings of the man will, in such a case, often prevail over those of the clever man, and he will be tempted to decry those abilities which he would naturally be inclined to admire and extol. Of all those whom the world denominates clever men, the most insufferable to me is the show-off man, the wit, the punster, whose every sentence is chorussed by a laugh, who is the life of a large party, but who we hear, from private information, is apt to be extremely dull and stupid by his own fire-side. No wonder, the sobering-down of the spirits and feelings after violent mental excitement, must be, at least, as painful and depressing as the recovery from intoxication. Next to the wit, I dislike the teller of good stories. I was once introduced to a gentleman, whom I was told I should consider a clever man, and an amusing companion. I could not concede the former title to him, for I soon discovered his ignorance of books; but I was willing to allow his claims to the latter; he told a variety of original and entertaining stories, and told them in very good language, and in a striking tone and manner.

The second time I met him, my opinion remained unchanged; but the third time, to my great consternation, some of the stories of the first day made their re-appearance, not only the same stories, but related in the very same words, and with the same action and emphasis. In short, I found him to be a complete barrel-organ: when he had got to the end of his tunes he began them again; he was the delight of new acquaintance, and the torment of old ones. There is a description of half-clever men very superior to the one whom I have been sketching, and yet falling far short of the reality of talent:—I mean the man who reads cursorily and superficially, but who wishes to be thought to read deeply and universally; who makes himself up for conversation by studying the reviews and magazines, and generally figures in the evening with the freshly-acquired knowledge of the morning. Such a man is usually assuming and overbearing in his manners; he claims the lead in conversation, and always leads it to the point calculated to show himself to the best advantage; he touches, in the course of his visit, on new novels, poems, volumes of travels, works of science and philosophy, and quotes a striking passage from each, and the wondering hearers say, "What surprising general knowledge Mr. —— has!" when the whole of it is most likely gleaned from the "Athenæum" and "Literary Gazette" of the preceding week. Having thus touched on a few of the classes of pretended clever men, I will now mention several signs, besides the three grand requisites before enumerated, by which my readers may be enabled to discover the really clever man. In the first place, he is thoroughly easy and unaffected. Moore, speaking of Crabbe, feelingly and beautifully says,

> "True bard and simple, as the race
> Of true-born poets ever are;
> When stooping from their starry place,
> They're children near, though gods afar!"

That character which Moore applies to poets in particular, I should apply generally to all the sons of genius; dogmatism, stiffness, and

pedantry are utterly foreign to their feelings and manners. I can never understand what people mean when they say, they are afraid to talk to a clever man; there is no description of person to whom I can talk with so little fear, no one whom I feel assured will pass over my deficiencies with so much charity and candour. Another characteristic of the clever man is, that he is quite free from all propensity to quizzing and banter. I do not mean that he may not enjoy a joke, and occasionally join in a laugh against folly and absurdity, but the setting up any one person as a butt, and constantly striving to expose his foibles and weaknesses, is an instance of bad taste, of which the clever man is never guilty. The acknowledged quizzer's character has, indeed, never been better described than by Miss Pardoe, who calls him, "the professor of an art which, born of flippancy and self-conceit, is nursed by malice, and is the fitting concomitant of low birth, low breeding, and low ideas!" The clever man never talks very long on one theme, however interesting; he always avoids what is quaintly called, "wearing a subject to rags," and he can well afford to be liberal of his mental expenditure, for his range of subjects is so extensive and varied, that he can dismiss each with some portion of the gloss upon it, and call forth another to his auditors in all the bloom of novelty. The clever man does not only read much, but he reads miscellaneously; he has most likely some particular description of study, which he prefers, but he reads all publications of any note, partly to enlarge his already expansive mind by extended research, and partly, because he feels that it is a duty which he owes to society to be able to give his opinion, if asked, on every variety of literary topic. You will never hear from a clever man the vulgarly self-sufficient boast, "I read none but standard authors; I have no time to waste on modern trash!" In effect, the clever man finds that a little leisure time enables him to read a vast deal. I do not think I can fix on a more decided characteristic of the clever man than his exceeding rapidity in reading; it is such as not only to excite the wonder, but even to puzzle the comprehension of the dullards of society. There is an idea that those who read rapidly are not able to retain what they read, but it is a mistaken one; the same quickness of understanding and vividness of mind which enable them to do the one, will befriend them in the other. I must acknowledge, however, that people of talent lay themselves open to that observation, for they are very fond of saying, that they have bad memories, when, if they compared them with those of their neighbours, they would have every reason to be satisfied with them; but they expect impossibilities from their memories, and therefore, of course, meet with disappointment. One of the cleverest men I know is constantly lamenting his want of memory, although it is scarcely possible to mention a book that he cannot discuss, or to begin a quotation that he cannot finish. There is nothing unnatural in this feeling; he who reads and remembers much, so far from being vain of his knowledge, is always sure to regret that he does not know more. The clever man talks with great fluency and command of words, but with great simplicity; there is never anything in his manner which puts you in mind of a speaker at a debating so-

ciety, and if he find the whole company silent, attending to him as if he were a public orator, he is rather annoyed than gratified.

Were any one whom I thought really qualified to enjoy the conversation of a clever man to ask my advice, how they might insure that benefit in its fullest extent, I should say, "Do not attempt to draw him out, as it is coarsely and presumptuously called; endeavour to engage him in immediate discourse with yourself; in a large party you will probably find an opportunity of doing so; let him start his own subject; do not speak much yourself, but, at the same time, do not speak affectedly little; let him see that you can understand and appreciate him; be respectful and easy, but, at the same time, do not allow your respect to amount to awe, or your ease to degenerate into familiarity; he will be pleased to meet with a congenial mind, even although of an inferior grade to his own, and you will probably enjoy more of his really good conversation than the whole herd of flatterers and worshippers remaining in the room. A clever man can, in a moment, discern between the sycophantic fawning of those who applaud merely because others do, and the natural unsophisticated admiration of a kindred spirit."

Having thus sketched my clever man, I will add a few particulars, the combination of which is desirable to exist if he is to be seen in a thoroughly advantageous light. He must not be rich or poor: if the former, we are disgusted by seeing common-place people fawn upon him; if the latter, we are incensed at their affectation of patronising him: he must not be handsome or ugly; a clever man's person should never be such as to claim any notice in conversation, we should only talk of his mind; of the two extremes, I should much rather that he were ugly than handsome, for he would talk away the impression of his ugliness in the first half hour of his introduction to any one whose good opinion was worth having. One is sensible of this charm even in a book: I do not know any modern hero of fiction whom I like so much as Colonel Manners, in the "Gipsy," and yet I felt decidedly prejudiced against him by the description in the opening pages, of his exceeding plainness. If, on the other hand, the clever man be handsome, it does not render him at all more agreeable, most probably it makes him less so, and it gives his own sex an opportunity, whenever he is commended by a lady, of insinuating that his personal rather than his mental recommendations are the objects of her admiration. The clever man ought not to be too young or too old; presumption and flippancy are the faults of young men, dogmatism and prosiness those of old ones; and, although extreme cleverness will keep these qualities in subjection, they may occasionally be apt to peep out: I should, therefore, like the clever man to be somewhere between thirty and fifty, if at the precise middle arch so much the better. In regard to marriage, I would decidedly wish the clever man to be single; would he indeed marry the cleverest woman of his acquaintance, who was suitable to him in other respects, it would be an excellent thing for society. What a treat I should consider it to visit at the house of a clever couple! the "Will you pass a long day with me?" which Miss Landon now playfully designates as one of the "penalties of friendship," would then become a cabalistic spell of enjoyment, an "Open, Se-

samé," which would introduce us to untold stores of treasure. But, alas! the idea is quite as much a vision of imagination as "Open, Sesamé" itself: the clever man, if he marry at all, makes a point of choosing a remarkably silly woman, a pretty wax doll, whom he idolises through the honeymoon, and is ashamed of all his life afterwards. Why this should be I cannot profess to say. I am aware that a hundred voices will immediately reply to me, that the clever man is jealous of the idea of being rivalled and outshone by his wife. This feeling may probably exist among the lower order of literati.

> "Fellows
> In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink;"

concerning whom we may continue the quotation, and say,

> "Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink,
> Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
> These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper!"

But such a clever man as I have been attempting to describe, would never fear the rivalship of a woman, because he would feel the thing to be utterly out of the question. It cannot be that the clever man is indifferent to the conversation of a woman who can understand him; for, in general society, he always selects such an one as his companion. Sometimes, in old fairy tales, when the benevolent fairies are loading a young prince with gifts, one more judicious than the rest bestows on him some drawback, that his head may not be quite turned with the multiplicity of his advantages; perhaps, in the same way, the clever man is destined to act foolishly in one of the most important of worldly transactions, that in the contemplation of such folly, and subsequent repentance of it, he may imbibe a salutary lesson of humiliation. This may be very well for himself, but it is very bad for the world. Let me, however, do this piece of justice to the choice of the clever man: if he will not marry a remarkably intelligent woman, I think the next best thing he can do is to marry a remarkably silly one; because, in such a case, he only makes himself unhappy, and does not make his wife unhappy also. I can imagine few situations more pitiable than that of a woman of slender talents and confined reading, married to a man of exalted abilities. I will suppose her to possess sufficient mind partly to appreciate him, and deeply to feel her own inferiority, and sufficient activity of spirit to attempt to repair her deficiencies, but with a measure of intellect so limited, that all such endeavours are ineffectual. I can imagine her striving to conquer all early distaste of books, sitting down to study, not as a delight, but as a wearisome task; seeking the conversation of the talented without deriving the least pleasure from it; but still hoping that by some mysterious process of affinity, the electric spark of genius may communicate itself to her; and finding, after all, that like the poor unfledged bird prematurely trying its wings, she must submit to fall to the ground, and behold others around her soaring

into the bright and beautiful sky. How I should pity such a woman if I knew her, but I never did know her; the clever man benevolently spares his wife all these feverish aspirations, vain longings, and exciting heart-burnings, by choosing one so silly as not only to be unconscious of her own deficiencies, but actually proud of them, and disposed to shun and dislike the society of all those who are wiser than herself, however they may wish to please and conciliate her. A lady of this description once said to me, complaining of a friend of her husband's, "He is so terribly bookish and pedantic; he called on me yesterday morning, and talked of nothing but magazines and annuals all the time." This observation was very entertaining to me; for I happened to know that the gentleman in question had been most laboriously and politely "talking down" to her, and that if he had been conversing with a person of intellect, although he might have touched on the subject of magazines and annuals, he would soon have left them behind, and soared into the region of philosophy and metaphysics. If, however, it be difficult for the friend of a clever man to converse with his wife in a *tête-à-tête*, the case is much worse if the husband be present. After a few desultory remarks, the gentlemen, from old habit, will engage together in intellectual conversation; and the unfortunate wife, who can bear no part in it, immediately becomes animated with the spirit of the lady in the comic duet, who indignantly says to her husband,

> "With that odious Captain Trench,
> You are always talking French,
> And *do I understand it*, Mr. John Prevost?"

The language of mind is indeed a foreign tongue to her, and instead of being ashamed of her ignorance, she makes it a matter of reproach to those who unintentionally expose it. The clever man must now take his choice of three measures. Either he must confine himself exclusively to the society of his fair automaton, with the revealings of his mind unanswered, his beautiful sentiments unmarked, his extensive knowledge unvalued; or he must leave her at home, and seek more congenial society; (and it is a sad and bitter thing for any Englishman, whether clever or not, to be obliged to look for comfort away from his own hearth;) or he must take his wife with him into company, and steel his nerves to all the comments that will infallibly be made upon her. Let him not flatter himself that she will not expose her silliness; in the same way that intellect, like lightning, developes itself by a single flash, folly, like water, will burst forth at an almost imperceptible opening, and the sayings and doings of the wife of a clever man will be criticised far more severely than those of the wife of anybody else. All who have envied him, and have been wounded by his superiority, will now exult in his mortification; whenever his admirers quote one of his clever remarks, they will be immediately answered by the recital of some absurdity or weakness on the part of his wife; and, perhaps, to crown his trials, one of the most common-place men of his acquaintance, whom he had always rather shunned as a bore, will have the good fortune to procure an

intelligent, well-educated wife, and will draw a comparison (which will be kindly repeated to him by a mutual friend) between their respective partners; and conclude, by triumphantly observing, "that all poor Mr. ——'s great cleverness don't seem to have been of much use to him in his choice of a wife!"

Let, then, the clever man remain single: he is the property of society; his brilliancy ought not to be dimmed, his spirit depressed, and his feelings wounded by an uncongenial associate. If the clever man be philanthropic and benevolent, how many sources of happiness are in his power; he can raise the tone of conversation, encourage the timid, instruct the young, and give additional knowledge to the intellectual. Among the latter class, his observations will not merely conduce to the pleasure of the moment; but they will be cherished, preserved, and perhaps turned to advantageous account. This is peculiarly the case when any literary talent exists among his associates; and I am persuaded that many a brilliant essay, and many a touching poem, which travel into far distant countries, delight the social circle, and cheer and soothe the chamber of sickness, derive their origin from some idea casually caught up by the writer in conversation with "a clever man."

I have reserved, however, the most important of my remarks to the last. The clever man is raised by his talents immeasurably above his fellow creatures, but this elevation involves an awful responsibility. He must remember that he is sent into the world, not only to adorn and gratify, but to correct and amend it; and it must be his constant aim to advance, by his example and conversation, the cause of morality and religion. If he neglect to do this, still more, if he countenance any violation of the former, or join in any slight to the latter, I can only regard him as a brilliant peril, whom I would earnestly counsel my friends to avoid rather than to seek. After all, when we consider the sum and substance of human acquirement, how poor and trifling must it appear in the sight of Omnipotence; and should its possession be abused, how easily may its owner be deprived of it in a moment at the fiat of the Divine Giver. Let not, then, "the wise man glory in his wisdom;" but let that wisdom be the means of impressing his heart with a deeper feeling of gratitude towards the God who has bestowed it upon him. While enjoying and enabling others to enjoy the treasure of intellect, let him strive to provide for them and for himself "a treasure in the heavens that faileth not;" and, while gladly seizing every opportunity to increase and improve his already abundant knowledge, let him reflect that, in its utmost superiority, it can be but poor and frail compared with that knowledge which maketh "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

## *The Gipsy King.* By Richard Howitt.

Thinking very highly of this poetical sketch, in which opinion we feel assured that our readers will join, we give it publicity in our Magazine; or, at least, that part of it to which the title strictly refers. The poem, as written by the talented author, is altogether too long for insertion in a periodical. We shall, therefore, give a short abstract of the parts that we have omitted, and which immediately follow this proem.

All hail! ye British Buccaneers!
Ye English Ishmaelites, all hail!
A jovial and marauding band,
Against the goodliest of the land
Ye go—and ye prevail.

Man's cultured Eden casts ye forth,
Where'er ye list to wander wide,
Wild heaths, and wilder glens to tread,
The spacious earth before you spread,
Your hearts your only guide.

Like clouds that move about the heavens,
Still varying to the winds their forms,
Erratic through the earth ye go,
Companions of the sleet and snow,
And mists and mountain storms.

Companions of all lovely weather,
Ye are no less: Spring's earliest traces
Insensibly into you melt;
And Summer's charms by you are felt
In earth's most desert places.

The Indian in old forests far,
By Mississippi's wandering floods,
With his small hut or cane of reeds,
A life of similar pleasure leads
In his ancestral woods.

And there, e'en there, ye roving tribe,
Ye meet the red man in the wild,
Ye camp beside those giant floods,
And share the fortunes of the woods
With nature's tameless child.

Hence—hence it is, ye look with scorn
On the poor peasant's endless toil;
Pressed down with rents and taxes: rents
Nor taxes pay you for your tents,
Nor till for lords the soil.

The wind that blows where'er it lists—
A wave that dances on the sea—
A reinless steed—a gushing spring—
A falcon soaring on free wing—
Are not more free than ye.

Boswell Kemp, the father of the gipsy king, is a very sad dog indeed, even for a gipsy. Being lordly among his tribe, he puts away his wife, and takes unto himself Amy Lee, the favoured lady's maid of a vicar's wife. Though Boswell Kemp has increased his responsibilities, he does not increase his happiness, whilst the deluded Amy finds nothing but heart-rending misery in the rash step that she has taken. At length, the manifold crimes of Boswell Kemp overturn his reason, and he dies, confessing to much sin, and the murder of his wife among the rest. The distracted Amy, now a mother, and not a wife, remembers her mistress's former kindness, returns to her, and repenting, dies. The child, the future Gipsy King, is adopted by the family, and then commences Part III.

The harvest moon is in the sky,
The fullest moon of all the year:
And where it yet unreap'd doth stand,
In golden patches on the land,
The corn is rustling sere.

Now groan and rock the loaded wains,
And tinkle gears on hill and dale:
Stout labour triumphs on the earth,
But with his labour mingles mirth,
Inspired by nut-brown ale.

It is a time of large delight,
And plenty fills her ample horn;
How jovially the time doth pass;
The reaper eyes the reaping lass,
The farmer eyes his corn.

"The stars are out," cried Ellen Brooke,
"The moon is up and fair to see;
And I will pace our shrubbery walk,
And with my buried mother talk
In pensive reverie.

"How pleasantly, and with what calm
Fills all the earth this silver flood:
'Tis day, but with a softer shade,
A time for love, and memory made,
To charm the fair and good.

"How do I love these moonlight nights,
How love the mingled light and gloom;
When on me, in the dusk alone,
By sighing winds is softly blown,
The breath of fading bloom."

And ever thus alone she walked,
As fair as in her Eden, Eve;
With lightsome step, and pensive brow,
Beneath the beach, or linden bough,
Her lonely thoughts to weave.

And there was one those haunts who loved,
Who comes this night old scenes to see;
Who had her early playmate been,
But whom for years she had not seen,
The son of Amy Lee:

Of Boswell Kemp's despair, the son:
That orphan-boy, misfortune's heir;
Whom, for their servant Amy's sake,
The vicar and his wife did take,
Their Ellen's sports to share.

Twelve years beneath the vicar's roof
The smooth stream of his life had run;
He there a sister found, and mother,
And unto all who knew no other,
Had seemed the vicar's son.

He had his father's raven hair,
His father's dark and piercing eyes,
Bold front, and sinews firmly knit,
Which early marked him out as fit
For hardy enterprise.

To run, to wrestle, or to leap,
To climb the forest's topmost tree;
To dart along the stream, to dive,
Or with the torrent's might to strive,
Brave equal, none had he.

And soon he felt his father's blood
On, through his veins, more strongly flow:
Desires intense had he to roam,
Like birds which seek a foreign home,
Unknowing why they go.

The school became a weary place:
The vicar's kindness was a pain:
He read of Bamfylde Moore Carew,
Till nothing for his heart would do
But gipsies, and the lane.

"Be mine, my father's life," he cried,
"Although I suffer pains severe,
There is a something in my breast
That wars with this inglorious rest,
I cannot linger here."

"And who can tell what I may be?"
That feeling was ambition's spring:
In fancy forward far he ran,
He was a youth, he was a man,
He was the Gipsy King.

He fled: and wandered through the land;
And worked or starved as chance befell:
He saw the various lives of men,
And often in the beggar's den
It was his lot to dwell.

His was an undirected mind—
He ever undetermined stood:
Unskilled the *fitting* to discern:
Too quick to rest, submit, or learn:
And ready was at any turn,
For evil or for good.

But want and travel sharpen wit;
And by degrees he grew in knowledge;
And, as he was a lad of parts,
He soon the master was of arts
Taught in the wide world's college.

He 'camped with gipsies in the wolds;
And gazed in tall young gipsies' eyes:
And with much guile and little truth,
He had the ready tricks of youth
To stir their tears and sighs.

Early a father he became—
But left his children in the land:
He soon forsakes who soon deceives—
He left them as the ostrich leaves
Her eggs amongst the sand.

Although by nature taught, he shunned
The dull disquietude of towns:
Where in the foxglove hummed the bee,
With wildest things he wandered free
Across the waving downs.

Not that he ever paused to look
Intently on a summer flower.—
Not that to him a soul was dealt
That of the soul of nature felt
The presence and the power:

He would be free—like the wild steed
That tramples on the desert wind:
On mountains, and beside the floods;
On heaths, and in the lanes and woods,
His soul was unconfined.

From year to year, from strength to strength—
Firm as a tower his manhood grew:
His energies of soul untamed,
Alike in mind and person framed
To suffer or subdue.

It is the spirit of the times
That breathes the soul into the man;
That builds him up or overwhelms;
Thus what Napoleon was in realms,
Was he in his own clan.

And now the crew with whom he went
Were 'camped beside the river Grete;
And he, unknown unto that crew,
In the clear moonlight night withdrew
To Emsley's calm retreat.

Sought he direct the vicar's door?
Thither he went not—through the grounds
By sinuous ways he closely crept;
And thence, like Satan, lightly leapt
The garden's sacred bounds.

Back looking through his heart he saw
The wild career that he had run:
He knew the vicar's noble heart—
And felt it was his proper part
The vicar's face to shun.

He went to where beneath the shade
There fell, but with no fall profound,
A sheet of water broad and white,
That made amid the quiet night
An ever-murmuring sound.

The grounds, the walks, the waterfall,
Distinctly in the moonlight seen,
So forcibly brought back the hours
That he had spent within those bowers,
So showed what he had been;

That no fallen spirit from the skies,
Repentant, sad, yet unforgiven,
When turned the bowers of bliss to see,
Felt more than felt young Harry Lee,
When in his boyhood's heaven.

And when he started from that dream,
It was to meet a piercing look:
To feel himself more keenly foiled,
More back into himself recoiled,
For there stood Ellen Brooke.

But soon another mood assuming,
Ashamed to feel what he had felt,
And in the sight of one so fair,
He took the free complacent air
Of one unused to melt.

He smiled—but met no answering smile—
And then as promptly questioned he—
"You look as though you knew me not,
It may be that you have forgot
Your playmate, Harry Lee?"

Then of his life he told the story,
Far ranging past the bounds of truth;
Of wrongs and griefs that he had borne,
Since cast was on the world forlorn
His inexperienced youth.

She chid him for his wandering life,
For disobedience to her sire;
And then, as moved by his distress,
In words, the soul of tenderness,
She bade him thence retire.

He went: but duly when the moon
Looked down on that delightful place,
He left the camp, the gipsies all,
And to the walks and waterfall
His steps did he retrace.

And still she chid him for his coming;
Still blended pity with her blame:
All unsuspicious as the dove,
Unknowing by such arts how love
Most fans his conquering flame.

None yet had praised fair Ellen Brooke,
None fondly gazed upon her face;
As yet Love had not found her out;
From prying eyes well fenced about,
In that secluded place.

Alone she read, alone she thought,
Alone, or by her father's side:
Maiden companion had she none;
And half her life seemed from her gone,
The day her mother died.

And now she loathes the light of day,
And more than ever loves the night:
And many an anxious glance she turns,
To where her father's taper burns,
As though she feared its light.

For very wondrous is the tale
The gipsy tells of his free life;
Of revels in the woodland tent;
That even now does she consent
To be the gipsy's wife.

He thinks not there is in the deed
Ingratitude as black as hell:
What for past goodness should he care?
He only thinks the maid is fair,
And has a noble step and air,
And that he loves her well.

Awake, awake! good Vicar Brooke!
That theme may be a glorious theme:
Peruse the glowing page no more,
For grief is knocking at thy door,
To chase away the dream.

The presence bright, the steady light,
Thy wife, thy morning star, has set:
And soon the star that cheers the eve,
Is doomed thy aged sight to leave,
Though sadly lingering yet.

A day of stealth, a day of tears,
A day of watching and of dread,
Was that on which the bands were tied,
When Ellen Brooke, a thoughtful bride,
Was to the woodlands led.

And when she reached the gipsies' camp,—
Fain would I here conclude the story,—
Such scenes uncouth distressed her sight;
The death of love's created light,
The dimming of its glory.

The radiant arch, the heavenly bow,
With which she had the life invested,
And tribe with whom she link'd her lot,
Utterly vanished when the spot
She reached, whereon it rested.

She saw what love should never see ;
What truth and honour grieved behold ;
Regards upon the worthless squandered;
A faith that should be fixed that wandered ;
A heart beloved, grow cold.

And thence was her's a troubled mind ;
A breaking heart, a soul of fears ;
And thence, in many a place apart,
She sought to ease her burthened heart
With unrelieving tears.

She fled—in utter woe she fled :
And but one living wish had she :
With wandering and with sorrow worn,
Cast down, despairing, faint, forlorn,
One wish—her home to see.

She reached it—stood beneath the shade,
Where fell, but with no fall profound,
That sheet of water, broad and white,
Which made, amid the quiet night,
An ever-murmuring sound.

She stood, and there unto her heart
A sense of all the past was given ;
And to her anguished soul it seemed
Ages of sorrow had she dreamed
Since she forsook that heaven.

She felt her pulse more strongly beat,
Her blood rush on, then cease to flow,
And the world vanished from her sight,
And down she sank amid the night,
As falls a wreath of snow.

There lay she in the moonlight calm,
Like some fair statue overthrown ;
Grief, that has silent stood for years,
Imaged too sorrowful for tears,
Unweeping in the stone.

Could she have wept, she had not died.
Unto her heart the purple flood,
Too powerful for her wasted frame,
In one o'erwhelming torrent came,
And there for ever stood.

Send back no thoughts into her youth :
Behold her not as there she played ;
When to her own sweet songs she danced,
Or like the butterfly she glanced
Out in the sun and shade.

Behold her not in after years,
Attended by her own fair light,
Like morning walking through the skies,
As with the glory of her eyes
She would dispel the night.

For vain it were to cherish grief
By dwelling on a mournful theme ;
The dews are dried, the leaves are shed,
The fragrance and the bloom are dead,
And all is but a dream.

The nightingale has ceased to sing ;
The cuckoo now is seldom heard :
The whetted scythe is ringing now,
And sadness rests on bush and bough,
And on each singing bird.

The kine are couched beneath the trees,
From the broad sultriness of day :
The warmth and silence are profound ;
And many a lovely face is browned,
Amongst the tedded hay.

Hushed are the winds—the very leaves
Are tranquil as an anchored bark :
And high the swallow skims, how high !
A level line along the sky,
Above the soaring lark.

Now come in groups the gipsy tribes,
From northern hills, from southern plains :
And many a panniered ass is swinging
The child that to itself is singing
Along the flowery lanes.

Stout men are loud in wrangling talk,
Where older tongues are gruff and tame :
Keen maiden laughter rings aloft,
Whilst many an undervoice is soft
From many a talking dame.

Their beaver hats are weather-stained,—
The one black plume is sadly gay :
Their squalid brats are slung behind
In cloaks, that flutter to the wind,
Of scarlet, brown, and grey.

This day a glorious day will be
To them upon the blossomed heath ;
Where, tranquil as the brooding dove,
Bright blue is all spread out above,
And purple all beneath.

See Harry Lee pass by the hall ;
Then by the steward's buildings range ;
Thence through the hamlet stalking fast ;
And hear him when securely past
Beyond the farthest grange.

" How knowing look these wealthy men,
Slantly upon me from the door ;
Their looks declare that I am stout ;
A wandering fool, a vagrant lout,
Deserving to be poor.

" God help them, for their narrow souls :
For mean and narrow souls have they !
Want I a buck ? there is a park—
Want I a time ? there is the dark—
And well I know the way.

" They talk about their parks and farms,
And nicely show the boundary line :
There's little truth in what they say—
These things seem only theirs by day,
Which in the night are mine.

" I love to see the farmers feed
Their poultry at the back-door sill;
I spare them for the time—I spare—
They thrive beneath the farmers' care—
I have them when I will.

" The sly old mastiff in the yard
Would fill another's soul with fear;
But, ere I prowl for boiled or roast,
I take good care he at his post
Can neither see nor hear.

" It is a goodly land we live in;
It is a glorious trade we drive:
And who their pleasant sports would bridle;
And who amongst us can be idle,
With ample room to thrive?"

Thus mutters he his moral notions,
When winding through the woody lanes;
'Tis thus his guileful soul he pleases;
And thus it is his heart he eases
Of pride-inflicted pains.

And now he joins the gipsy tribes,
Who there from all the land are met,
Brought to one point by his renown,
Intending there the gipsy crown
Upon his head to set.

Proud are the people of their chief
As he is of that people proud—
And hearty greetings from them broke,
Beneath the sturdy forest oak,
Reciprocal and loud.

It were a long and weary task
To trace our hero's growing fame,
Through open boldness or disguise,
Till he for all the gipsies' prize
Had gained a wondrous name.

Never was statesman of the realm
In cunning more completely skilled:
Throughout their tribes he could command
The ready heart, the ready hand,
To do whate'er he willed.

By kindness done, by gifts bestowed,
With money fetched in busy marts,
By sure degrees he cleared his path;
And, fearing not a Joab's wrath,
He Absalomed all hearts.

Their king then growing old and weak,
Was pleased his spreading fame to hear;
No jealous doubts disturbed his breast;
Of who should reign when he should rest
He felt no jealous fear.

He knew that in their little state
The sway was not from sire to son;
That no dull blockhead could inherit
A throne, due only unto merit,
And but by merit won.

To him well-known was Harry Lee—
Oft had he tried, and praised his mettle:
Had praised him—sweet is praise from kings—
For Harry oft with choicest things
Had filled the royal kettle.

Thus years before the old king died,
(And in good time his reign he ended,)
Our hero saw above his head,
No sword suspended by a thread,
The gipsy crown suspended.

And now their king was in his grave,
And they, on Sherwood Forest met,
Brought there by Harry Lee's renown,
Intended there the sylvan crown
Upon his head to set.

There Harry Lee from tent to tent
Was welcomed with obsequious smiles;
Greetings of old familiar faces,
That he had met in loveliest places
Throughout the British isles.

And many a leman did he see,
Whom he in earlier days forsook;
'Twas strange he once had deemed them fair,
But now he saw amongst them there
Not one like Ellen Brooke.

Like Ellen Brooke,—thought he of her,
Whom early to the grave he led?
Not he, it were a foolish thing
That he, who soon would be a king,
Should think about the dead.

But see, about him come his tribe,
A thick and motley convocation:
And looking round from side to side,
In language near to this allied,
He makes them an oration.

"The God who made the heavens and earth,
Each spreading field, each shadowy tree;
Endowed with them no human brother
To the exclusion of another,
Who made them, left them free.

"Man makes, and man may claim his own,
His ships, his temples, towns and towers,
But the wild creatures of the woods,
Free rangers of the fields and floods,
Are God's, and therefore ours.

"We are the only real kings,
The rightful sovereigns of the soil:
As kings we stand on danger's brink,
But still, as kings who rule and think,
We live on those who toil.

"And since that here your king you make me,
Your king I will not be in vain:
My right is hence a right divine,
I all prerogatives of mine
Will faithfully maintain."

Then did he take the royal oath,
A larger never king could swear;
Whereat went up a deafening shout:
Nor was there one his faith to doubt
Amongst the many there.

All eyes were fixed upon their chief;
A thousand gleaming eyes intense:
All lips their chosen leader praised,
Whom solely his own "merit raised
To that bad eminence."

Then did he crown himself. Forsooth
He of Napoleon must have read,
Who, scorning priests, took up the crown,
Upright, instead of kneeling down,
And placed it on his head.

The slouching hat our hero wore,
The crown wherewith he king was crowned,
Wherein a pipe and a crow's feather,
Were stuck in fellowship together,
Was by a hundred winters browned.

Yet he so prized it, he had scorned
A golden diadem, made bright
With ruby lustre round it thrown,
Such favour found it in his own,
And in his people's sight.

His sceptre was a stout oak sapling,
Round which a snake well-carved was wreathed:
Cunning and strength that well bespoke,
Whilst from his frame, as from an oak,
"Deliberate valour breathed."

No throne of ivory, pearl, or gold,
With diamonds studded, could surpass,
Though fashioned for an eastern king,
Our hero's throne of purple ling,
And of the emerald grass.

His footstool was the solid earth,
His court spread out in pomp before him,
The heath arrayed in summer's smiles:
His empire broad, the British isles:
His dome, the heavens arched o'er him.

And unto him who thus could look
On the fresh earth and sun new risen;
Who breathed the free and odorous air,
Grand robes were wearisome to wear,
And palace walls a prison.

Antique and flowing was his dress:
And, from his temples bold and bare,
Back fell in many a dusky tress,
As liberal as the wilderness,
His ample growth of hair.

Like Cromwell's was his hardy front,
Where thought, but feeling none, was shown
Where, underneath a flitting grace,
Was firmly built up in his face,
A hardness as of stone.

No king in the old Saxon times,
When crowned beneath some royal tree,
With all his noble Thanes around,
With all the fitting honours crowned,
Felt more a king than he.

Even Abraham, pitched on Mamre's plains,
Had never tent more broadly calm,
When on their dreadful mission bent,
Three angels rested in his tent
Beneath the shadowy palm.

And Harry Lee was now a king,
Joy filled his tent to overflowing;
Hope had he none, nor any fear;
Won had he all he counted dear;
Elated roamed he anywhere,
Nor what he did was knowing.

Bewick alone the scene could show,
In groups, or singly here and there:
The vagrant dress, the careless grace,
Of many a gipsy form and face,
The manly and the fair.

Old wayworn asses, grey, grotesque,
Coarse bull-dogs, elder children wild,
The poverty without distress,
And disregarded wretchedness,
In mother and in child.

But Bewick's burin, Crabbe's true pen,
Could never give to sketch or book,
The revel, racket, romp, and rout,
And jousts, with each concluding shout,
In which their king partook;

Could never show how quiet fled,
And darkness by their fires was chased;
And round those fires how beldames strong
Danced to the screaming of a song,
Like witches on the waste.

Never since Robin Hood was king,
In merry Sherwood had there been,
'Mid haunts that hallowed seemed to quiet.
Such jolly uproar, jovial riot,
Amongst the bushes green.

They squeezed, and fiddled, strained, and blew:
True harmony was put to death:
The dissonance more drunken grew,
The fiddle-strings were scraped in two,
And bagpipes out of breath.

They danced, or capered, which you will:
Their action nothing could excel:
To thread the maze, retreat, advance,
They knew, if not the Pyrrhic dance,
It pleased them just as well.

They wrestled; for the Isthmian games,
If aught they knew, they nothing cared;
They boxed, they fought, such war had charms;
And dreadful were their brawny arms,
When for the battle bared.

About the farm the farmer raged,
And cursed the dog that did not bark,
As many a theft was brought to light,
When from the plundered roost the night
Withdrew its curtain dark.

Fish had they from the freshest streams;
The goodliest pheasant from his perch;
Where'er above, beneath, around,
Aught worth the seeking might be found,
They had not shunned the search.

Wine had they from old cellars, rich;
That was not brought by Mab the fairy;
Nor witch upon her broomstick fleet:
To which was added many a treat
From many a farmer's dairy.

The dawn had met them open-eyed,
Had love and wine not conquered numbers:
Some fell, and made the heath their bed,
With nothing but the stars o'er head,
To centinel their slumbers.

At break of day they took their way
By various tracks throughout the nation,
Past park, and farm, and mill, and wood,
Laying their hands on all they could,
All following their vocation.

To pleasant meads of freshest grass,
To fields of rich luxuriant clover,
Well knew they how their way to win;
And nightly turn their asses in,
All merry England over.

The peasants feared them: not for nought:
Often their king received a bribe,
That fruits and fowls untouched might be;
Well-known the veriest knave was he
Of all the wandering tribe.

And lucky was the farmer thought
Who had the fortune to compound:
Nabal's good hap did he possess,
When David in the wilderness
With safety hedged him round.

Henceforth what of their king became?
He had the fate of other kings;
To his last gasp his power he kept,
He reigned his time, then soundly slept
Amongst forgotten things.

Yet was not totally forgot,
Amongst his tribe he left a name,
With stains of deepest dye defaced,
Yet with some traits that would have graced
The greatest in their fame.

# THE YOUNG PRETENDER.[1]

## A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

So many circumstances govern and control the actions of men to whom the adventitious advantages of birth, fortune, and education belong, that, even to themselves, they may hoodwink the motives of those actions that carry a sounding trumpet to the world; but the simple, unlettered child of nature, without any of the leaven of pride or ambition, that sets the passions in a ferment, goes straight forward in the path love points out, never seeking to enter the dark labyrinth in which selfishness loses sight of all but the golden clue.

Donald, proud of the trust reposed in him, and no less happy in the knowledge that the person he was to oblige was the identical Charlie Stuart, grandson of "King Jamie, o' blessed memory," soon got everything arranged for the prince's accommodation in the place of concealment, which a fifty years' servitude at the castle had made him better acquainted with than his lord. Thus far all was well. Donald's next step was to visit the servants' hall, and there, with the authority of an old confidential favourite, inform them, under the rose, as it would seem, that the stranger who came from England brought dispatches with him of so important a nature, that the earl sent him back again without allowing him time to rest. "'Tis mair than probable, ye ken," added Donald, with a significant nod, "that the Pretender, as they ca' young Charlie, hae gotten footing in England, whilk the troops joost sent over by King Geordie ken naething o', rinning a' the country round on a gowk's hunt, he! he! he! like sae mony daft boys, to put saut on a birdie's tail."

Having lulled all suspicion about the visit of the stranger, and plied the servants well with genuine mountain-dew, Donald had the satisfaction of seeing them all depart to their beds, when he hastened to conduct the prince to his concealed dormitory.

Left alone with his sister, the earl was silent for some time, pacing backward and forward with the air of one much disturbed. "This has happened most unfortunately," said he at last, striking his forehead.

"It has, indeed," answered Lady Jane mildly, "but I hope no evil will arise to you from an action so natural and praiseworthy as saving the life of a fellow-creature."

"That is nothing to the purpose, Jane," said the earl somewhat testily, "we are not bound to save all that fly to us, at the risk of our own life, or, what is yet dearer, our good name."

"But, as he put himself into your power," said Lady Jane, remonstratively—

"I could not well give him up to his enemies, you would say," re-

[1] Concluded from p. 56.

joined her brother. "No: but I need not have found him a hiding corner in this castle, of all places; there are plenty of cottages on the island where he might have found shelter for a night: however, the thing's done, and cannot be undone; but mind me, sister, to-morrow morning I depart for Edinburgh, where Argyle expects me."

"So soon as to-morrow," said Lady Jane, affectionately.

"Yes," replied the earl; "as matters stand, it would be impolitic to prolong my stay here. All I have to request of you is, that you do not suffer your pity for Charles Stuart to get the better of your good sense, which will point out the madness of harbouring in this castle the sworn enemy of my king: be careful then, or my life may pay the forfeit of your romantic generosity to a stranger. Say not one word to oppose the Chevalier's departure on the morrow."

My grandmother promised obedience, and the earl, lighting a taper, kissed the cheek of his sister and left the apartment.

Donald having seen the prince comfortably settled in the chamber, returned to the sitting-room, where he found Lady Jane standing by the fire meditating upon the conversation she had just had with the earl.

"Well, Donald, do you think the prince is safe from all hazard of discovery if the English troops should come?"

"Ye'll see, ye'll see," said Donald, rubbing his hands with glee; "diel a southern o' them can track the puir laddie, wha lees snug as ae chick under the wing o' the auld hen."

"And did you leave him the things I mentioned to you, Donald?"

"Ye needna fash for that he'll want a gude tass o' the primest wine in a' the cellar, or ony ither refrashment whilk auld Donald can fin for Charlie Stuart; gude troth, but he's a braw-looking mon, wi' a bonnie face o' his ain, and for speech can crack wi' ony ane, gentle or simple. Weel, weel, it maun a' be right, I suppose, whilk the Southrons do naethless; to my min' its unco straunge that the rightfu' king o' Scotland maun be hunted down by his ain subjects, like the puir hart whilk the arrows o' the huntsmen kills on its ain proper hills."

"Well, Donald," said my grandmother, willing to put an end to the old domestic's loquacity, "we have nothing to do with these things; ours is an office of mere humanity and Christian feeling."

"Troth is it," muttered Donald, "and sham to a' the staney hearts that wad turn tail o' the princely laddie sin the jade Gude Luck hae turned awa frae him."

"Good night, Donald," said Lady Jane, as she laid her hand upon the handle of the door.

"Gude night, my bonnie leddy," said the old man as he hobbled after his young mistress into the hall, whence each departed on their separate way, Lady Jane to her chamber in a remote part of the building, and Donald (whistling as he went the favourite air of the rebel army, "The king shall enjoy his own again,") to a new dormitory which he had chosen for his night's repose near the hiding-place of the fugitive prince, that he might be on the alert in case of intruders.

On retiring to her chamber, Lady Jane threw off her travelling

dress, and combed down her long redundant tresses, whose dark hue, as they swept almost to her delicate feet, formed a beautiful contrast to the virgin snow of her loose wrapping gown of fine lawn. She opened the antique casement and looked out upon the sky. The moon shone faintly through a dense atmosphere of mist; the night winds swept in loud gusts over the old battlements, and ever and anon she fancied voices mingling with the gale: it was a night when the genius of romance loves to be abroad, and to people the rolling clouds with spirits once of earth.

Lady Jane's mind was but little tinctured with those feelings of the supernatural common to youth, and more particularly the youth of Scotland, whose infant senses are lulled to sleep by the wild songs setting forth the wonders of fairy land and the fearful tales of witches and goblins. Yet, the solemn hour and passing events gave a more sombre colouring than of wont to her thoughts. The circumstance of the prince's concealment at Bute, where his noble progenitor once held lordly sway, produced a train of melancholy reflections upon the instability of human greatness, from which starting at times, she listened to some of those strange sounds so often heard in old buildings, though so rarely, if ever, reasonably accounted for.

Her lute lay upon the window-seat; she took it up, and sought to calm her spirits by playing one of those exquisite airs, which have immortalized Scotland as the land of song. "Mary's Dream" was one of her most favourite strains, and with a voice subdued she sung to it the following words:—

Thou wakeful star o' silent night,
  That guidest my Donald far frae me,
I envy thee, serenely bright,
  That look'st on him I canna see.
'Tis past—'tis gane—my dream o' bliss,
  Like gather'd roses crowning death,
That mock the brow they coldly kiss,
  Wi' mortal bloom and simmer breath.

Oh! dinna let the worldling say
  That woman's heart can faithless prove;
Her love is but a stolen ray
  Frae glowing shrines that burn above:
And when the tender heart is cold
  To a' that fann'd its earthly fire,
'Twill breathe again in purer mould,
  To wake love's unforgotten lyre!

As she concluded the last stanza, a sound, not loud but continuous, broke upon her ear. Lady Jane's chamber, as I before stated, was in a remote part of the castle, and the sound came broken by long passages and strong doors. The noise increased in loudness as of many persons speaking together; it came nearer and nearer, and now, more fully displayed, step after step, seemed ascending the stair leading to her chamber. Voices of men now distinctly sounded near her door. Who these midnight intruders were she could not for a moment doubt. "Oh!" said she, "if they should discover the prince's place of concealment, and drag him forth! Merciful God! save him from his

foes." Her gentle heart sickened at the thought of his danger; the next instant a loud knocking at her door blanched her cheek, but determined to say something if possible to blind his pursuers, she, though with trembling hand, unbolted the door, when a party of English soldiers rushed into the chamber. At sight of the young beauty in her night gear, with her rich flowing hair almost covering her person, they halted, and one who appeared to be their chief, stepped forward, and apologized for their unseasonable intrusion.

"It grieves me, lady, that our unhallowed feet should profane the sanctuary of beauty," said he, gallantly bowing to my grandmother; "but our duty imposes a painful task, and we cannot leave this castle till we have searched every part of it, for the Chevalier Charles Stuart, whose steps have been traced to Bute. Not," said he, smiling, "that I suspect he is hidden in this chamber."

"Indeed he is not," answered Lady Jane quickly, and blushing beneath the ardent gaze of the young soldier, "nor will you find him, be assured, under this roof. My brother, the earl, is too staunch to the King of England to be the friend of the unfortunate prince, and without the earl's approbation he could never have found shelter within these walls."

The beauty and address of Lady Jane acted like magic upon the hearts of all, and after a slight survey of the apartment and dressing closet adjoining, the captain withdrew with his men.

Lady Jane, when they had all descended again, taking up a taper, followed softly on tip-toe down the stairs, and having reached as far as she deemed she could prudently venture, stood with suppressed breath to listen, but the beatings of her heart almost prevented her hearing distinctly. The murmur of voices sounded at intervals, but far off, and blended with the shrill bleatings of the wind: her hope was now strong that the troops, after an unsuccessful search, were departing. Footsteps approached, it was Donald, "Hist, leddy, is that you?"

"Yes, Donald, are they gone? Is the prince safe?"

"Thanks to the gude God, Charlie Stuart's safe enough," said the old man; "the maundering deevils past clase to his hiding place, and niver kenn'd o' it; but I maun rin, my lord's wi' them in the cedar chamber waiting for samthing to gie the hungry loons, diel tak them. I'd fin' heart to loot them a' gang back the gate they cam wi' naething to fill their empty bellies but the whistling wind, or a little saut water. I'd refrash them wi' a witness for hunting down royal Charlie; but I maun rin, sae be o' gude cheer, leddy;" and away hobbled Donald to the cellar and buttery to get most grudgingly the best he could find to feast the Southrons, whom in his soul he detested.

Comforted by the news old Donald had given, Lady Jane tripped lightly up the stairs to her own chamber again, but without any intention of going to bed. The night was far spent, in another hour or two day would be dawning. As she sate at the casement watching the grey clouds that herald the infant dawn, Donald tapped at her door.

"Well, Donald, when will they depart?"

"Weel, they are a' on the wing, ye'll see them gin ye like the sight o' their Southron backs as weel as mysel'."

"Indeed I do, Donald," said Lady Jane, smiling; "is my brother still with them?"

"Na, na, he didna care to be o'er lang o' their company, seeing aiblins they wad be cracking o' Charlie Stuart; no, but my lord hae a gude bould face o' his ain for keeping a secret. He! he! he! I'd match him wi' the best o' them; sae he wished them a' luck, and went quietly back to bed, and there hae the loons been ivir sin' guzzling o' the best o' the cellar wi' nae mair decency nor savages."

Lady Jane watched the sun rise, and still no appearance of the troops made her fear they had taken up their abode as spies upon the proceedings of the castle. At last, they sallied out with their captain, whose beautiful face and chivalrous figure my grandmother could not but admire. Looking up as he passed, he glimpsed the fair face of Lady Jane, and gracefully doffing his plumed cap, proceeded on to the water's side, where a boat soon conveyed them from Bute.

The events of the past night had caused the earl much disquietude, and, at an early hour, he was on the alert to depart for Edinburgh. "Remember," said he to Lady Jane, "what I told you last night. On no account suffer the Chevalier Charles to prolong his stay here beyond the shades of evening. At dusk Donald can lead him by the private way to the water's side; it might be advisable also for him to change his dress, the better to disguise his person." Lady Jane promised to attend to all her brother said, and the earl departed.

When my grandmother had dismissed the business of the toilet, always a light labour to real beauty, she stole to visit the prince. If his personal attractions shone over night through the eclipse which fatigue had spread over them, they now appeared with double claims to admiration after repose had renewed the bloom of his cheek and lustre of his eye; he was in sooth, my grandmother said, "as beautiful and noble looking a creature as ever wore a star." After the first salutation, Prince Charles thanked Lady Jane with grace and feeling for the friendly interest she had taken in his safety. "I cannot feel," said he, smiling, "the same gratitude towards the Earl of Bute, who, I believe, would very willingly have given me up to the English last night." Lady Jane excused her brother, as well as she could, on the plea of his great loyalty to the king. They then fell into a desultory conversation highly interesting to my grandmother, who could not but admit the rank injustice of party spirit which had so often described him either as an "effeminate Italian," or "lawless bandit," whichever best suited the purpose of the speaker; when, in fact, his language and manners were those of the accomplished, well-bred, and elegant man. He had great facility in speaking both in English and broad Scotch. And, as to his being effeminate, all his actions gave the lie to the shameless remark; for he had braved every toil and danger with the utmost ease, "marching all the day on foot, and every river they had to cross, he was the first man that leaped into it; he dined in the open field, and slept on the hard ground, wrapped in his plaid."

My grandmother's heart melted at the prospect of those fearful dangers and hardships in which the prince seemed destined to end his romantic attempt to win back the crown of his grandfather; but do not, gentle reader of these records of bygone years, give Lady Jane credit for any of those Jacobite feelings which animated so many of the Scottish maidens at that period, for such was not the case. She had never been zealous in his cause till his misfortunes pleaded for him at the bar of human feeling and Christian justice.

It is very remarkable, that many of the prettiest ladies in "bonnie Scotland" were Jacobites, and members of non-juring meeting-houses. The Laird of Mackintosh's lady, who joined the rebel army at Inverness, was accounted the greatest beauty there. She got together all her clan, and marched at their head, (with a white cockade,) and presented them to Prince Charles. The Lady Seaforth also headed a clan of the Mackenzies, and many other fair faces put their blushes to flight in the cause of a young and chivalrous prince.

Perhaps, of all the fair friends of Charles Stuart, none merited so little the praise bestowed upon her services as Flora Macdonald, who, so far from playing the heroine, and entering heart and soul into the plan which the faithful O'Sullivan (the devoted friend of Charles in his fallen fortunes) concerted as the only means of saving the prince's life, absolutely refused, at first, to lend him her help. I would not be severe upon that fair northern flower, but only show how prone the foolish multitude are to run after every will-o'-the-wisp, often mistaking that for a star which is but the glimmering of a glowworm.

As the day wore away, and the shades of evening began to fall over the face of nature, my grandmother felt very acutely the unpleasant situation in which her brother's commands had placed her: to send the prince forth, again a wanderer, upon the chance of the troops being gone, when perhaps they were lying in ambush, ready to spring upon their victim, was against all her notions of Christian charity, or human sympathy. The prince, however, with a nobleness characteristic of his chivalrous nature, declared to Lady Jane his determination to run all hazard, rather than break his promise given to the earl, to avail himself of only one night's shelter at the castle.

Day wore apace, and, with the gathering shades of eve, Donald's face became more and more clouded, and his speech teemed with more bitterness against the "southern bloodhounds," dashed with occasional caustic witticisms, covertly directed at the earl's timidity and want of hospitality.

"Weel ye ken," said the old man, eyeing the prince with affectionate glances, "the warld's no the same as langsyne, the auld canna mak the young o' the sam mettle wi' themselves; na, na, thae days have flitted frae Scotland, when a leal heart an a bra han tauld mair nor onything, for now feint a crumb cares ony o' the great lords whilk is the right, seeing they hae gane the safe gate."

The prince, having equipped himself in the dress which old Donald had procured, (as a safe disguise,) consisting of "a loose jacket of coarse tartan, stuff gray breaks, and blue cloth bonnet," and put up in a wallet his own more costly wardrobe, together with some provisions,

and a bottle of mountain dew, followed Donald from his place of concealment just as the old clock in the hall struck the hour fixed upon for his departure.

Lady Jane accompanied the prince to the private door, through which they could pass unseen by any of the servants, when my grandmother, with the tears of pity standing in her eyes, pronounced her farewell to the prince, mingled with many wishes for his safety. Charles, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, exclamed, "God bless you, lady! and, whatever may be the fate of Charles Stuart, he will never forget your generous sympathy;" then turning away, he followed Donald a few paces, when looking round and seeing Lady Jane still standing to watch them, he waved his hand again, repeating with energy, "God bless you!" and then quickly passing onward was soon out of sight.

Deep and heartfelt were the wishes of my grandmother for the prince's escape;* but, alas! wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits. Yet still we wish on, even to the gates of another world, where alone the promise made to the ear is not broken to the heart. To conclude, the times are now happily gone by, when to speak of the Stuart could, by possibility, be liable to either misunderstanding or misrepresentation. The last of that most unfortunate race is now extinct, and the present illustrious family have been long securely enthroned in the hearts of the people.

Yet, that such a people as the Scotch, brave, free, and chivalrous by nature, should still among their mountain homes invoke the shades of their native kings, and love the legend and the song that embalms the memory of their fathers, who fought and bled for the rights of the expatriated Stuarts, cannot be wondered at; and though, as the immortal bard beautifully and truthfully says,

> "Old times are changed, old manners gone,
> A stranger fills the Stuart's throne;"†

and though Scotland now beholds in that stranger a father and a benign ruler of the nations, yet the hardy highlander will tell you, as he treads with free step the pine-covered hills and bracken shades, that the memory of other days and other men is still "green in his soul."

* "The young prince, after sustaining an innumerable variety of hardships, well worthy of a romance, at last made his escape out of Scotland with Cameron of Lochiel, Mac Donald of Burrisdale, Stuart of Ardshield, and some other of his faithful adherents, who had long wandered with, or followed him from shore to shore, and from island to island, encountering the most incredible difficulties, surrounded with imminent dangers, and partaking of all his calamities while eluding the vigilant search of the royal forces, everywhere dispersed, and constantly on the watch to take him captive."

† "Some years after the rebellion in Scotland, the pretender came in disguise to London. This was a natural, but dangerous curiosity, to behold the place where his grandfather, King James the Second, had been on the throne. Ministers being apprised of the circumstance, went in haste to King George the Second with the information, and strongly recommended his immediate apprehension. The monarch, with one of those shrewd answers for which he was remarkable, replied, 'No—let the poor man satisfy his curiosity; when done, he will quietly go back to France;' and the king's observation was verified."

That there's a pleasant odour still,
  Time has na swept away,
It haunts the stream, it haunts the hill,
  Like friends remembered aye!
It hangs around the wassail bowl,
  It scents the cotter's sang;
O' Scotia's harp it is the soul,
  And steals the strings amang.

Touching these records, it may be necessary, perhaps, to assure the reader that they are undeniably true. The circumstance of the young pretender having been concealed at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, at the time the British troops arrived there in search of him, is an actual fact, which can be proved by many, now living, of Lady Jane's relations, although the knowledge of it was, for obvious reasons, confined to the Earl of Bute's own family, and has never before been, as the writer of these records believes, publicly divulged. The plaid, or tartan cloak of the fugitive prince having been left behind him, in the hurry of his flight from Bute, it fell into the hands of Lady Jane Stuart, who carefully preserved it during the remainder of her life, in memory of its illustrious but unfortunate owner. It also served, indeed, to commemorate an event, to herself personally, most interesting and extraordinary: for on the night of Prince Charles Edward's concealment at Bute, she first saw, in the young officer who commanded the king's troops, her future husband, for literally, as I before stated, Lady Jane was preparing to retire to rest, when Captain Courtenay entered her chamber, at the head of his soldiers, in search of the pretender; a mutual attachment arose between them, they were subsequently married, and lived together many years the happiest and most united pair in the world.

I have a part of the identical plaid, in which the unfortunate Charles wandered perhaps many a stormy night, houseless and heart-sick: and when I look upon its faded colours, and reflect upon all the changes it has undergone, I cannot resist the wish, that it had a voice to tell the tale of other years.*

* A singular case of deuteroscopia, or second sight, is recorded. "In April, 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in deep thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle which was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description all his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time."

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.[1]

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER IX.

"They entered the dungeon . . . . ."

* * * * *

"This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners ten times more distinguished than thou have died within these walls; and their fate hath never been known."

IVANHOE.

LET us now, all three of us—that is, Pedestres, Clavileno, and my most sapient and worthy reader—(with which qualifications there is not the slightest doubt but that thou art richly endued, if thou hast just bought the book thou art reading)—let us all three, since the conclusion of the last chapter, fancy we have travelled sixteen miles through a very pleasing country, and that we now find ourselves safely arrived in Tiverton: (which, by-the-bye, as we are entering the town, Cambden derives thus:—Twy-ford-ton—Two-ford-town:) let us think we are come to Tiverton, the town of lace notoriety.

This wise and appropriate name, as Cambden gives it, tells of the situation of the place with regard to position—that is to intimate, that it is situated near two fords or rivers, or that two fords, and, per consequence, two rivers, exist in the neighbourhood. For, be it remembered, the Saxons of a thousand or more years ago, knew little of pontine architecture; or, if they did, their knowledge was like the miser's gold, which lacked a Telford to know how to spend it. One of these rivers is the Exe, or *Isca*, as Ptolemy says, that afterwards flows through Exeter, and the other, the Lowman, passing on the opposite or eastern side of the town: which name comes from the Saxon word Duning, signifying *slow*. The Saxons crossed these rivers by fords, and not by bridges, and hence the name *Two-ford-town*.

Tiverton was known by the appellation of *Twyford* as early as the year 872, which was in the beginning of the reign of Alfred the Great; but the appearance of it then, and during some centuries subsequently, was miserable to a degree. It consisted only of a few Arab-like hovels huddled together near that part of the town now occupied by Frog Street—this was all. When the Saxons set themselves earnestly to build a house—perhaps, we should imagine a pig-sty—they, in the first place, cleared the ground of stocks, stones, rubbish, or other impediments, and formed a level surface of earth, which surface was to be the floor of the interior. When this was done to satis-

Continued from page 100.

faction, they sketched the plan of the intended edifice on the spot it was destined to occupy, without paper, without pencils, without pens or ink, and without rules and scales; but, like some ancient mathematician, drew the figure on the sand with (for all I know) their fingers; and then they were better able to see what they were about. On this circumferential line, so drawn, for it was but a boundary without divisions, they drove into the ground a closely-set row of stakes, and cut them off even at a proper height, where they were to support the conical roof. Then their fingers again came in requisition, and they crammed the crevices and interstices in this framework with wet clay or mud, thereby setting a fair example to our modern workers in "*wattle-and-dab.*" A few sticks overlaid with straw completed the building, by covering it in with a rudely thatched roof. There was a *multum-in-parvo* hole on one side, which, in itself, contained all the requisites of doors, windows, ventilators, light-holes, and, in short, every other luxury to be found in more recently-constructed houses; and the interior was not divided into compartments or rooms—perhaps it was not spacious sufficient in area to admit of it.

> But this one "stall,
> Served them for kitchen, parlour, and all."

They were kind and considerate enough, however, to allow the smoke of the enkindled fire the fullest privileges and blessings of liberty. It was not only permitted to range at large amongst the assembled company within the hut, but was suffered by its own free will to escape either by the door or through a hole in the roof left for that purpose.

Such, then, was the ordinary Saxon mansion. Who would not have lived in those days?

> "Their houses were like Dirty Dick's,
> And built with mud, for want of bricks."

The whole town at first consisted merely of a small number of these, concentrated close under the castle walls, as a brood of chickens crowded around the old hen for safety; for when the island was so full of foreign as well as civil enemies, when Britons, Saxons, Picts, Scots, and Danes, were all ravaging the same territories, and were all contending among themselves, using as well as speaking daggers, no man, for one night, could with certainty call his life his own. He was liable to be surprised at any unguarded hour, pillaged, burnt out of his house, and murdered. The people, therefore, very naturally congregated near the walls of the stronghold of the powerful baron who might reside in the neighbourhood, and who by them was looked up to as their immediate king, and from whom they received that protection from unforeseen attacks which they, in their helpless state, could by no means give to themselves.

Some historians assert that Tiverton castle bears not the date of such remote antiquity as that of which I have been speaking; but there are very good reasons for supposing that this hypothesis has been advanced like an unsupported piece on a chess-board. That it kept

the surrounding country in awe and subjection long before the conquest there is little *rationale* to deny; yet the most authenticated documents lay its foundation so late as the year 1106, by Richard de-Ripariis, Redvers, or Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, and first Baron of Tiverton, who, about that time, obtained a grant of the barony from King Henry the First.

Baldwin Rivers, Earl of Devon, and successor of him who built the castle, was driven from his fortress by the arms (not the fists and toes) of King Stephen.

It suffered many sieges and assaults during the contests between the two roses, by cause of the active part that several of its lordly tenants took in those fierce wars.

After the union of the two families of Lancaster and York, when the white and red complexions were amicably blended in the persons of William Courteney, Earl of Devon, and the fair daughter of Edward the Fourth, this castle rose to its highest pitch of strength and splendour. "Here was held the court, and this was the constant place of residence of the widowed princess fifteen years." Her son, the Marquis of Exon, or Exeter, lived here occasionally with great magnificence. It was from this castle that he was taken to the Tower of London on his attainder, and thence to the scaffold, where he suffered through the severity and unrelenting rigour of Henry the Eighth.

From the time of this king, who seized on the estates of the marquis, it gradually sank into decay: the parks and pleasure-grounds were neglected, metamorphosed, and finally sold to various persons by the crown, but the parks were not disparked till the fifteenth of Elizabeth.

Wherever there is a castle of any antiquity, and which is known to have experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, fertile brains, a love for the marvellous, or the power of superstition, generally creates some mysterious legends respecting it, which are to be found in the mouths of the inhabitants in the vicinity. Tiverton Castle has not been without its changes and chances; it has risen high and it has fallen low; and conquered, affrighted, or endangered garrisons, as well as some of the town refugees, have had recourse to various stratagems in order to secure safety to themselves and their property from the threatening enemy that might surprise them. The most usual and favourite place of security (in romance) is undoubtedly a dungeon or subterranean passage:—what castle is without it somewhere (though no one can find it?)—and who is it that has ever been to Tiverton and has not heard of the "dungeon," that passes from the castle the whole way under the town? To resort thither with half a dozen candles "to explore," has often been the frolic of a holiday afternoon among schoolboys. I remember when I was about twelve years of age, and at the time forming one of a large body of rebellious subjects, who groaned under the despotic and harsh government of that tyrannical sceptre, (as all boys fancy,) the ferula, that some five or six of us formed the design of making a visit to the dungeon, under the sweet persuasion that our antiquarian search and research could not but be attended by such success and discovery, as would shed more light on

certain obscure passages in events of by-gone ages than had ever been enkindled by the laborious pens of all the historians that ever wielded a goosequill. The conditions and *items* of the bill of enforcement when drawn up were so far complimentary to me, (being the projector,) inasmuch as it was resolved, in that scarce document, that I should lead the way at the head of the forces, and conduct them through the whole enterprise. This was the substance of the first article, but to which I would by no means agree. It would have been ridiculous indeed if I had; for there was a circumstance born amongst us afterwards which tended to prove beyond question, that one or two of the party had, some time before, ventured into the said Tartarean shades, and who subsequently confessed the fact. A very brief harangue reduced matters to their proper positions; they quickly perceived and acknowledged the absurdity of urging the blind to lead those that saw clearly—for it was the same thing—and of making such as would be useful as guides follow one who was an utter stranger into so fearful and dismal a place. When I look back upon this compliment of their promotion, I consider it as a fair page of courtesy, never, perhaps, until then detected in the volume of scholastic annals; —for Lord Chesterfield polished not himself by the study of such. An overwhelming majority instantly sided with me—the truth was great, and did prevail; the tide flowed strongly and favourably, the oppositionists were borne down—obliged to submit, and agree, in fine, to become guides for the whole party.

The second *item* tended towards me, in the imposition of a tax or forfeit: but no tax placed on humanity was ever levied with such facility and good-will. The law enforced, *secundo*, that I should find candles, tinder-box, and matches, *and that I should steal them from the cook*, for it was sagaciously perceived that, as my home was nearer to the scene of action than the residences of any of the others, there would be the greatest advantages arising from the enactment of such a clause as this second article compelled. Proximity, and, therefore, convenience of transportation, was the great incentive and insubvertible argument. And as to the matter of stealing what we wanted, of course *I* could do that as well as any body else: there was no objection to it whatever, either on their parts or on mine:—it was fair and just, and nothing was so longed for as to convert unsubstantial words into actual and accomplished deeds. True it was, the cook shortly found herself *minus* candles, tinder-box, and all the *et ceteras*, and nine points of the law very soon confirmed that manœuvre.

We set off, giving tongue lustily, like a pack of hounds on full scent, making our way through Saint Peter's churchyard, up the path opposite the richly-carved façade of John Greenway's chapel.

"What a funny ship that is!" said *Gradus*, a boy about ten years old, as he pointed with his candle towards the upper part of the chapel, "I never saw such a clumsy one in my life."

"Yes," answered *Ille-ego*, who claimed seniority over us all, "I suppose 'tis like what they used to build in former days: there is a boat alongside of her, and they seem to be lowering a cask by a rope—"

"And there's one man upon the stern," cried *Hic-hæc-hoc*, inter-

rupting *Ille-ego*, "did you ever see such a great high stern?—not a bit like Curwood's boats:—see, there's a man pulling a fish out of the water."

"I swear 'tis a bigger one than *Titytre-tu* caught in the Loman the other day with a *black palmer*," resumed *Gradus*.

"And his line's as thick as a rope," said *A-B-C.*, who was our youngest volunteer, and at the bottom of the lowest form in school."

"Ah, and there's another ship," rejoined *Hic-hæc-hoc*, "oh, and a good many more:—and what are those men doing?—but the nose of one of them has been knocked off, and the nose of the other has been rubbed quite flat."

"There is a man up there," said *A-B-C.*, "with a long stick in his hand:—I wonder if 'tis a fishing-rod—but it's got no reel."

A hearty peel burst forth from all sides, at the expense of the simplicity of *A-B-C.*

The whiles they laughed a gleam of sunshine struck across the chapel, and unconsciously drew their attention upon two ancient dials.

"Almost three o'clock," said *Gradus*, perceiving the shadow fell over that figure.

"Come, come along then," rejoined *Hic-hæc-hoc*, catching hold of his neighbour's arm to pull him away.

"'*Nesciunt reverti*,'" said *Ille-ego*, reading the inscription on one of the dials.

On arriving at the destined spot, there arose a call for ammunition and stores. Pockets, hats, coat sleeves, and holes cut to get between the lining and cloth of trowsers (where pockets were not long enough) were pregnant with candles, matches, tinder, *and potatoes to make candlesticks of*. There was a most prolific birth.

The only entrance now known, and before which we stood, is under a small archway, about a foot and a half span, and not rising more than two feet out of the ground. Tradition says, that this arch is in reality the head of a doorway, which formerly rose high enough to allow soldiers egress and ingress, when they wished privately and by secret passages, to pass this way: but, that time and neglect have suffered so much earth and rubbish to accumulate there, that the door has been filled up as it now appears, to within only two feet of the top. Thus speaks tradition—but tradition sometimes tells fibs—and a slight examination of the spot will convince any one, that the honest god of Veracity prompted not those that unloosed such a tale upon the world. Prometheus never struck brighter sparks from the flint, than *Hic-hæc-hoc* had been doing for a minute or more with great assiduity. But the tinder was unwilling to light. It was either damp —or else the striker did not let the hasty sparks fall properly into the box—or else, by-the-by, the said tinder grievously lacked a little of *Stahl's phlogiston*.

"Let me try," said *Ille-ego*, taking the flint and steel out of his hands. "Many a time have I struck a light and lit a candle to explore here."

"I' faith you may take it," rejoined the other, resigning every thing

to him, "for I have nearly knocked my knuckles to pieces, the flint is so small."

*Ille-ego* was stronger in the arms, and the tinder was soon a-light. "Give me a match!" he cried, "before it goes out again." The match was unwilling to ignite, as the tinder had been before.

"There's fire, there's fire," exclaimed *Hic-hæc-hoc*, "put the match there!"

"And now there's a deal of fire running about on the farther side of the box—let me put another match there!" added *Gradus*, offering his assistance.

Five minutes—perhaps more—had been consumed in the fruitless attempt to kindle these matches: five minutes to us, just then, appeared a long time. *A-B-C.* now stepped in, to tender his ready powers.

"Why don't you blow it?" said he, puffing into the box with all his might.

"You cursed little fool!" roared *Ille-ego;* "and now you've blown all the tinder away! D—nation and the devil!"

Vexed as we were at this ill-judged puff, we gave vent to a laugh——all but *Ille-ego*, and the innocent offender. True it was, the smoking ashes were scattered far and wide. "Pick it up, pick it up!" was the spontaneous cry. Another five minutes served to replace the tinder in the box, and also to select two or three good matches from the bundle, that appeared to hold the greatest quantity of brimstone on their points—and moreover, what was supremely joyful—to enkindle a *throbbing* flame on the end of one of them.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

On his own shield, to fair Eurotas' shore,
The brave Thrasybulus, from battle 's borne;
From seven deep wounds had flowed the purple gore,
And who is near, his early death to mourn?
Tunychus comes,—his aged hoary sire,—
Looks on the youth by Argives' swords laid low;
"Place him," he calmly said, "upon the pyre,
'Tis cowards only let their weak tears flow;
And ye shall see, that I to the damp earth
Can, with a tearless eye, return my son;
It was for this that he received his birth,
And bright has been his course, though early run."

## ON SEEING MR. STANFIELD'S PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

IN THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE, OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

All honour to thee, Stanfield!—thou hast done
For thine enduring fame, but little less
Than He, th' immortaliz'd, who dying won
His country's safety:—He, whom we address
As Nelson, the unconquer'd, whose excess
Of glory, brightest at its setting shone;
Oh, might he deign our artist's toils to bless,
And, looking down from his celestial throne,
See vict'ry gain'd once more—once more his triumph own!

Let England's sons before this canvas stand
With holy awe, and first a tribute pay
Of wonder due to the all-powerful hand
That made perpetual this triumphant day:
Then to their feelings let them give full sway.
This, the best record of their country's might,
Of their sires' glory, this the brightest ray:
So shall their bosoms glowing at the sight
Of vanquish'd navies swell, and future Nelsons fight.

Here, as before an altar, stand and view
The holocaust of men—dread sacrifice,
But veil'd in vapour. Those th' artillery slew
Were anthem'd by their slay'rs. In the deep lies
Grav'd as they died, a host:—and the shrill cries
Of the dismember'd and the not yet dead
Ne'er from the caverns of those vast ships rise:
For nought is heard, but when some mast is shred,
Or huge beam riven in twain, among those thunders dread.

Peal follows crash, and crash succeeds each peal,
War shrouds himself in smoke from Heav'ns pure eye,
His stern voice awes the winds, the mute waves feel
The common fear, and slow and mournfully
Heave their clear bosoms. Without power to fly
Dismasted ships, magnificent wrecks, around
The conquering Vict'ry in confusion lie;
Safety have some in their submission found,
The rest desponding fight, defeat with valour bound.

Such is this picture, an historic page,
By heav'n-born genius giv'n—trophy sublime
Of England's prowess—to the latest age,
When other deeds shall be devour'd by time,
This still shall flourish as in early prime;
This still shall cause unnumber'd hearts to swell,
In countries distant, yea, in every clime,
The British youths shall glory as they tell,
Of Nelson's battle won, which Stanfield drew so well.

*The Mascarenhas: a Legend of the Portuguese in India.* By the Author of "The Prediction," &c. 3 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

The whole history of India is one continued romance;—a romance tinged with horrors, darkened by superstition, and prodigal of blood. The banner that old Time has ever waved over that country of antiquities has borne upon it the dread symbols of the most revolting superstitions quartered with the blood-red hand of rapine; and, though a few flowers may be discovered wreathed among the more horrible types, they are not enough to relieve the dire emblazonry of crime mingled with fanatical mystery. Even when the good few, with a truly christian zeal, endeavoured to supplant this terrible banner, by elevating upon its fertile soil the glorious cross, this beautiful sign of glory to God and peace and good-will to men, too soon became a symbol of mad persecution, an apology for licentious barbarity, and an index to point out where stood the walls, and where were sunk the dungeons of an inquisition that has blasphemously arrogated to itself the title of "Holy."

If ever a country was pre-eminently persecuted and devoured, if ever man in his various tribes had his better energies crushed out by the madness of hostile, God-insulting and man-defacing faiths, that country was, and still is, India; and it is in its various and beautiful regions, that we find him the most debased by a contemptible notion of his future self, and a childlike subserviency to the jugglery of a false priesthood. It may be thought, that with such materials with which to operate, the engrafting a well-written romance upon the annals of India, is a task boldly to be undertaken and easily to be executed. But never was an idea more fallacious. The very variety of the matter, the richness in incident, and the abundance of startling events, make the amalgamation into a connected story a completion, of the utmost difficulty. The abundance offered to the writer tempts to discursive improvidence, and would insensibly lead on the unskilful to failure. A romance founded on Indian history must be like a tessellated pavement: every stone different in hue and colour from the other, individually brilliant, requires the master hand so to arrange the whole, that out of apparent incongruity harmony may arise, and the mind be satisfied in contemplating the multifarious arrangement, that of the many minute and seemingly opposite elements, a perfect whole is produced.

How far Mrs. Stewart, the author of this singularly well-told tale, has effected this object, we will leave the reader to decide. Should he think that she has not quite reached perfection, that a few of the precious materials that she has placed in juxtaposition do not look well beside each other, and that one, perhaps two, of the stones that she has placed in the tessellated pavement of her story are but pebbles but foreign to their purpose, and ought to have been wholly omitted, we beg to remark, that these discrepancies are less imputable to the

authoress than to the taste of the times, and to the very nature of her subject. This will be fully shown as we proceed to give some faint notion of the work.

It is opened by a well-written introduction, fixing the exact epoch of the tale, and giving a rapid but very lucid description of the then state of India. At that time, the Portuguese domination was fast declining, whilst that of England was just beginning to extend itself slowly but surely, and the great, or rather the famous, (for the terms are not synonymous,) Aurungzebe was at the zenith of his power. This emperor was, as everybody knows, a Mahomedan, and he was rather severe upon the great majority of his subjects, the Hindoos. Their interests and their religion was energetically espoused by a Mahrattah chief, Raja Sevagi, who is certainly, whatever the fair writer may have intended, the hero of the romance. He holds a mountain district on the confines of Aurungzebe's dominions, and not only continually annoys him by predatory excursions, but even goes to the length of plotting to dethrone him, and to set up in his place some other emperor, who may be more auspicious to the Hindoos, and more tolerant to the Brahminical code. To carry these views into effect, he does not scruple to league with one Gomez, a lusty, hard-featured, hard-hearted villain, a pirate by profession, and a very brute in all manner of practice. This Gomez is a Portuguese, whose head quarters are situated at Chittagong, and who is in command of some thousand valiant vagabonds, his countrymen, and of several thousand other vagabonds, Hindoos, not quite so valiant, but equally vicious. Now there is in India, another legitimate power belonging to Portugal, whose principal station is at Goa, plentiful with priests, to make it respectable, and a very goodly inquisition, to make it terrible. The hands of these men are against all, and all against them. The governor of Goa, and consequently of all the Portuguese Indian possessions, is one of the Mascarenhas, a name which gives a title to these volumes. Now this governor had a younger brother, who, in early life, fought against Aurungzebe, and so successfully, that he took him prisoner—the brother, at that time, a very excellent warrior, and a good Catholic His soldierly qualities stuck to him to the end of his life, but his Catholicism vanished at the sight of a beautiful young lady, about to become a virgin suttee, who was the virgin widow of a very old Raja, and the sister of the Mahrattah Prince Sevagi, above mentioned. This Xavier Mascarenhas rescues the lady from a bed that promised to be so hot for her, and actually turns Turk and marries her. He then assumes the name of Zohac, and gets a very nice slice of Indian territory, and a body of very well disciplined troops. The reader may be sure that Raja Sevagi bears this Portugal Turk no very good will for outraging his religion, and so cavalierly carrying off his sister. We have not space to mention about as many more important characters, who have all their particular histories, and which converge, as it were, to one point, in bringing about the catastrophe. We will now proceed to the opening of this drama. It is with a gorgeous scene in the city of Delhi, on the occasion of a public reception by the emperor Aurungzebe, of a most splendid Persian embassy from Shah Abâs.

This is a long and a very minute account, which fully evinces the great reading and the patient research of the authoress. Everything is described to the life: men of various faiths, and of all professions adhere, even in their modes of speech, to all the niceties of distinction. That the authoress has fully caught the spirit of the phraseology of the east may be seen in the following extract. Korrily wishes, contrary to the custom of the east, to unveil and gaze upon the procession.

"'Off to thy distaff, Korrily!' cried the man, in the same tone of mirthful raillery; 'the ware-room of the merchant is not the province of the wife—away! thou art out of custom, Korrily; in thy country such things may be, but here——'

"'And must we keep to such queer customs?' said the female, at once softened down to the pathetic; 'and will you break the faith you swore to, in my own dear land?'

"'Korrily,' interrupted the other, 'thy Cuttub loves thee as the Pundit water, the Parsee fire! the scent of burned ambergris is not so balmy as thy breath, nor silver cymbal dulcet as thy voice—when modulated, love! but in discord 'tis the Arab's diff,* the peacock's scream!—mix more of liquorice than of citron in thy sherbet, Korrily.'"

But who is this Cuttub, and who is this Korrily? They are, perhaps, the pebbles alluded to, in our fanciful tesselated pavement. Korrily is nothing more, or to give her due honour, less, than an Irish lady who formerly condescended, being a good Catholic, to act in a menial capacity in Portugal, in the noble family of the Mascarenhas, but now braves emperors on their thrones, wields, or at least influences the destinies of rajahs, princes, powers, and dominions—goes through all manner of adventures, speaks a mixture of all languages, and finally, as a reward, resolves herself, at the end of three volumes, into the simple abigail in the same noble family. There is too much thrown upon the shoulders of this Korrily, albeit they be broad and Irish, and a most particular favourite of ours. Cuttub, her husband, is a complete Scapin. He is, in morality, one of a class that in religion is every day increasing, an Everything-arian! and his character, as Mrs. Stewart has drawn it, is in much better keeping than that of his wife. In countries, where the slave of one year may be the ruler of the next, we have no right to be surprised at any vicissitude, provided it be of the sterner sex; but the harem and the sack are impediments to the ladies playing many public fantastic tricks. Led on by incidents too long for us to abstract, Korrily and Cuttub are found soliciting justice. The following is a description of the great Aurungzebe.

"A person of diminutive stature, his demeanor unmarked by any attribute of kingly dignity, half rose from the regal seat at this intrusion. It was Aurungzebe. To a superficial observer the lineaments of this extraordinary man gave no indication of that sagacious, resolute, yet pliant mind which could at will dissolve into every form, yet lose itself in none, and could veil hatred or displeasure by frankness, and by a show of clemency, where clemency was prudence: he had won not merely toleration but applause, for the imprisonment of his father and the murder of his

* A drum.

brothers; and now stood forth, audaciously tranquil in his usurped prerogative, to receive the willing homage of potentate and feudatory.

"Aurungzebe gave a few moments to reflection, a few more to quiet inquisition of the countenances in his immediate vicinity, before he noticed the petition: at length he turned to Seva, a smile of pleasantry gradually brightening his olive complexion, and giving an air of good humour to his half rebuke—

"'Redress would not have been solicited so rudely, for other than the wife of the date-merchant, nor would Seva for nobler, or perhaps worthier object have overlooked the ceremonial due to the majesty of Hindostan, and to the representative of Abâs!—Retire—to-morrow we will weigh this matter.'

"'Great king!' replied the boy, 'we learn from the precept of Aurungzebe, that his light shall be darkened who defers to the next hour what may be done in this!'

"'Prayer should be the precursor of every act of that power which awards condemnation or acquittal,' said the monarch, 'prepare, with Akbar, to attend me to the mosque.'

"'Then will my sister, mighty prince, be torn from her true protector!' cried the boy, spiritedly, yet with reverence.

"'Thy sister!'

"'If she be the lost ward of the date merchant's wife, I have been taught to consider her as such: within this hour the child hath been recognized and claimed.'"

The reader may now gather an inkling of the mysterious consequence of the date merchant's wife, Korrily; but if the reader supposes that we are going to unravel for him this delicate complexity, he is very pleasantly mistaken. It is our wish to show him or her so much of the excellence of this work, as to make the desire to purchase it almost as strong as a passion.

We will now introduce to the notice of our friends, another exquisitely drawn, and consistently sustained, character. She is an historical personage; and, after the events that are the basis of this novel had transpired, became celebrated by playing a most conspicuous political part in the arena of India, making even the great Aurungzebe tremble for the stability of his power. She is Cunja, a beautiful gipsy, a woman of fierce passions, and high mental endowments, the concubine of Gomez, the Portuguese leader and pirate. She is required to account for the possession of a beautiful little girl, the heroine of the story, whom she had stolen from the honest Irish Korrily.

"'Silence, bold rebel!—advance!'

"The first command was obeyed upon the instant; compliance with the second would have involved separation from the child, and was unheeded as if unheard. An authoritative signal passed quickly to the Cutwâl; a pressure was applied to Korrily's wrists which made her fingers nerveless, and her arms were instantly bound with her own girdle.

"'Is this your law!' she cried, 'a blessed law! kill first and then condemn! Ye call yourselves believers too! ye, who if a man but cough, cry, 'strangle him!'—A fine shew ye make, my lords; much like the cinnamon tree, your bark far better than your body!'

"'Stars of the faith!' exclaimed Cuttub, touching with his forehead the steps of the divan, 'grief for the child hath filled the crystal goblet of her brain! she is witless as the bough of the blasted palm is leafless!'" —He arose, and gently detaching the little nach-girl from the arms of the Cunja, placed her between the Arab and the Armenian. 'Sunbeams of

Mahommed!' he continued, 'these men are neutral—now let the cause be judged: I do affirm that if the Kenchen* bear upon her left foot the mark of a cross, she hath been stolen from my wife.'

"The child, in whose lovely countenance terror had given place to innocent wonderment, as she viewed the splendour of the presence hall, contentedly yielded her little foot for inspection, returning archly the encouraging smiles of Seva and Akbar, in whom, with intuitive perception, she recognized those natures most correspondent to her own, and responding by a burst of laughter to their triumphant ejaculation, when the inquisitor declared that the blue lines of a puncture, tipifying the Egyptian symbol of futurity,† were visible.

"The proceedings of the judge were arrested by the action of Aurungzebe; he stood up and exclaimed—'Who in my dominions hath dared to do this wrong?'

"'Staff of the wanderer, and scourge of the blasphemer!' said the Cunja, touching the ground with the back of her right hand, and drawing the long finger across her forehead, 'thy wisdom will discern whether truth abideth with the Christian or thy slave. Thirty months ago I joined a kafilah‡ from Bengal to Allahabad; this Franguy§ woman, with her husband, journeyed in the train; I knew her once, and questioned her concerning a male child committed to her care by one high in rank and power; her words, swollen by the waters of indignation, were like an angry torrent; she reviled thy brother, Suja, as the robber of the boy; thee, likewise, star of nations! thy people, and the land.—Zemani,' —pointing to the nach-girl, 'was at that time in her trust, given to her care by the parent of the boy.'

"As the Cunja uttered the last sentence, the Arab bent forward, and seemed greedily to drink in her recital. The attention of Aurungzebe became more completely rivetted, and the searching eyes of the Armenian were also fixed upon the speaker.—She continued.

"'One day the caravan halted near a mighty forest; the train dispersed amid the shades of the palm and tamarind; I followed the Franguy woman, because I loved the child.—To the Cunja there is no pollution in the breath of infidels, for since *our* forefathers were driven by *thine* from Hindostan, we have been doomed to the contamination of the Christian's touch.—She went along a pathway which led to a thick jungle; the tiger and the jackal lurked therein. I spoke of danger, but she heeded nothing. The sun-ray struck upon our heads, the sky slept in flame. A nullah crossed the path; it branched from the great river: the bamboo dropped upon the water, its shadows rested on a sheet of fire. The child was parched—she wept—we sat beneath the tree—I spoke of former years, and other lands; once more I dared to ask her of the boy. —The Franguy did again revile—the Moslem and the Pagan were the children of the dark one; theirs was the soil of the heavy curse!—Rage stained the current of her mind:—'The Hindoo mother leaves her thriveless babe to perish,' she exclaimed, 'so will I leave this luckless creature, lest she dwell with the heathen and blasphemer!'—Zemani was frightened; she crept into my arms:—the child had only numbered forty moons, yet was she shrewd, and very beautiful!—I would have bought her with my store of riches—a golden toman and a sapphire ring.—The fury of the white woman increased; she seized the child; the finger of the mighty one pressed upon her brain; her bosom was the den of evil spirits,—they prevailed—she flung the child into the nullah! she fled! —I was bold and vigorous: I had wrestled with the wave before: I tore a branch from the bamboo, and sprang to save the innocent. The river monster glared, its horrid jaws were opened for the babe! her little cry gave fearlessness to courage; I battled with the current—I stretched the

* Dancing girl. † The cross.
‡ A caravan. § Frank or Franguy, European.

branch towards her; she caught it—she was saved!—Say, is she not mine, great king!—I bore her through the tangled jungle and the tope.—An evil dewtah veiled the day; the sun was dimmed, the dread typhoon was up, its roar was mingled with the tiger's cry; the forest quaked, the limbs of mighty trees were driven like their leaves; I heeded not the curdling of my heart's blood! the vulture screamed: I would not despair! I clasped the child; we shrunk within the jungle grass.—The eye of the unseen, alone, was on us; we were saved!—Messenger of the Unchangeable, is she not mine?'"

This extract, though long, is apposite, as it evinces the power of the authoress. We will merely state that the child, which was thus energetically and eloquently pleaded for, was carried off, on an Arab courser, from before the eyes of the whole court, which was fortunately, in the literal sense, *an open one*, by the Raja Sevagi, of whom we have before made mention. This is one of the improbabilities with which we could well dispense; but though we might, perhaps the plot of the story could not, so we are fain to be content, with perhaps a real fact, which certainly looks like a fiction of the most brazen description.

He is pursued, this Mahratta and child-stealing Raja; but, of course, as it did not suit the tale that he should be overtaken, he gets safely through the crowded, narrow, and caravan-impeded streets of Delhi unscathed, with his precious burthen; and at length finds security among his own retainers. Aurungzebe, now finding that his determined enemy is in some force in his immediate neighbourhood, and in the heart of his dominions, very naturally dispatches numerous troops to annihilate or bring them to him in chains. They go, and are defeated. We cannot here detail all the intricacies of the plot, which is more involved than that of an old Spanish play. Suffice it, that Seva, the nephew, and Akbar, the sultan, and eldest son of Aurungzebe, fall into the hands of Sevagi. This chieftain now entertains projects the most ambitious; he aspires to the entire authority throughout India, and the making the Hindu faith the dominant, perhaps the sole, religion. The extirpation of all the Europeans, both private and legitimate, comes within the scope of his plans. To effect this great object, he wills it to be believed that Zemani, the abducted child, is his daughter, whom he intends to marry to the captured Akbar, who has already Hinduized. Akbar is a weak prince, and a coward. He is to depose his father Aurungzebe, and to be allowed to live and to appear to rule India under the guidance of Zemani and himself. All these fine-spun schemes, like the wreathing mists of a summer morning, vanish into thin air. Then comes love scenes, and romantic adventures, the tug of war, the assassin's dagger, and the poisoned bowl. We have also the abhorrent rites of the suttee described, and all the imposing pomp of priestcraft is paraded before us. We must not omit to mention a beautiful and most touching delineation of a pariah, that pariah the fair sister of Sevagi himself, and the mother of Zemani. The developement of this many-complexioned plot, we shall refrain from giving.

As a whole, these volumes must tend to establish a high and en-

during reputation for their author. She has a fertile imagination, a high sense of the sublime and beautiful, a cultivated mind, and no small share of that appreciation of the ridiculous, that is called humour. She is naturally eloquent, and, from the reading displayed in this work, must be indefatigably industrious. Her few faults are trivial, but, we fear, not easily remedied. They are interwoven in the very tissue of her mind. One of those blemishes, which, in vulgar minds, always becomes garrulity, in her assumes the shape of amplification. She leaves a favourite subject with reluctance, she dwells upon it long, she does more than exhaust it, she exhausts her readers. As a proof, we instance the ascent of Korrily to the mountain-hold of Sevagi. She is also too minute. She gives us grand pictures, but she finishes all of them too highly. But for these slight failings, with how many beauties does she indemnify us! She is also that most rare thing—very original. Her creation of the Imp Goojah may grin ambitiously beside the boldest of Sir Walter Scott's inventions. We have given the review of this novel in the body of our work, because we honestly thought that it was deserving of the distinction.

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## TO JUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONGINUS," A TRAGEDY; "THE ANGLO-POLISH HARP," &c.

THRICE welcome, genial month! whose balmy wing
  Fans into fresh expansion the rich show
Of blossoms that, around, their splendours fling,
  And, in the fructifying sunbeams, glow—
Thou, on life-stirring odours, dost carouse,
  And thine are robes immaculate to wear,
The snow-white favours of the cherry-boughs,
  The starry promise of the luscious pear;
Thy reign the pink-ey'd apple-cup prolongs,
  Each lowlier smiling flower, and loftier tree,
The hawthorn hedge alive with warbling songs,
  The soothing, happy humming of the bee!
All nature holds a festival as thou,
The garland-graces' queen, with blooms bedeck'st thy brow!

## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. V.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th May,* 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I HAVE now to speak of the principal actions concerned in the nutrition of our bodies—that is, in converting our food into *ourselves.* These are four in number—ABSORPTION, CIRCULATION, RESPIRATION, and SECRETION.

If you have read attentively what I have already written concerning the absorbent vessels, and concerning those arteries which, when convoluted and conglomerated into those little balls called glands, perform the office of secreting the several juices of the body, as the saliva, &c.—if, I say, you have read all this with attention, you will now have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by the terms ABSORPTION and SECRETION. I shall now, therefore, briefly describe the circulation of the blood, and the effect which respiration has upon it; and then I shall endeavour to exhibit to you these important phenomena of ABSORPTION, CIRCULATION, RESPIRATION and SECRETION, in active operation, by tracing a given portion of food through all the changes wrought upon it by virtue of these four actions, until it has become assimilated to the body.

First let us trace the CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The blood, of a bright vermilion hue, and richly laden with the elements of living matter—the new materials for repairing the wasted body—starting from the *left* side of the heart, enters the aorta. From the aorta it is distributed into branches of the aorta, and hence into the branches of these branches, being divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller streamlets as it proceeds from branch to branch. In this manner it proceeds until it has been subdivided into as many minute hair-like streamlets as there are *points* in the body, there being no point of the body which is not supplied and nourished by one of these scarcely conceivably minute streamlets of blood.

While these countless myriads of currents of blood are thus traversing the body, each, as it were, intent on reaching some one particular point or other as the end of its journey, they may be appropriately likened to an innumerable swarm of bees laden with stores, and hastening onward in order to deposit, each his particular share, at some point or other of the honey-comb which they are all mutually engaged in building or repairing.

When the blood has thus arrived at every point of the entire body, and each streamlet has fulfilled its office of renovation, by parting with the new materials which it contained, and depositing them in the place of the old and worn-out materials which have been removed

[1] Continued from p. 66.

the instant before, by the absorbents—when, in a word, the function of nutrition has been performed, the little hair-like arteries, which brought these several minute streamlets of blood from the heart to the several points of their destination, bend back upon themselves, lose the structure peculiar to arteries, assume that peculiar to veins, and commence their journey back to the heart.

The little streamlets of blood, which fill these little backward-running veins, having now parted with those living elements—those fresh materials—which they brought for the renovation of the body, may be likened, not inaptly, to the same swarm of bees mentioned before; who, having deposited their precious burdens in various parts of the honey-comb, are now hastening back for a fresh supply.

The blood, therefore, having fulfilled its function, quits the arteries and enters the veins.

I have said that when the arteries cease to be arteries, and become veins, they *bend back upon themselves.* The veins, therefore, in their passage towards the heart, run alongside the arteries, and parallel with them; and wherever you find an artery bringing arterial blood *from* the heart, you will also find, by the side of it, and enclosed in the same sheath with it, a vein carrying back venous blood *to* the heart. Thus the several streams of venous and arterial blood pass each other on the road, as it were—like two trains of carriages moving side by side, but in contrary directions—the one train going out, the other returning home.

As the terminations of arteries form the beginnings of veins, it follows that the number of the veins, at their commencement, is equal to the number of the arteries. But these numerous minute veins, as they travel towards the heart, are every now and then uniting together to form larger ones, and consequently the streams of venous blood, as they approach the heart, are constantly becoming larger and larger also, and thus the whole quantity of venous blood is eventually collected into two large veins, which empty themselves into the *right* cavity of the heart, like two Fleet ditches into the Thames.

We have now completed what is called the greater circle of circulation—that is, we have traced the vermilion nutritious blood from the heart to every point of the body. We have seen it there part with its nutritious particles, in order to repair the waste of the body; and thus deteriorated in quality, altered in colour, and rendered oppressive and unwholesome in its properties, we have traced it back to the same organ from which it set out, viz. the heart. But although we have brought it back to the same organ from which it started, we have *not* yet brought it back to the same *side* of that organ. It set out from the *left side* of the heart, and we have only traced it back to the *right.* Let us therefore proceed.

When the black deteriorated blood has been brought back from every part of our structure, collected into the two large veins, which I have denominated Fleet ditches, and poured by them into the right cavity of the heart, the walls of that cavity contract upon it, and propel it into a large vessel termed the pulmonary artery, by which it is conveyed to the lungs. In the lungs the pulmonary artery is divided, and divided, and subdivided into an infinite number of infinitely mi-

nute branches, which traverse every part of the lungs. The black blood, therefore, carried to the lungs by the pulmonary artery, is divided into an infinite number of minute streamlets, which are conducted, in every direction, through the lungs, by the innumerable hair-like branches of the pulmonary artery.

The lungs are made up of a countless number of small cells, through among which the little streamlets of black blood are, of course, conveyed, and every time we draw in our breath, these cells become filled with air, and the air which they then contain comes in contact with the little vessels containing the minute streamlets of black blood, and, acting through the delicate coats of these, it operates those changes in the blood which it was sent to the lungs for the sole purpose of undergoing.

What the whole of these changes are is not thoroughly understood. But this much is certain—that, whereas the blood enters the lungs of a black colour, and in a condition unfit to effect the nutrition of the body, it no sooner becomes exposed to the influence of the air in the cells of the lungs, than it loses its black colour, acquires the brilliant hue of vermilion, and becomes at once endowed with all the properties necessary to the nutrition of the body, and to the production or secretion of the several juices, such as the gastric, the pancreatic, &c.

The black blood, then, having been exposed in the air-cells of the lungs, to the action of the air, and having been by it purified, re-impregnated with nutritious particles, and every way requalified to fulfil its appointed offices in the body, is collected into four veins, called the pulmonary veins, by which it is brought back to the *left* side of the heart, from which it first started. And thus the lesser circle of circulation has been accomplished, and the whole circulation of the blood completed.

Allow me to recur, for a moment, to the metaphor of the bees. I like it—it is a little fanciful, perhaps, but nevertheless appropriate, and not inelegant.

Consider the lungs, then, as a bed of sweet flowers upon which a swarm of bees (the little black streamlets of blood) have settled. These bees, having laden their thighs with honey, quit the flowers, and, taking their flight through the garden gate, (the heart,) pursue their way by various routes, (the arteries,) in order to deposit their little burdens, and distribute them equally throughout the honey-comb, that is, the body. Having done this, they take wing once more, and returning in the same direction, but by different routes, (the veins,) they re-enter the garden-gate, (the heart,) and again settle themselves down upon the flower-bed, (the lungs,) in order to collect a fresh supply of honey, that is, of nutritive properties. Observe—a stream of *arterial* blood is a bee *laden* with honey; a stream of *venous* blood a bee *despoiled* of its honey.

Now if, as I hope, you have understood my former letters, you will recollect that the old body is constantly being dissolved and carried away and emptied into the venous blood by the lymphatic absorbents, and that the new materials afforded by new food are also emptied into the venous blood at the same place, (viz. just before it enters the right side of the heart on its way to the lungs,) by the lacteal ab-

sorbents. The black blood, therefore, when it reaches the lungs, has, mixed up with it, a portion of the old body in a fluid state called lymph, and also a certain quantity of fresh nutriment, also in a fluid state, called chyle. But the fresh nutriment, that is, the chyle, has not yet *become* blood; it is merely mechanically *commingled with* the blood. The effect, therefore, which the air exerts on the blood in the lungs, is not merely to revivify old blood, but likewise to *convert* the chyle *into* blood. This conversion of chyle into blood is called sanguification.

There is another important office fulfilled by respiration—viz. the expulsion from the body of such portions of the lymph as are no longer fit to remain in it, in the shape of that watery vapour which we denominate breath. The mouth, therefore, is a portal through which you receive the materials for a new body, and also through which you blow away the worn-out materials of the old. Every time you breathe, you blow away a little bit of your nose, (would it were a larger piece!) a little bit of your ears, a fragment of your eyes, a particle of your brain, an atom of your heart, in short, a part of your whole person. If you chance to be walking in the fields, a portion mounting through the air assists in forming the clouds, and again descending in showers of rain, contributes its share towards the formation of the multitudinous ocean. Another portion falls upon the green herbage of the meadow, and constitutes a part of the nourishment upon which that herbage subsists. Thus, not only is "flesh grass," but grass also is flesh.

I shall now endeavour to exhibit the principal actions concerned in the nutrition of the body, by tracing a portion of food through all the necessary changes, until it has ceased to be food, and has become an integrant part of yourself.

Let us suppose you to be in the act of despatching a hearty meal, consisting of animal food and various kinds of vegetables. You first introduce it into your mouth—("first catch your hare," says Mrs. Glass)—with your teeth you masticate it—by means of your tongue you roll it about your mouth. This rolling about brings it in contact with the several excretory ducts of the salivary glands, which open on the internal surface of the mouth, as we have before seen. These ducts, by virtue of their SENSIBILITY, become aware of the presence of a stimulus (the food). The stimulation which the food in the mouth exerts upon the ducts, is propagated along them to the arteries which, as we have before seen, form the salivary glands, by being coiled up into those little knots so called. The arteries, thus stimulated, are excited to increased action. They bring a greater quantity of blood to the glands, and those parts of the arteries which constitute the glands, being also excited to greater action and having an increased supply of blood, separate from that blood an increased quantity of that juice or secretion, which is called saliva. And this increased secretion of saliva is the first of that series of actions by which the nutrition of the body is effected; and in this, the very first stage, you see exemplified those three important properties of which I have said so much in my two last letters—STIMULATION, SENSIBILITY, and CONTRACTILITY. For it is by virtue of

their contractility that the arteries supplying the salivary glands with blood, and also constituting the gland itself, are capable of acting, that is, of contracting, and so of supplying the gland with blood, from which blood the saliva has to be secreted. It is by virtue of the stimulating property of the food that their contractility is roused into action; and it is by virtue of their sensibility that they are aware that a stimulus is acting upon them.

The nutritious bolus, then, having been thoroughly masticated and rolled about the mouth until it has been well mixed up with saliva, is, by a very complicated movement, mounted upon the back of the tongue, and by it jerked into the throat, by which it is propelled downward into the stomach. Its presence in the stomach stimulates that organ as it stimulated the glands of the mouth, and a copious secretion of gastric juice (that is, stomach-juice) is brought about in the same way as a copious secretion of saliva was effected by its presence in the mouth. But as there are neither teeth nor tongue in the stomach, the food, when there, cannot be so readily and at once mixed up and kneaded, as it were, with the gastric juice, as it was, by means of those instruments, comminuted and commingled with the saliva in the mouth. It is not, therefore, subjected all at once to the action of the gastric juice, but gradually, layer after layer. While the food is lying, in mass, in the upper part of the stomach, the gastric juice poured out from the sides of the stomach, above and around it, falls upon the surface of the nutritious mass. When this upper surface or layer has been sufficiently acted on by the gastric juice—when, by virtue of the inherent properties of this juice, it has been converted into a semifluid peculiar to itself, and called chyme, it floats off and away from the rest towards the lower part of the stomach, where it is united to the upper extremity of the bowels. The upper layer of the alimentary mass having been thus converted into chyme by the action of the gastric juice, and sent away from the remainder, the next layer becomes exposed to the action of this juice, and having, like the first, become converted into chyme, swims away after it to the pylorus, that is, the lower extremity of the stomach. Thus, layer after layer, the whole mass eventually becomes changed from the nature of food into chyme; gastric juice, during the whole time this change is going on, being poured out from the internal surface of the stomach upon the surface of the alimentary mass. The whole quantity is usually converted into chyme in about three hours.

Now mark. Whatever has been the nature and kind of the food which you have eaten—however heterogeneous the several viands may be—they must all be reduced to this unique homogeneous semifluid, called chyme—they must all lose their own several natures and take upon themselves the one sole nature of chyme, and so become chyme itself—before they can leave the stomach and enter the bowels, in order there to undergo the next necessary change.

Now if you have eaten any matters at your meal which are what is called difficult of digestion, that is, which are not easily reduced to chyme by the action of the gastric juice, when these matters become exposed to the action of the gastric juice they will necessarily require to be so exposed for a longer time than is natural because of the diffi-

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culty which the gastric juice experiences in reducing them to chyme. It will be therefore a longer time before these float off from the surface of the alimentary mass, so as to leave the next layer exposed to the action of the gastric juice; and the under layers, or portions of food, which are waiting for their turn to be exposed, will be kept so waiting for a longer than the wonted space of time. The consequence of this is, that they are kept waiting, untouched by the gastric juice, until they begin to undergo those changes common to all vegetable and animal matter when placed in a warm, moist, and confined situation, viz. fermentation; the vegetable matter undergoing the acid fermentation and the animal the putrefactive. For it must be remembered, that the food in the stomach still continues to be food, still remains unaltered, still continues, therefore, to be obedient to the common laws of fermentation and putrefaction, until it has its nature and identity destroyed, and a new nature and identity bestowed upon it by virtue of the action which the gastric juice exerts upon it. It ferments and putrefies, therefore, in the stomach (if not acted upon by the gastric juice) as quickly as it would do, on a sultry summer's day, in a small pantry, with its windows and door kept shut. And this shows you the reason why such matters as undergo putrefaction with the greatest rapidity, as some fish and fresh pork, do not well agree with weak stomachs; for that which putrefies most rapidly in the pantry will do so in the stomach also.

While, therefore, the indigestible matters are slowly submitting to the action of the gastric juice, the good and wholesome portion of the food is actually putrefying, and can, therefore, afford no more nutriment than if you had dined on putrid carrion. During the process of fermentation and putrefaction, moreover, as all the world knows, a number of fetid gases are given out. These poisonous gases distend the stomach, weaken its energies, oppress its sensibility, enfeeble its contractility, diminish the secretion of gastric juice, and, in a word, disturb, interrupt, and wholly overturn the whole process of assimilation in the stomach, and there is tumbled into the bowels, instead of a bland, smooth, homogeneous, healthy chyme, a filthy, fermenting, yeasty mess, smoking with offensive gases, and consisting of little else than sour vegetables and putrid meat. For the sensibility of the pyloric valve, of which I am to speak directly, is overcome by the oppressive influence and expansive nature of the gases which are distending the stomach. Is it possible, I ask, that healthy chyle and sound blood can be formed out of such a villainous compound of nastiness as this?

As soon as this precious hodge-podge reaches the bowels, it will generally be expelled by them with violence; and this is the way in which bowel complaints are so often produced by salmon and fresh pork, when eaten by persons whose stomachs are too weak to furnish a sufficient quantity of gastric juice to reduce them to chyme before they have had time to run into putrefaction; and the wind, which such persons discharge by the mouth after eating, consists of the offensive gases above-mentioned. Strong, healthy stomachs, pour out their gastric juice so rapidly and abundantly, that the whole meal is reduced to chyme before the process of putrefaction has had time to begin. Now let us proceed.

The food, having been properly acted upon by the gastric juice of the stomach, is now no longer food, but a bland, smooth, homogeneous semi-fluid called chyme, which, quitting the upper part of the stomach, flows downward to the lower extremity—that part where the stomach is joined to the bowels. This junction of the lower extremity of the stomach with the upper extremity of the bowels is called the pylorus; and the pylorus is furnished with a peculiar valve which accurately closes the communication between the stomach and bowels at all times, excepting when chyme is in the act of passing out of the stomach into the bowels. This valve is endowed with a singular and most beautiful kind of eclectic sensibility, which enables it to know, by the feel, whether the matters which come in contact with it be pure chyme or not; and nothing can enter the bowels from the stomach without coming in contact with it.

Now let us suppose that a portion of food has been reduced to chyme, has flowed down to the lower extremity of the stomach, and has presented itself at the pyloric valve for admission through it into the bowels; and let us suppose that there is, swimming in the chyme, a particle of food which has not yet been sufficiently acted upon by the gastric juice. I will tell you what happens. As soon as the pyloric valve *feels* the presence of the smooth and bland chyme it instantly opens and allows it to pass through; but no sooner does the particle of food, which has not yet been reduced to chyme, attempt to pass, than the valve instantly closes the aperture, and refuses to suffer it to go through. And this particle of food must return to the upper part of the stomach, and be again submitted to the agency of the gastric juice before it can be permitted to escape from the stomach into the bowels. Is not this a beautiful exemplification of the importance of the sensibility of our organs?—and said I not true, when I called it our guardian angel? For what is the sensibility of the pyloric valve, by which it is enabled to distinguish between perfect and imperfect chyme?—what is it, I say, but a watchman, a sentinel, posted at the entrance into the bowels, in order to watch over their safety, to see that nothing be allowed to enter them which is likely to disturb or irritate them; to take care that nothing injurious, nothing offensive, nothing which may be in any way hostile to their safety, nothing, in fact, which has no business there, be permitted to trespass within the sacred precincts of organs so important to the health and welfare of the whole being, of which they form so vital a part?

That imperfectly chymified food cannot enter the bowels without injury to them is sufficiently proved by the very existence of this valve. For surely it is foolish to suppose that nature, who does nothing in vain, would have been at the pains of establishing so beautiful, so wonderful, so inestimable a contrivance, if the office which it fulfils were not, in the last degree, essential.

What mischief, therefore, do those persons inflict upon themselves—what a wide door for the admission of all sorts of evils do those persons throw open, who, perpetually stimulating the pyloric valve by the unnatural stimuli of ardent spirit, and highly-seasoned sauces, enfeeble, wear out, and eventually destroy its sensibility; so that whatever the caprice of the palate throws into the stomach, is tumbled, right or wrong, assimilated or unassimilated, good, bad, and indif-

ferent, altogether, without let or hindrance, into the bowels; for the sentry-box is deserted—the watchman is dead.

When I contemplate this state of things, I think I see a whole army of diseases marching in file out of the stomach, through the pyloric gateway, into the citadel of the bowels. I see pale-faced and bloated Dropsy with his swollen legs,—livid Asthma struggling for breath,—grotesque and tottering Palsy,—yellow-visaged Jaundice,—red-eyed Delirium,—Fever, with his baked lips and parched tongue, looking piteously around and crying, "Water! water!"—limping Gout grinning with pain,—musing Melancholy,—hideous Insanity,—but let us drop the curtain over a picture so horrible. My mind's eye aches with looking at it. Above all things, my dear John, take care of your pyloric valve.

Now let us get on a step further.

The food, having been thoroughly and properly acted on by the gastric juice in the stomach, is reduced to a uniform, bland fluid, called chyme, and this is the first great change in that succession of changes which is ultimately to convert it into blood. There is now neither bread nor meat in your stomach,—there is nothing there but chyme, which is neither meat nor bread, but a fluid, the nature of which is *one degree nearer* to the nature of blood than it was before it became chyme.

The chyme, then, flows to the lower extremity of the stomach, presents itself at the pyloric valve, and having been examined, as it were, by the SENSIBILITY of that valve, and reported "all right," is admitted into the duodenum.

The first twelve inches of the bowels, reckoning from their junction with the stomach downward, are called the duodenum.

Now the chyme in the duodenum has precisely the same effect upon the excretory ducts of the liver and pancreas, which open into the duodenum, as the food had in the mouth upon the excretory ducts of the salivary glands: that is to say, it stimulates the mouths of these excretory ducts, and this stimulation is propagated along the ducts to the glands themselves,—the liver and pancreas. These glands, so stimulated, pour out an increased quantity of their individual secretions, viz. bile and pancreatic juice. The surface of the bowel itself, too, (the duodenum,) pours out an increased quantity of fluid, called the intestinal juice. The chyme mingling with these juices, another remarkable change is effected:—the chyme is no longer chyme; it has lost its identity, and the result is a milky fluid, called chyle, destined to become blood, and an excrementitious matter —the dross, if I may so speak—destined to be expelled from the body by the bowels.

This conversion of the chyme into chyle forms the *second* great change, by which that which was once food—bread and meat—has been advanced *two* degrees more nearly to the nature of blood.

I hope you have not yet forgotten that the *chylous* absorbents arise, by open mouths, from the internal surface of the bowels. As the chyle, therefore, flows along the duodenum, it comes into contact with these same open mouths of the chylous absorbents. These, by virtue of their *sensibility*, become aware of the presence of the chyle, which is stimulating them to action. They answer the call by erect-

ing themselves, protruding themselves forward, dipping, as it were, their mouths into the chyle, and then retracting and closing them; they thus perform an actual suction, by which the chyle is drawn within the calibre of these beautiful little vessels.

The chyle, thus absorbed, travels along the lacteals, (that is, the chylous absorbents,) is filtrated through their glands, is emptied into the thoracic duct, and by it is poured into the blood of the veins about the bottom of the neck, and is carried by the current of the blood through the right side of the heart, along the pulmonary artery, into the lungs.

While the chyle is traversing the chylous absorbents and their glands, it undergoes a change the nature of which is not understood; but it is a change which advances it *another degree* nearer to the nature of blood. By the time, therefore, that your dinner, or, rather, that which was once the food which constituted your dinner, has reached your lungs it has become *almost* blood: but it has not yet become *quite* blood.

When the chyle has reached the lungs, it is then exposed to the action of the air which we inhale, in the manner which I have described when speaking of the circulation of the blood. Here the final change is effected, and that which was bread and meat has entirely lost all its prior characteristics. It was first food, then chyme, then chyle. Now it is none of these. It has acquired, by virtue of the agency of the air in the lungs, the colour and all the other qualities and properties of blood. In a word, it has become blood itself. Thus, comparing the animal economy to the economy of vegetable life, one might say, that the stomach and bowels are the *soil*, the food is the *seed* which is sown in it, and blood is the *fruit* which that seed produces—a fruit which is destined to become the food of the animal. For, as was justly said by Hippocrates, "there is but *one* food, although there are several *forms* of food." However various the viands may be which we put into the stomach they must all be converted into one and the same fluid, viz. blood, before they can have any effect whatever in nourishing or strengthening the body. Blood, then, is the sole nourishment on which we subsist; the food which we eat being no more than so much seed sown with the view of producing a nutritious fruit, by which the body is to be *fed*, and its health and strength sustained, viz. blood. We are no more nourished or fed by the food we eat than sheep are nourished by the turnip-seed which the farmer sows. The turnip-seed rots and loses its identity, but in doing so it gives rise to a *turnip*, and it is upon this *turnip* that the sheep feeds, and not upon the seed which was sown. And, in like manner, the food which we eat loses, like the seed, its nature and identity, but in doing so it produces blood, and it is by this *blood* that our bodies are fed, nourished, and sustained, and not by the bread and the meat that we put into the stomach. For as the turnip is not the seed, but the *product* of the seed, so neither is the blood food, but the *product* of the food, and it is from these *new products* that both the sheep and ourselves derive our strength. Hence becomes manifest the utter impossibility of deriving any manner of nourishment or strength from substances which are incapable of being converted into

blood: for example, ardent spirit. No mechanism, no chemistry, no power, no magic is capable of converting brandy into blood.

Hitherto, then, we have only seen the seed sown and the proper fruit produced. We have now to mark the manner by which the body is fed and nourished by this fruit. By the way, I may as well take this opportunity of calling upon you to take notice how little the *quantity* which we eat has to do with the *quantity* of nourishment which we derive from it. For as the stomach, liver, &c. can only furnish, at one time, enough of their several juices to convert a *certain portion* of what we eat into chyme and chyle, it is manifest, that only a *certain portion* can be converted into *blood*. And as blood is the *sole aliment* from which we can derive nourishment, it is equally manifest that we can derive no nourishment from what we eat except from that portion of it which is converted into blood. All that we eat, therefore, *beyond* what can be converted into blood, is left in the stomach and bowels to ferment and putrefy, serving no other purpose than to distend these organs with all sorts of pernicious and offensive gases.

You will also see, now, how true it is that to talk about *strong stomachs* is, in fact, only to talk strong nonsense. For you have been reading for the last ten minutes to but little purpose if you have not remarked, while tracing the food from its existence as food to its existence as blood, that the stomach answered no other purpose than simply that of a bag, whose office it is to receive the food, to detain it for a given time, and then empty it into the bowels. The *strength* which is requisite to assimilate our food in the stomach, to convert it into healthy chyme, is not the strength of the *stomach*, but the strength of the *arteries*, whose office it is to bring to the stomach an abundant supply of blood, from which an abundant supply of gastric juice may be poured upon the food; and the strength of the *heart*, whose office it is to propel the blood into those arteries; and the strength, if I may so speak, of the *nerves*, whose office it is to ascertain the presence of food in the stomach, to communicate the information to the heart and arteries, and thus to make these organs aware of the instant necessity which there is that they should exert themselves, in order that a ready supply of blood may be furnished, in order that a ready supply of gastric juice may be secreted, in order that the food may be readily and speedily reduced to chyme. The strength of the stomach has about as much concern with the chymification of our food as the strength of an iron pot has to do with the boiling potatoes. My dear John, never talk of the strength of your stomach, since it would argue marvellously little for the strength of your understanding; discard the phrase from your vocabulary; "I pray you, avoid it altogether." False phrases give rise to false notions, and false notions to false applications. For instance, must not wrong notions of disease necessarily occasion the exhibition of wrong remedies? They have done so; and hence it is that our excellent progenitors conceived the beautiful idea of *strengthening* the stomach; and forthwith that most unhappy organ (which is to the rest of our organs what the costermonger's ass is to the rest of the animal creation, the focus, as it were, towards which every species of abuse and cruelty is directed,) was smothered, and deluged, and drowned in all sorts of

villainous infusions, and decoctions, and solutions, the bitterer and beastlier the better; and bark and wine, bark and milk, (precious compound!) camomile tea, the filings swept from the floor of a blacksmith's shop, and, in short, almost everything in the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation, provided always that it was very nauseous, was, in its turn, esteemed "the sovereignest thing on earth" *for a weak stomach.* But conceive my meaning rightly. I do not deny the utility of these drugs in certain diseases:—bark, for instance, cures the ague, *but not by strengthening the stomach;* and my object, in these letters, is to give you a *right* notion of things, and not a *wrong* one, which I should certainly do if I were to allow you to suppose that the benefit occasionally derived from these remedies depended upon any power which they possess of strengthening the stomach. If we are weak, nothing but a copious supply of blood furnished to all our organs can strengthen us. I tell you, nature has appointed but that *one* source from which we can derive strength, and in order that *that* source might never fail us,—in order that sufficient blood might always be derived from the food we eat, she placed us in a situation *favourable* to the conversion of our food into blood. She established a fixed relation between ourselves and the rest of the world; she taught us, by the very manner in which she fashioned us, what were the habits proper to our nature: she said, "Here shall you stand, and thus shall you do, and while you are content to remain thus all shall be well; disobey, and you shall surely suffer." But we have quitted the position appointed us, we have forsaken the habits which she allotted us, we have disregarded her tokens, derided her counsel, broken her laws, overleaped her boundaries, and now that we are paying the penalty of our frolic, we stand gaping at each other like fools, and wonder what is the matter with us. The matter! why we are like Rabelais' wooden-pegs—we are *square* men, who have thrust ourselves into *round* holes:—no wonder we are uneasy—we don't *fit.* Is it possible that a square man can be jammed into a round hole without having his corners pinched—and his corns too? But of this I shall have more to say at a future time, when I hope to ring such a peal in your ears as shall make you heartily ashamed of the lazy and luxurious life you lead.

In order to exhibit the manner in which the body is nourished—that is, the manner in which the *fluid* blood is converted into the *solid* parts of the body, it will, I think, be better to trace to this consummation only a single drop of blood at a time. You will, by this method, more readily understand it. But, by a drop, I do not mean a great, round, pumpkin of a thing, like a rain-drop or a dew-drop, but a delicate, minute globule, visible only to the eye of imagination, like the glowworm's tear of disappointed love when she lighteth her lamp in vain.

You have just seen the fresh chyle taken up by the chylous absorbents, and emptied by the thoracic duct into the veins at the bottom of the neck. Let us follow a single minute globule of this chyle.

Hurried along by the current of blood in these veins, it passes through the right side of the heart, along the pulmonary artery, then

along one of its branches, into the substance of the lungs. Here it is acted upon by the air in the cells of the lungs, loses its characteristics of chyle, and becomes blood. It now turns round, as it were, and hurries back again out of the lungs, along the pulmonary veins, to the left cavity of the heart.

But before we trace its progress any further, let us suppose that a hungry absorbent has just carried off a single particle from the point—the extreme protuberant tip of your organ of smell—"the very topmost, towering height o' *Johnny's nose.*" The carrying off this particle would necessarily leave a little hole. Now let us go back for our little globule of blood which we have just traced from the lungs to the left cavity of the heart.

Rejoicing in its new existence, it leaps out of the heart into the aorta, hence into the carotid artery, thence into the external carotid, thence into the facial, thence into the superior coronary, and thence into a minute branch which the superior coronary gives off, which branch takes its course toward the tip of your nose—a nose, my dear John, which, I must do it the justice to say, would suffer nothing in the comparison, though it were placed side by side with that of the unfortunate Diego, whose nose set all Strasburg in an uproar, and to obtain but a single peep at which, Slawkenburgius, *apud* Lawrence Sterne, declares, "seven thousand coaches, fifteen thousand single-horse chairs, and twenty thousand waggons, crowded as full as they could hold with senators, counsellors, syndicks, beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, and subchantress, all set out at sun-rise."

By the time the artery, along which the little globule of blood is travelling, has nearly reached the tip of your nose, (worthy to be called proboscis,) it has become exceedingly minute and its course tortuous, for it is now forming part of the ultimate tissue of the tip of the nasal promontory. The little globule, therefore, now moves along with considerable rapidity. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer, and just when it has arrived exactly opposite to the little hollow left by the absorbent, becoming suddenly obedient to the secret agency of the nerves, its nutritious elements dart through the coats of the artery, like rays of light through glass, into that hollow, and at that instant become part and parcel of one of the most goodly noses within the four seas. The artery now turns back, soon loses the characteristics of an artery, and becomes a vein, by which vein the *rest* of the little globule is conveyed back, through the heart, to the lungs, there to be mingled with fresh chyle and revivified by the action of the air in their cells.

This transformation of the fluid blood into the solid body is called solidification.

Now this is the way in which all the solid parts of your body are formed and nourished; every inch of it, therefore, once floated in your arteries in the shape and quality of blood, and you see how foolish it is to suppose that there can be any real nutriment in those strong drinks to which the multitude attribute so many nourishing properties. What an inscrutably mysterious power, too, is manifested in this process! How wonderful that so common and simple an affair

as a potato should contain within itself all the elements necessary to the composition of an eye, an ear, or a tooth! That this unheeded and unvalued root should be capable, within a few hours, of being changed, by commixture with the juices of the body, and by exposure to common air in the lungs, into blood; and that from this single fluid, made out of this single potato, should be produced all those diversified and heterogeneous matters which make up the total of the body:—the brittle bones, the soft and pulpy brain, the hard and horny nails, the silky hair, the flesh, the fat, the skin, the bitter bile, the sweet milk, the salt perspiration—every thing, in fact, from the corn on my lord's toe, to the down on my lady's cheek—from the sweat on the brow of Labour, to the dew on the lip of Beauty! Does it not seem incredible that the ear which can take cognizance of the subtile impression of a ray of sound, appreciating with such accuracy the value of musical tones—that the eye wherewith the astronomer numbers the stars, taking in, at a glance, the half of heaven's whole orrery—nay, that the very brain wherewith he *thinks*, and calculates his problems, and his logarithms, and his equations—that the very brain itself of a Newton and a Shakspeare, should own no better or nobler source than that of a despised potato! And then to think that brain must die—must rot and be resolved into its parent earth! Yet this is but the simple truth; and thus, like Ixion's, revolves for ever the wheel of all existence—round, and round, and round—in an eternal circle of successive changes.

I shall now take leave to call your attention to certain facts which necessarily result from what I have said; and of which I wish you to take especial note.

First, then, you will observe, in following the food from the mouth, through all its intermediate changes, until it has become blood, that almost all those intermediate changes are wrought upon it by the agency of the several fluids, juices, or secretions which it meets with in the mouth, stomach, and bowels; and that, consequently, its due conversion into healthy blood depends upon the healthy quality and abundant quantity of these secretions. But these secretions, like every thing else in the body, are formed out of the blood; and their quality and quantity will, consequently, depend upon the quantity of vermilion blood wherewith the organs in which they are produced are supplied. And the quantity of blood with which these organs are furnished, must depend upon the vigour and activity of the heart and arteries whose office it is to convey it. Thus, then, it becomes clearly manifest that a vigorous circulation is absolutely necessary to the assimilation (vulgarly called digestion) of our food. Whatever causes and habits of life, therefore, are calculated to give strength and *activity to the circulation*—as, for instance, exercise—is clearly of the first importance to the nutrition, and therefore to the health and strength of the body; and whatever causes and habits have a tendency to depress the *energy of the circulation*—to allow the blood to creep languidly through the body instead of dancing along its channels cheerily and energetically—as, for instance, laziness, which rides when it might walk—must, *of necessity*, have the direct effect of im-

pairing assimilation, and therefore of enfeebling the strength and sapping the very foundations of health.

But the energy of the *circulation* must exclusively depend upon the energy of the heart and arteries; and the energy of these, as has been already shown, must depend upon the energy of their *contractility*, and energetic contractility depends on an energetic circulation, and is *incompatible* with a high degree of *sensibility*. Hence it directly follows that whatever causes are calculated to increase *sensibility*—to *make us tender*, if you will tolerate a vulgar expression—have an immediate and powerful effect in impeding the conversion of our food into blood, and therefore of impairing the process of nutrition. Hence arise the incalculable mischiefs of a daily indulgence in what are miscalled the *comforts* of life; but which are, in reality, most pernicious and unnatural luxuries. A few of these are table-indulgences, lounging on couches, warm, carpeted rooms, window-curtains, bed-curtains, blazing fires, soft beds, wearing flannel, (I speak of the healthy, *not* of the sickly invalid,) novel reading, hot suppers, and, though last, by no means least, that precious humbug, called *passive exercise*—that is, lolling along at ease in a stuffed and cushioned carriage. Not that I would *totally abolish* any one of these, except perhaps hot suppers and soft beds; but that I wish, by proving to you their evil influences, to induce you to use them as sparingly as the conventual habits of society will permit. Though I confess, for my own part, I see no reason why any man should feel himself called upon to injure his health—to blur the beauty of God's noblest work—solely to gratify the capricious whim of that many-headed monster, called SOCIETY.

Again, the brain itself is the product of the blood—it is as literally and truly made of blood as the most beautiful china vase is made of clay. Hence the qualities of the brain—the mental energies as they are called—courage, the powers of abstract thinking, fortitude, patience, generosity, and above all, good-humour,* can only exist in conjunction with, and owe their very *being* to, a vigorous circulation. Hence it seems scarcely too much to say that *thought itself* is produced from the blood, since there can be no energy of thought without energy of brain, and no energy of brain without energy of circulation through that brain.

THOUGHT is an act of the WILL. It is an act by which certain ideas are, to the exclusion of all others, summoned to present themselves to the mind's eye, that judgment may marshall them, compare, and newly combine them. Thus in solving a mathematical problem, the WILL suffers no ideas to intrude, saving only the necessary ones of lines, angles, &c.

But the WILL is one of the energies of the brain, and we have just seen that these energies can only fully exist in conjunction with a vigorous circulation. When the circulation, therefore, is languid, the WILL will be languidly exerted—it will be unable either to *command*

* If you go in search of good-humour, you must look to find it playing on the ruddy cheek, and laughing in the unclouded eye of athletic strength. The sensibility of the athlete is too obtuse to be easily irritated. The skin of his mind is thick, and causes capable of excoriating others, have only power to *tickle* the athlete.

the presence of the ideas required, or to expel those whose presence is troublesome, and tend only to perplex and interrupt the process of thought.

When a man, with such a brain, sits down to think, he finds that all sorts of ideas wholly irrelative to the subject on which he wishes to think, are perpetually thrusting themselves into his mind, "against the stomach of his will," and so excluding those which a feeble and irresolute WILL is vainly endeavouring to summon and retain. If he be reading a book he will find, every now and then, that though his eye has been tracing the words and lines, and his hand has been mechanically turning over the leaves—he will find, I say, that his mind has been wandering far away, and knows no more of what he has just been reading than the man in the moon. In a word, he has no power of *abstract thought*—no power to *fix his attention*. This state of mind is called reverie.

Herein consists the difference between *thought* and *imagination*. Thought, as I said before, is an act of the WILL, and that act, to be efficient, requires a vigorous circulation. It is the office of the WILL to decide, as it were, as to what ideas shall be admitted into the brain, and what refused admittance. But *imagination* resembles a dream, in which the WILL is *asleep*. It is a condition of the brain in which all sorts of heterogeneous ideas, in *despite* of the WILL, come and go, in tumultuous disorder, without let or hindrance, as in a dream. In this state of the brain the contractility of its arterial tissue is feeble, and *therefore* the circulation through it is feeble, and therefore the WILL, which I have shown to depend on a *strong* circulation, is also feeble. In this state the brain may be likened to an ideal theatre, without either check-takers or money-takers, and with all its doors thrown open, at which doors a multitudinous throng of ideas, of all colours and costumes, collected from all the corners of the earth, and every domain of nature, are perpetually making their "exits and their entrances." And as the little pieces of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope will often arrange themselves into figures more beautiful than any art can emulate, so on the stage of this imaginary theatre, parties of these ideas will frequently frolic and gambol themselves into groups more grotesque, more picturesquely beautiful, than any effort of thought and judgment can accomplish.

Energy of WILL, therefore—firmness of purpose—the power of abstract thinking and reasoning—are all incompatible with a lively imagination; because the three former require an energetic circulation, while the last depends on a circulation of a contrary character.

There can be little doubt, I think, that insanity has its cause in some injury to the vigour of the circulation through some part of the brain.

That the doubts, and fears, and anxieties of the lover, have a depressing effect on the circulation, is a fact long since established. The pensive dreamy sadness, the absent mind, the fondness for solitude, the long-drawn, impassioned sigh, so characteristic of love, is equally characteristic of languid circulation.

The same condition exists in the poet; and the mental characters of all three will be found to possess no small similarity. So great,

indeed, is this resemblance, that those who begin by being poets or lovers, not unfrequently end by becoming madmen. They are all three (generally) weak, wavering, wayward beings, incapable of abstracting their minds at pleasure, unable to control their thoughts, and it may almost be said of all three alike, that they have scarcely any will or purpose of their own. Hence,

> " The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of *imagination* all compact ;"

and hence, it is true, that the poet does not sit down to think what he shall write, but to write what he shall think. But the word " think," in the last instance, is improperly used; he sits down in order to describe the ideas which his mind's eye beholds dancing in antic and ever-varying groups on the stage of his own brain's theatre—to

> " Body forth
> The forms of things unknown ;
> Turn them to shapes, and give to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."

Hence, too, every true lover is a poet, and every true poet a lover.

Finally, my dear John, you will observe that every thing connected with life—all the actions, the energies, and beauties of the body ; all the actions, energies, and beauties of the mind, as well as the body and mind themselves, are under the dominion of the circulation of the blood, from which both mind and body must inevitably derive each its tone and character. So that " the body and the mind are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one and you rumple the other."

I have now described to you as much of the structure of the body and its functions, as I conceive to be necessary, in order to enable you to understand what I have presently to say on the subject of diet and regimen. And you must now know quite enough to be heartily convinced of the unmitigated folly of those persons who, without knowing any thing of the structure of living parts, or of their actions, or of those delicate springs, contractility and sensibility, which originate and sustain those actions—who, I say, being as ignorant as idiotism of all that concerns the nature of life and living things, are nevertheless perpetually tinkering their stomachs with quack remedies; thus stupidly presuming to mend a machine, of the very nature, and structure, and actions of which, they are as uninformed as infant Hottentots.

The health of the body depends upon the healthy performance of the nutritive actions, and disease consists in the unhealthy performance of these actions, or of one or more of them. Medicines, therefore, with a very few exceptions, such as those which seem to cure by chemically combining with and neutralizing the poison in the system which produced the disorder—medicines, with these few exceptions, have no power over disease excepting as they have the power of increasing or diminishing the activity of the nutritive actions, absorption, secretion, circulation, &c.

When a man examines his patient, the question with him is not, Has he got a fever? or this, that, or the other disease? The question is, Which of the living actions is going wrong? And how is it going wrong? Is it going too fast or too slow? The patient has, perhaps, a foul tongue, a dry skin, a quick pulse. But these are not the disease; these are the symptoms—the *outward* signs of the disorder *within*. He has nothing to do with these, except as signs by which he ascertains the cause producing them. The question, therefore, is not what is good for a foul tongue, a hot skin, and a quick pulse, but what medicine possesses the power of controlling that particular living action, a disturbance in which has produced, in this particular instance, the symptoms in question. I say, *in this particular instance*, because, in others, the same symptoms will be produced by a disturbance in a *different* living action. The same symptoms, therefore, frequently require different treatment, because the *cause* of those symptoms is different, although the symptoms themselves are the same. I will give you a familiar instance. One man has a foul tongue, a quick pulse, and a dry skin, produced by inflammation of one of the membranes of his brain. He therefore requires leeches to his *head*. Another man has the same symptoms from inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bowels. He requires leeches too—but not to the *head*, but to the *abdomen!* Again, if a medical man finds his patient in pain, he does not forthwith run home for a dose of opium, because opium has the power sometimes of relieving pain. But he first ascertains which of the vital actions, being disturbed, is producing that pain. If it arise from spasm, opium may be of service; but if it arise from inflammation, opium will do *harm* instead of good. If it were only necessary to attend to symptoms, and not to the *cause* of those symptoms, then the proper remedy for a foul tongue would be a scraper. One man has headache from inflammation of the brain, another from flatulence of the stomach. Brandy will *cure* the one and *kill* the other.

Again, *cough* may be produced by tubercles in the lungs, by inflammation of their mucous membrane, by inflammation of their coverings, by inflammation of their parenchymatous substance, by disease of the heart, by disease of the liver, by an accumulation of water in the chest, of matter in the chest, &c. &c.

I will tell you what happens every day. One of the faculty of ninnies gets a cough, and meeting with another of the same faculty, he is assured that so, or so, or so, is a "fine thing for a cough." The "fine thing for a cough" is straightway procured. Shortly he has occasion to call on his tailor, and his tailor incontinently recommends him another "fine thing." The following week his tinker brings home a mended sauce-pan; and then the tinker's "fine thing" must have a trial also. Then comes the butcher, and the baker, and the tallow-chandler, and the knife-grinder, each armed at all points with "the finest thing in the world for a cough." But somehow or other the cough still goes on, ugh, ugh, ugh, barking away as before. Having frittered away a month or two in these follies, he then does just what he should have done at first—he walks

off to the doctor, who finds that the cough was produced by inflammation of the covering of the lungs, which the abstraction of a little blood and a blister would, at the onset, have removed at once; but that *now* coagulable lymph has been poured from the inflamed surface, the covering of the lungs is adhering to the lining of the chest, and the patient has contracted a deadly disease which no art can remedy. The tinker, and the tailor, and the butcher, and the baker, when informed of this, lift up their hands and eyes, and cry, "Lord have mercy upon us, who could have thought it?" And then march away to their other customers, to whom, if they happen to have coughs too, they very composedly recommend their "fine things for a cough" over again.

Is it not perfectly astonishing that a carpenter, or a bricklayer, who would never think of *pretending* to mend your *shoes*, should nevertheless have no hesitation whatever in offering his services to mend your health. If you carry your kettle to be mended to any one but a tinker, he will tell you honestly that he does not know how to do it. But you shall travel from Dan to Beersheba, and should you meet a thousand passengers by the way, not a soul of them but will undertake, should you complain of being unwell, to cure you on the spot.

Now all this folly and mischief is attributable to no less a personage than that respectable old lady, said to be the mother of Wisdom—I mean Experience. It happens thus. Mr. Noaks gets a pain in his bowels—his neighbour Styles *experienced* a similar pain last week, took brandy, and got well. Relying on this *experience*, he recommends brandy to Noaks. Noaks takes a glass, and feels better—another glass and feels better still—a third cures him. Next year his son complains of a pain in his bowels, and his father, mindful of the *experience* of himself and eke his neighbour Styles, administers to his son, in full confidence, a bumper of brandy. The son gets rather worse, but then his father recollects that the *first* glass did not cure his *own pain*, and so he gives his son another, and advises him to go to bed. Next morning, however, the pain being no better, some other neighbour assures the father that he has often *experienced* wonderful relief, whenever he has had a pain in the bowels, from gin and peppermint. So the father gives the son a bumper of gin and peppermint. But although brandy, and gin, and peppermint, might have cured the colic-pains of his two neighbours, it would not be found to be *quite* the thing for the inflammation which is already raging among his poor son's bowels. At last the doctor is called in, who finds that his patient has been labouring for thirty or forty hours under a disease which will often kill its victim in twenty-four; and that however mild it might have been at its onset, it has now, by the aid of brandy and gin, been urged on to incurable violence.

Experience may be the mother of Wisdom, for ought I know, but she is certainly the mother of Mischief also. Experience may teach a man to make bricks, and to lay bricks, but she can never teach him the practice of physic. Money is of no use to a man unless he knows

how to lay it out; and experience is unprofitable, unless a man knows how to apply it. And as money may be laid out to the injury of the spender, so experience misapplied becomes a curse in the hands of its possessor. Farewell.

E. JOHNSON.

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## TO A DYING CHILD.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

As, tempest-wrecked, 'mid ocean waves, the seaman struggles on,
Though mountain-high the waters rise—though hope be all but gone,
Yet may one memory cheer his soul amid the breakers' roar,
The thought of that thrice-blessed home he never may see more,
The thought of all the loved, the far, to whom *his* life is life;—
Then, then, his failing energies re-gather for the strife,
In the life struggle on he speeds, with strengthened heart and hand,
And grasps the plank which bears him on to yonder friendly strand!
Thus do I struggle—hopeless all, for oh! it is in vain—
Grasping at every chance that health may tint thy cheek again.

Yet is it hard, my drooping flower, to think that there can be
Nought which may glad a father's heart with bright-eyed hope for thee:
For, in thy cheek, so wasted now—once like the roses' bloom—
I read, too well, the omens sad, which tell me of thy doom:
In thy faint voice—thy feeble steps—thy racking, constant pain—
Thy patience sweet, which suffers, ay, and never doth complain—
Thy low, deep sigh, (for us who weep,)—thy fixed and thrilling gaze,
With all the fitful brightness which belongs to dying days;—
I feel that hope were madness, that thy time on earth is brief,
But tears are vain, my task is now to calm thy mother's grief.

Methinks thou wert as fair a flower as Earth hath ever borne!
Thy cheek was radiant with the hues which tint the dewy morn—
Thy voice as sweet as is the tone of some dear bird of song,
A sudden burst of melody, as we speed through life along—
Thy bounding step was free and fleet—thy lovely form of grace
Well suited with the beauty which adorned thy mind and face.—
Thine eyes! the diamond's light was nothing to their flash
Whene'er they *spoke*, all joyful, from beneath each long, dark lash;—
Thou wert more like the fancy thought which fills a poet's dream,
Than aught which ever glanced across Earth's melancholy stream.

Oh, child of lovely mind and form! if thou wert *not* mine own,
Methinks I could have loved thee well, for thy sweet self alone:
But *here*, when in thy features blend thy mother's and thy sire's,
Then from thy fount of feeling springs the love which never tires;
When sweet affection, full and frank, flowed with thy slightest word,
When every lip confessed thy worth, and every heart adored,
When, early dowered with mental worth, thy wit surpassed thy years,
When, never yet, (till now, in grief,) for thee flowed forth our tears,
Oh, gladly might a father's heart exult in *such* a child,
And Heaven must pardon, if it throb with anguish deep and wild.

Oh, early-gifted! seldom yet hath nature's hand combined
Strength or long years with such a quick maturity of mind:
The earliest flower, the ripest fruit, first withers and decays—
And thus, my child, for thee is not the boon of length of days.
Yet, oh, how bitter is the thought that gifts so rich as thine,
Should, for a moment, cheat our hope, and then, for aye decline:
What 'wildering dreams have often sprung and fancied all thy life,
Lovely and loved, with women's charms, a bride—a happy wife—
With "olive branches round about" thy happy, happy hearth,
It was a father's dream, sweet child, a fantasy of earth.

I think on all which thou hast been—I view thee as thou *art*—
Yet, pallid flower, far dearer *now* to this afflicted heart:
The love which once it cherished so, still holds its primal sway,
Linked with a tender, soft regret above thy sad decay:
The pride, for thee, which swelled this heart, for all that thou hast been,
Falls chastened now, like fading light, upon day's dying scene.
I watch thy couch, at midnight hour, when silence reigns around,
And, by my side, beloved child, another may be found:
Thy gentle mother, o'er thy rest an anxious vigil keeps,
Presses my hand, and points to thee, and sadly, sadly weeps.

Thou art our very pulse of life, and must we lose thee now,
Just in the morning of thy youth, with promise on thy brow?
We'll miss our merry songstress, with her melodies of heart,
Snatches of music, sweeter far than ever framed by Art,—
We'll miss our winning playfellow, whose very glance was glee,
We'll miss our fairy dancer, with her motions light and free;
We'll miss the glad "good morrow," and the prayerful "good-night,"
We'll miss the deep, deep beauty of those eyes so darkly bright,—
Even here, as I watch over thee, they open on me now,
Undimm'd and brilliant, as if pain had never pressed thy brow.

Yet, Beautiful!—if God should call thy spirit from its clay,
If from the cares and tears of earth he summon thee away;
Wilt thou not come—if oh! indeed, a spirit-child may come,—
And breathe the better air of heaven above what was thy home?
Wilt thou not hover round that home, of which thou art the light?
Wilt thou not come to us, in dreams, in the still hour of night?
Wilt thou not sweetly whisper us, "Not lost, but gone before?"
Shall not the happy day arrive when we shall weep no more?
Then in the better, brighter sphere, the lost of earth shall rise,
Enfranchised from this world of pain, to yonder glorious skies?

His will be done. What Time might bring if it had left us thee,
Lies hidden from our ken behind the veil of mystery;
A thousand griefs might have been thine on life's tempestuous wave;
Perhaps, in mercy, God would claim the boon of life he gave!
Be still, my spirit! think of all his mercy leaves thee here,—
Friends, health, and hope to live for yet,—all that the heart holds dear;
A happy home,—though one bright gem be loosened from its zone,—
The trusting love which, years ago, made *one* true heart mine own,—
One bud for hope to cherish, for pride to boast, is left,
And, while I weep, I still can say, "I am not quite bereft!"

*Liverpool, May,* 1836.

## ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY THE SUB-EDITOR.

"SEND the men here. All, all!" exclaimed Gavel, as he rose from binding the drunken and felon master. Terrible and revolting was the scene that ensued. The growling brute, whom we had just overthrown, lay bound and helpless upon the deck of the cabin, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his rage, and giving vent to his exasperation by the most horrid blasphemies. Also, on the deck, the poor old steward, with his silver hair, dabbled in his own blood, was supported in my arms, his life ebbing fast away from the mortal wound. I was vainly endeavouring to staunch the stream that, trickling along the deck, actually came and licked the very hand that had thus ruthlessly wasted it, and life together.

The haggard and worn-out crew assembled in the cabin.

"My men—my good, my dear men," began to whine from the deck, the overthrown and pusillanimous Tomkins, "come to my relief. You see there is mutiny and murder here—I am innocent, totally innocent. It is a vile plot between the passenger and the mate to take the command from me. They have begun by murdering my faithful Williams;" and he looked askance at the poor old man in my arms, but the dying steward neither spoke nor moved. "Up, my men, and fall upon Gavel and Troughton—up, my good fellows, and I'll give every man of you a bottle of rum."

"Liar as well as murderer!" exclaimed the sullen mate, "though dead men cannot rise up and accuse you, your own pistol will. My men, do you believe this drunken assassin? or this gentleman, Mr. Ardent Troughton, who has been so good and so kind to us all?"

"Don't know what to think," said the boatswain, luxuriating in idea upon the promised bottle of rum. "We know, Mr. Gavel, that neither you nor Mr. Troughton bore the captain any good will; now I calculate, seeing as how short we are of hands, that if Captain Tomkins means to be as good as his word, and he'll hand out the rum, I'll vote that he be released, and all this murdering affair left to be sifted out by the big wigs when we get on shore—now that's my notion."

"And mine—and mine—and mine!" said the rest of the fellows, with one exception.

"Ardent Troughton," said Gavel to me solemnly, "these are your reformed crew—the images of the Deity that it is a profanation to handspike. Not only will they lick the foot of the murderer still wet with his victim's blood, but they would sell their own souls for the privilege of getting drunk. Let the brutes have their way. There is a curse upon the vessel—it will be all one a week hence. She is doomed to destruction, and every living creature in her."

[1] Continued from p. 90.

"Thank you for me," said the boatswain; "but all this lingo is neither here nor there. One man's word is as good as another's. So here goes to cut the lashings, and, my lads, we'll have a night of it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, and the boatswain advanced to release the wretched homicide, when an unsuspected impediment presented itself.

I have mentioned before, a great and strong negro, that was very active in cutting away the foremast in our late dangerous situation. Of this man I had taken less notice than of the others. I never remembered to have spoken to him. Of course I was a little surprised to see him start out from the group of his shipmates, and, bestriding the prostrate man, seize the other undischarged pistol, and threaten by action, though not by words, to shoot the first man that might attempt to unbind him. The crew gave back, and the mate, at this turn of affairs, indulged himself with a low, deriding laugh, that seemed horribly out of character in this scene of horrors.

For myself, I was still occupied in supporting the dying steward, holding to his wounded breast my handkerchief saturated with blood. The would-be liberators and the boatswain, to use the language of the latter, were taken aback. The black had now his right hand upon the throat of his master, his left still holding the pistol, looking first at me, and then at Gavel, watching for the slightest indication from us to end this dilemma, by strangling him with his neckerchief. The mate gave the ready and self-constituted executioner a grim smile of approbation; but I motioned to him energetically not to harm the prisoner. He obeyed me immediately, making a harsh guttural sound that was frightfully startling.

At length, the boatswain said to Tomkins, "I and the ship's company are very sorry to see you hove down there, captain, and belayed to the deck. All we can do just now is to remember what's going on when this comes before the coroner. Are you, captain, innocent of the poor old man's death?"

"I am."

"Will you swear to it?"

"I will."

"So help you God?"

"So help me God."

Then there was a silence, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the dying steward half rose from my arms, and said distinctly, "Captain Tomkins shot me. May God forgive him!" and fell back dead into my arms.

"He is gone," said I, speaking for the first time. "My good men, take the advice of your true friend. Go to your different duties in silence, and praying inwardly for the deceased, commune with your own hearts. Mr. Tomkins can no longer have any control in this vessel. The moment that we arrive in harbour he shall be handed over to the civil power, and be made to answer for the deed that you have partly witnessed. Go, be serious—know me as your friend, and be obedient to Mr. Gavel."

They retired humbled, but not contumacious. As the negro, who

was the last about to retire, passed me he knelt down, and taking my hand placed it respectfully to his forehead and his lips, and then rose to depart; but, before he had gained the cabin door, Gavel called him.

"Jugurtha, I want you. Help me to remove this dead body and this living lump of beastiality, into the after cabin. They shall keep each other company. And I'll take care that the watcher of the dead shall remain sober. Away with him."

The whining supplications of the debased drunkard were most disgusting; but, in the sinewy arms of Jugurtha, he was soon conveyed to his place of imprisonment, and afterwards, with much more reverence, the body of the old man was placed beside him.

As the moans and the pitiable howlings of Tomkins were unintermitting and most dolorous, I repaired to the deck, and in the afternoon, the weather being still fine, with baffling winds, I there dined upon the reduced allowance, and on the same sordid fare as the men. James Gavel ate nothing. He seemed absorbed, absent, and at times transported, ever and anon muttering to himself various texts from Scripture, and pious ejaculations, "Lord have mercy upon his soul," being the most frequently repeated.

About five in the afternoon he went below, and I, going a short time afterwards into the fore-cabin, principally to listen if Tomkins was still moaning, I found Gavel on his knees, praying so devoutly, with the Bible open before him, that he did not perceive my entrance. I looked over his shoulder, and found the holy book open at that part that narrates the sacrifice of Jonah. I shuddered. A fear crept over me, that I too well understood the workings of his distracted and superstitious imagination. I laid my hand on his shoulder, he started, trembled, and looked up.

"This will never do, Gavel," I said, mildly. "Your thoughts are unholy, unchristian—damnable. In that same book that lies before you, there is an express command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, and a life for a life. But fear not, I will do no murder. And, Ardent Troughton, if I did, you at least should be grateful for it. This murder, as you improperly call it, will restore you to your father, to your mother, to your sister. But fear not. The Lord himself will decide this question. I am but an instrument."

"You fill me with horror. Let us leave this unhappy man to the laws of his country, administered with due form, and by impartial judges. Do not give way to these wild dreams. We shall make Teneriffe to-morrow. We may then hand him over to the civil authorities, if we do not find a man-of-war in the roadstead. The British consul will advise us what to do."

"We shall never again reach land whilst the murderer is on board. No, not one of us," answered Gavel, doggedly.

"Well, let us then all perish together, rather than peril our souls by a contrived assassination."

"Who talks of assassination, Troughton? The word is yours, not mine. I will not soil my hand with the dastard's blood. His fate is in the hands of the Lord."

"Do not thus prevaricate with me. What is blood? Starvation, poison, strangulation, or the cool depths of the unrevealing sea, are each as effectual. Shall even a man like Tomkins be shuffled out of the way like a loathsome reptile in our path, with no prayer—no rite—no Christian burial? Even if he be condemned by the laws to suffer death —the consolations of religion will not be denied to him during his passage to death, nor its rites afterwards. You have no right, guilty as you esteem him, to deprive him of them."

"He shall have them. I will go in and pray with him, and with the dead."

"Gavel, I swear by all that's sacred, I'll watch you. I will be a guard to this man until the laws determine his fate."

"Be so. Fear me not. I swear to you that he shall have Christian burial."

"Must I be satisfied with this assurance? May I depend upon you?"

"You may. And see, I take this sinner food."

The mate then procured him one ration, exactly similar to those served out to the rest of the ship's company, with half a pint of fœtid cold water. I entered the after cabin with him. The master was in mental agony on the floor, still bound, and had removed himself as far as possible from the dead body. His haggard countenance was cadaverously pale, excepting where it was disfigured by the dark blue blotches of intemperance. He was a wretched spectacle, every muscle in his face quivering, every limb trembling.

"I have brought you food and water," said the mate sternly. "Eat, and then try to make your peace with God."

But he could not eat—he could not drink. He could only plead to be removed from his ghastly companion, and petition for his favourite rum. How ardently, how passionately, did the abject wretch pray for the draught of intoxication! His language was by turns bold, figurative, pathetic, and touching. I had no conception of the powers of his eloquence. What impassioned oratory was wasted, for the privilege of making himself a beast! To all these moving appeals, Gavel answered only by tightening the bands upon his hands and feet, and lashing him more securely to a ring-bolt in the stern-port. His arms had been previously loosened, in order that he might, if he had chosen, feed himself. When the mate thought him properly secured, he locked the door of the cabin, and, with myself, proceeded on deck.

To all my remonstrances on this unnecessary cruelty, he was sternly unheedful. There was a light wind from the right quarter. Every sail that our jury-masts and make-shift yards could carry and spread, was extended to take advantage of it. As the bright haze of the heat dispersed, and the evening approached, cool and clear, the high and snow-white peak of Teneriffe distinctly appeared right before us, singularly and beautifully relieved by the intense blue of the sky. There was joy came upon us all but Gavel, and the prisoner in the cabin. My exhilaration was excessive—the mate, however, grew more and more gloomy. At that moment I could have embraced my bitterest enemy. Full of this gushing milk of human kind-

ness, I addressed the superstitious zealot in the blandest and most friendly tones. I could not move him. I talked to him of his friends, his home, of happiness in store for him, of his approaching promotion. But it roused him not. I spoke to him of his mother, and he softened. But it was only a change from the stony rigidity of despair to its weakness. I could see by the contorted play of the muscles of his face, that he could have wept, had it not been for very shame. He thanked me with a tremulous voice for all my kindness to him—made me write down in my pocket-book the address of his mother—described to me exactly where she lived, in some bye street leading from the Commercial Road—and asked me to be kind to her. Indeed, had he been standing on the scaffold, with the headsman near him, he could not have taken a more solemn leave of me, or bade God bless me more fervently—and we all the time nearing land with a favouring and rapidly-increasing breeze.

It was nearly dusk, when we found the wind had risen so much, that we were forced to take in sail. It was done cheerfully and rapidly.

"It is coming," said Gavel to me; "we are drawing near the end of this frightful chapter: before midnight we shall have learned the great secret: I am awed, but yet I am happy."

"Nonsense."

"But I have much to do. I will save as many of you as I can: it is a bitter cup that is offered to me, but I will not, I may not refuse it."

He then again turned the hands up, still further to shorten sail. After this was done, and we were again running along under the foresail only,—that unlucky foresail,—he called the men aft, and spoke to them to the following effect.

"My men, we shall have hard work to-night;—prepare yourselves. I know by signs that you cannot understand that, before midnight, we shall have the sea and the heavens raging. Let us be prepared. He who is below promised you each a bottle of rum; but I know that you would not now take it if it were offered to you. Let us not stand like beasts upon the brinks of our graves; but, as there has been much malice between me and you, as a peace-offering, I will give to every man on board a half-pint of spirits."

"Too much, too much," I exclaimed; but Gavel did not take the least notice of the interruption.

"Now, if there is any man among you whom I have wronged or insulted, let him come forward, and I will right him if I can. None:—well then, I am, from my very heart, glad to see that there is no ill-will among us. Let us all shake hands. At four bells (10 o'clock, P. M.,) in the first watch, we will bury the dead. If any man thinks his half-pint too much for him, let him refrain. We must not disgrace the last of poor old Williams, for you all know that he was yours and every sailor's friend. Let us attend his burial like men and like Christians. Join me, my dear friends, as fervently as you can in the burial service,—we are threatened with much calamity, for *there is a murderer on board.*"

The men were then all sent down except the man at the wheel and

one look-out ahead. Gavel then walked the deck with me, labouring under a great depression of spirits. At length, he ordered Jugurtha, the negro, to be sent to him, and then it was, for the first time, that I discovered that the poor fellow was dumb. However, the mate made himself understood sufficiently, and the dark countenance of the black grinned with a satisfaction that I thought almost demoniac.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, or, as it is nautically termed, the beginning of the first watch. By this time, I had become a very tolerable seaman; my schooling had been severe, but not only salutary as regarded my present position, but also of the most vital importance to me in my after-life.

Gavel advanced to me with a great deal of respect in his manner, and said, "Mr. Troughton, will you do me the favour to keep the first half of the first watch? You perceive that the wind is bustling up into a gale; there is a good man at the wheel, and a good look-out placed forward. Do not, if you please, disturb the men from the enjoyment of the spirits that I have served out to them, without there is the most pressing occasion."

"Considering their long abstinence, they will get drunk."

"I know it; but only partly so. I speak under an invisible and supernatural control; they will be sober enough four hours hence. Do not disturb me on any account. Jugurtha and I must go and sew the dead up in his winding-sheet. You know that we bury to-night. A body should not be kept long in these warm latitudes: besides, it is unlucky, and with a corpse on board, one does not feel comfortable. Besides, I wish to offer religious consolation to the drunken reprobate below."

"James Gavel!"

"Ardent Troughton, I meet your look with a calm brow and a clear conscience. We are doomed. In spite of human skill, most, if not all of us, will go down, this night, to their watery graves. It is unsafe to let the drunken madman loose who is below. In the crisis, when the timbers part, and the cold, black death of the wave is amongst us, *can* he be saved?—ought he to be saved? and steeped, as he is, in sin, ought I not to endeavour to awake in his mind some religious thoughts? The parable of the eleventh hour is honey and balm to the sinner."

"Well, go. Do we not all want those consolations?"

"None so much as he."

He then went below with Jugurtha; and every time, as I turned aft in my solitary watch, I heard a low moaning rise out of the after-cabin, and mingle sorrowfully with the whistling of the winds that came shrieking after us as we hurried on our course.

The night was excessively dark, for the flying scud had appeared with the gale, and obscured what little starlight we might have expected. The moon was voyaging round the earth, the fickle companion of the sun, and was with him now, far beneath the horizon. That my thoughts should have assumed a sombre hue was most natural. The office going on immediately beneath me of sewing the slain steward up in his hammock, at once his coffin and his shroud, the dire events of the day, and the dreadful prognostications of the mate,

which I could not, though I wished, despise, altogether lay heavily on my bosom.

I would have conversed with the man who was steering, were it not that all his attention was necessary to keep the brig from broaching to. I continually hailed the man forward to keep a good look-out, but his monotonous, dismal, "Aye, aye, sir," did not in the least tend to dispel my melancholy or distract my thoughts. As is usual in these cases, my mind ran back to the scenes that I had left, and the memory of other days came over me with a mingled bitterness and pleasure. For the first time, I felt a strange tenderness come over me for the little Mira. I dwelt upon her pure and fair complexion, and the honest yet intellectual frankness of her countenance. I recalled to mind the social board of the good old merchant, with all its luxuries, and the smiling and cordial faces around it. I contrasted all this, and much more, with the reeling and crazy vessel that was staggering on, like one just recovering from a fit—the vagabonds of the sea, who were now my companions, and, above all, with the morose and superstitious, though manly mate, with the terrible idea of murder so familiarized to his mind, that he had by some strange and perverted manner of reasoning sanctified it by the approbation of religion.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me, it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can.

It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lanthorn that he held. He first of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft.

By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparation, instead of placing the grating on the gangway, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lanthorn was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard.

The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sewn up in the hammock of the dead, and if he died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two

or three heavy shot are also sewn up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that with the body is launched generally over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it.

The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard, the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lanthorn, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off.

"Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sewn up all poor Wilson's bed clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages."

Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service."

"Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the captain? Sarve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered."

"He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open."

Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and thus standing to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast.

In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,'" &c. &c., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untamed seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous.

The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out,"—"Then why does Williams walk off with his blankets and bed?"

The hand that held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions, into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer."

As the seaman fell to the earth with the blow, he muttered a dread-

ful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded.

After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act.

Gavel read on.

It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him.

He read on.

Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to all this Gavel seemed impassible, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part that finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board."

But Gavel was too quick for me, he thrust the grating over the stern, and the plash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave, was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.

"Man of cruel superstitions! what hast thou done?"

He replied collectedly, almost calmly, "There is one more Jonah for the whale—I have buried the quick and the dead. He had the consolations of religion—he had Christian burial. There is now safety for us all—the winds will shortly cease. Hands, up foresail."

"Deluded murderer!" said I, petrified with horror. But he heard me not—he went forward to assist in reducing the only sail we had upon the vessel. In the attempt it was split into shreds. The next moment the sea rushed over us, and swept away the wheel, the two men who were steering, and the binnacle, and the brig broached to. Before these damages were commented on, our jury-masts were over the sides. We were again a wreck. All that is so awfully magnificent in a storm came down, as in vengeance, upon us. There was the battering hail, and the nimble-tongued lightning, that voiced the anger of the heavens in the stunning thunders—and the

wind—O that wind!—it appeared as if it was able to have lifted us out of the water, had we not, as I fancied, been heavy with a load of sin—burdened with the weight of a double homicide.

The discomfited mate crept aft to me. He looked abject, haggard, dismayed. No longer had he the high expression of an awarder of vengeance—he was the trembling felon.

"God forgive me," he exclaimed in his agony, "how Satan hath misled me! "At that moment I could not restrain the bitterness of my reproaches. I placed my mouth close to his ear, and shouted into it, "Is this the calm you have purchased for us, O man of iniquity? Where are we now to look for safety—with the black wave that is sporting with the dead body of your murdered captain? And how murdered? May it not be remembered against you in the fatal day! Why do you crouch here?—for you, repentance is too late:—prayer is useless. Do you see that dark bounding wave that has just passed over your forecastle, sweeping with it, with as little remorse, as if they were so much sea-weed, the half of your crew to the angry deeps? —this is the safety that you have purchased with the price of blood: it is the third wave, is it not, James Gavel—the third, that you sailors think so destructive? Well, there is the second, and, behold, how smooth your decks are! Do you not tremble for the third?—murderer—speak!"

"Spare me."

"Up, man, and show some of your boasted seamanship: where is now your craft of practice? Has your brain no expedient, your heart no fibre? Has your right hand forgot its cunning? Oh, yes! on your knees then, and meet your death like a felon; for we shall all perish, all—all—all—for the MURDERER IS STILL ON BOARD."

To these almost insane invectives the shivering wretch replied not, but contracted himself into as small a space as possible, trembling excessively. I was strangely situated; crouched down under what little remained of the weather side of the quarter-deck bulwark, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, on one side, the grinning negro, Jugurtha, on the other, whilst the utterly prostrated mate lay rolled up at our feet. The dog from time to time looked up piteously, and licked my face and hands, and the black was the very personification of a stoic.

The third swell came. For an instant, I perceived a curling white canopy high over the heads of this wretched group, and the next, we were far, far to leeward in the open and dreary sea, and a little dispersed from each other. At that period I could not swim. Jugurtha was soon beside me, and the faithful Bounder too. The waves were huge and monstrous, but they did not break, excepting when they met with resistance, for they were heaving in the exact direction of the wind. I never once lost my perceptions; they were, instead of being confused by the dangers and horrors around me, painfully distinct. Bounder swam nobly. I merely placed my left hand upon his back, and I was sufficiently supported. Jugurtha swam buoyantly on my right. We endeavoured to turn and face the brig, from which we had been washed. We did so at length, notwithstanding the violence of the spray: but she was no more; or, if she existed, the few yards of dis-

tance that we had been swept from her were, in the darkness, sufficient to hide her from our view.

I now despaired for the first time. I gave one thought to my unknown parents and sister, and addressed myself to prayer. After this, I felt considerably calmed and almost resigned. I even dared, without repining, to contemplate the agonies of a prolonged death, and felt no inclination to hasten it by plunging, at once, beneath the waters.

But a temporary relief was at hand. Through the obscurity the long-boat that was, with ourselves, washed off the booms came drifting towards us. Jugurtha struck out manfully; the excellent dog rivalled him, and the black first, and then myself and Bounder, were soon securely seated in it.

After a little while we heard a human voice, and on looking over the stern, I discovered James Gavel hanging on by the rudder-gudgeon.

"Ardent Troughton," said he, "shake hands with me;—you have proved yourself a better man than I——God bless you—pray for me—sometimes think of the poor deluded sinner, who sinned through ignorance more than hardness of heart:—you have my mother's address."

"Come on board," said I, endeavouring to haul him in by the hand that grasped mine firmly.

"Never: one murderer shall not again endanger two precious lives."

"As you hope for redemption, beware of suicide."

"I will, I do—God bless you—I will hope, and I will swim to the last. Remember Alfred Gavel, and your promise to his mother." Then, with a plunge, he wrenched his hand from my grasp, boldly turned his face from the boat, and struck out in the direction where the vessel, or some remnants of her, might be supposed still to exist.

In a few seconds, he was lost to my view. As my sobs involuntarily burst forth at the nobleness of this self-sacrifice, I could not help confessing, that, in the self-devoted visionary all the best requisites of a hero were concentrated, and ruined by a senseless superstition and an impious and degrading notion of a beneficent Deity.

He was never heard of more.

*(To be continued.)*

## STANZAS.

## THE LOVED ONE THAT SLEEPS FAR AWAY!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When the golden sun sinks to his rest,
And the night breeze around me is springing;
When the white tombs in moonlight are drest,
And the sweet bird of sorrow is singing;
Sad fancy beguiles me to stray
To the loved one, that sleeps far away.

No friend ever wept o'er the sod,
Where thine ashes, my brother! are lying;
No footsteps of kindred have trod
On the green sward that pillow'd thee dying;
Nor holy lips prayed o'er the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Albuera! thou field of the dead!
Dark, dark is the page of thy story:
More tears at thy shrine have been shed,
Than ere washed the red laurels of glory!
They were martyrs that fell on that day,
With the loved one, that sleeps far away.

They dug him a grave—his own bands,
And slowly and tenderly bore him,
As if in fond woman's soft hands;
And the tears of the heroes fell o'er him,
As they laid the last sod on the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Oh! when I last stood in the room,
Where *his* sweet voice so often had sounded,
And saw the bright sunshine illume,
Those woods, where in boyhood he bounded,
I wept, though all faces look'd gay,
For the loved one, that sleeps far away.

For freshly he rose to my view,—
Our beautiful, brave, and light-hearted;
With those smiles that a talisman threw
Over spirits, that now are departed,—
Fond bosoms, since gone to decay,
Like the loved one, that sleeps far away.

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

## AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

### BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

**The whole of which has been fudged out of the History of England, and will therefore be quite new to the majority of our readers.**

WERE we in want of materials for this eventful history, we have now a good opportunity for spinning out our volumes; but, so far from this being the case, we hardly know how to find space for what it is now absolutely necessary that the reader should be acquainted with. Our friends may probably recollect, when we remind them of the fact, that there was a certain king, James II., who sat upon our throne, and who was a very good Catholic—that he married his daughter, Mary, to one William of Orange, who, in return for James's kindness in giving him his daughter, took away from him his kingdom, on the plea, that if he was a bad son-in-law, at all events, he was a sound Protestant. They may also recollect, that the exiled king was received most hospitably by the grand monarque, Louis XIV., who gave him palaces, money, and all that he required, and, moreover, gave him a fine army and fleet to go to Ireland and recover his kingdom, bidding him farewell with this equivocal sentence, "That the best thing he, Louis, could wish to him was, never to see his face again." They may further recollect, that King James and King William met at the battle of the Boyne, in which the former was defeated, and then went back to St. Germains and spent the rest of his life in acts of devotion and plotting against the life of King William. Now, among other plots real and pretended, there was one laid in 1695, to assassinate King William on his way to Richmond; this plot was revealed, many of the conspirators were tried and executed, but the person who was at the head of it, a Scotchman, of the name of Sir George Barclay, escaped. In the year 1696, a bill was passed, by which Sir George Barclay and nine others who had escaped from justice, were attainted of high treason, if they did not choose to surrender themselves on or before the 25th day of March ensuing. Strange to say, these parties did not think it advisable to surrender themselves; perhaps it was because they knew that they were certain to be hung; but it is impossible to account for the actions of men: we only can lay the facts before our readers.

Sir George Barclay was by birth a Scotchman, of high family, and well connected. He had been an officer in the army of King James, to whom he was strongly attached. Moreover, he was a very bigoted Catholic. Whether he ever received a commission from King James, authorizing him to assassinate King William, has never been proved;

[1] Continued from page 139.

but, as King James is well known to have been admitted into the order of the Jesuits, it is not at all unlikely. Certain it is, that the baronet went over to St. Germains, landed again in England, and would have made the attempt, had not the plot been discovered through some of the inferior accomplices; and it is equally sure that he escaped, although many others were hung—and few people knew what had become of him. The fact was, that when Barclay had fled to the sea-side, he was assisted over the water by a band of smugglers, who first concealed him in the cave we have described, which was their retreat. This led to a communication and arrangement with them. Sir George Barclay, who, although foiled in his attempt at assassination, never abandoned the cause, immediately perceived what advantages might be derived in keeping up a communication by means of these outlaws. For some time the smugglers were employed in carrying secret despatches to the friends of James in England and Scotland; and as the importance of the correspondence increased, and it became necessary to have personal interviews instead of written communications, Sir George frequently passed over to the cave as a rendezvous, at which he might meet the adherents of the exiled king. In the course of time he saw the prudence of having the entire control of the band, and found little difficulty in being appointed their leader. From the means he obtained from St. Germains, the smuggling was now carried on to a great and very profitable extent; and, by the regulations which he enacted, the chance of discovery was diminished. Only one point more was requisite for safety and secrecy, which was, a person to whom he could confide the charge of the cave. Lady Barclay, who was equally warm in the cause, offered her services, and they were accepted; and at the latter end of the year 1696, about one year after the plot had failed, Lady Barclay, with her only child, took up her abode in this isolated domicile; Sir George then first making the arrangement that the men should always remain on the other side of the water, which would be an additional cause of security. For upwards of four years, Lady Barclay had remained an inmate, attending to the instruction of her little Lilly, and carrying on all the correspondence, and making all the necessary arrangements with vigour and address, satisfied with serving the good cause, and proving her devoted allegiance to her sovereign. Unfortunate and unwise as were the Stuart family, there must have been some charm about them, for they had instances of attachment and fidelity shown to them, of which no other line of kings could boast.

Shortly after the tragical event recorded in the last chapter, the Jesuit came out of the cave and went up to Sir George, who coolly observed, "We have just been sending a traitor to his account, good father."

"So may they all perish," replied the priest. "We start this evening?"

"Certainly. What news have you for St. Germains?"

"Much that is important. Discontent prevails throughout the country. The affair of Bishop Watson hath brought much odium on the usurper. He himself writhes under the tyrannical commands of the Commons, and is at issue with them."

"And in Scotland, father?"

"All is there ripe and ready—and an army once landed, would be joined by thousands. The injustice of the usurper in wishing to sacrifice the Scotch Settlement, has worked deep upon the minds of those who advanced their money upon that speculation—in the total, a larger sum than ever yet was raised in Scotland. Our emissaries have fanned the flame up to the highest pitch."

"To my thoughts, good father, there needed not further discontent. Have we not our king dethroned, and our holy religion persecuted?"

"True, my son—true; but still we must lose no means by which we may increase the number of our adherents. Some are swayed by one feeling, and some by another. We have contrived to throw no small odium upon the usurper and betrayer of his wife's father, by exposing and magnifying, indeed, the sums of money which he has lavished upon his courtesan, Mistress Villiers, now, by his heretic and unsanctified breath, raised into the peerage by the title of Countess of Orkney. All these items added together, form a vast sum of discontent, and could we persuade his Catholic majesty to rouse himself to assert once more his rights by force of arms, I should not fear for the result."

"Had I not been betrayed," observed Sir Robert, musing, "before this the king would have had his own again."

"And thrice blessed would have been the arm that had laid the usurper low," rejoined the Jesuit; "but more of this hereafter. Your lady hath had much converse with me. She thinks that the character of the man who commands that cutter, is such as to warrant his services for gold—and wishes to essay him."

"The woman Corbett is of that opinion, and she is subtle. At all events, it can be tried; for he would be of much utility, and there would be no suspicion. The whole had better be left to her management. We may employ, and pay, yet not trust him."

"That is exactly what Lady Alice has proposed," replied the Jesuit. Here Lilly came out to tell her father that the morning meal was ready, and they all returned to the cave.

That evening the boat was launched, and the Jesuit went over with Sir Robert, and landed at Cherbourg, from whence they both proceeded with all expedition to the court of King James.

We have entered into this short detail, that the reader may just know the why and the wherefore these parties in the cave were introduced, and now we shall continue our most faithful and veracious history.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### In which Smallbones is sent to look after a pot of black paint.

We must now return to the cutter, which still remains at anchor off the point in Portsmouth harbour. It is a dark, murky, blowing day, with gusts of rain and thick fog. Mr. Vanslyperken is more than usually displeased, for, as he had to wait for the new boat which he had demanded, he thought this a good opportunity of enlivening the bends of the Yungfrau with a little black paint—not before

it was required, most certainly, for she was as rusty in appearance as if she had been built of old iron. But paint fetched money, and as Mr. Vanslyperken always sold his, it was like parting with so much of his own property, when he ordered up the paint-pots and brushes. Now the operation of beautifying the Yungfrau had been commenced the day before, and the unexpected change in the weather during the night, had washed off the greater portion of the paint, and there was not only all the trouble, but all the expense, to be incurred again. No wonder that Mr. Vanslyperken was in a bad humour—not only in a bad humour, but in the very worst of humours. He had made up his mind to go on shore to see his mother, and was pacing the quarter-deck in his great coat, with his umbrella under his arm, all ready to be unfurled as soon as he was on shore. He was just about to order his boat to be manned: Mr. Vanslyperken looked up at the weather—the fog was still thick, and the rain fell. You could not even make out the houses on the point. The wind had gone down considerably. Mr. Vanslyperken looked over the gunnel—the damage was even greater than he thought. He looked over the stern, there was the stage still hanging where the parties had been standing or sitting, and, what was too bad, there was a pot of paint, with the brush in it, half full of rain-water, which some negligent person had left there. Mr. Vanslyperken turned forward to call somebody to take the paint below, but the decks were empty, and it was growing dark. A sudden thought, instigated no doubt by the devil, filled the brain of Mr. Vanslyperken. It was a glorious, golden opportunity, not to be lost. He walked forward, and went down into his cabin again, where he found Smallbones helping himself to biscuit, for the lad was hungry, as well he might be; but on this occasion Mr. Vanslyperken took no notice.

"Smallbones," said he, "one of the men has left his paint-pot on the stage, under the stern, go and bring it in immediately."

"Yes, sir," replied Smallbones, surprised at the unusually quiet style of his master's address to him.

Smallbones ran up the ladder, went aft, and slid down by the rope which held the plank used as a stage by the painters. Mr. Vanslyperken seized his carving knife, and following softly on deck, went aft. He took a hurried look forward, there was no one on deck. For a moment he hesitated at the crime; he observed the starboard rope shake, for Smallbones was just about to shin up again. The devil prevailed. Mr. Vanslyperken sawed through the rope, heard the splash of the lad in the water, and, frightened at his own guilt, ran down below, and gained his cabin. There he seated himself, trembling like an aspen leaf. It was the first time that he had been a *murderer*. He was pale as ashes. He fell sick, and he staggered to his cupboard, poured out a tumbler of scheedam, and drank it off at a draught. This recovered him, and he again felt brave. He returned on deck, and ordered his boat to be manned, which was presently done. Mr. Vanslyperken would have given the world to have gone aft, and to have looked over the stern, but he dared not; so, pushing the men into the boat, he slipped in, and was pulled on shore. Without giving any directions to the men he stepped out, and felt a relief when he found himself on terra firma. He walked away as fast

as he could—he felt that he could not walk fast enough—he was anxious to arrive at his mother's. The rain fell fast, but he thought not of his umbrella, it remained under his arm, and Mr. Vanslyperken, as if he was chased by a fiend, pushed on through the fog and rain; he wanted to meet a congenial soul, one who would encourage, console him, ridicule his fears, and applaud the deed which he would just then have given the world to have recalled.

Where could he seek one more fitted to the purpose than his mother? The door of the house where she lodged was common to many, and therefore opened with a latch. He went in, and up-stairs, tried the door of his mother's room, and found it fastened within. He knocked, heard the grumbling of the old woman at her being obliged to rise from her chair: she opened the door, and Vanslyperken, as soon as he was in, slammed it to, and, exhausted with his emotions, fell back in a chair.

"Hey day! and what's the matter now?" cried the old woman, in Dutch; "one would think that you had been waylaid, robbed, and almost murdered."

"Murdered!" stammered Vanslyperken; "yes—it was murder."

"What was murder, my child?" replied the old woman, reseating herself.

"Did I say murder, mother?" said Vanslyperken, wiping the blended rain and perspiration from his brow with a cotton handkerchief.

"Yes, you did, Cornelius Vanslyperken; not that I believe a craven like you would ever attempt such a thing."

"But I have, mother. I have done the deed," replied Vanslyperken.

"You have!" cried his mother; "then at last you have done something, and I shall respect you. Come, come, child, cheer up, and tell me all about it. There is a slight twinge the first time—but the second is nothing. Did you get gold? Heh, my son, plenty of gold?"

"Gold! no, no—I got nothing—indeed I lost by it—lost a pot full of black paint—but never mind that. He's gone," replied Vanslyperken, recovering himself fast.

"Who is gone?"

"The lad, Smallbones."

"Pish," replied the old woman, rocking her chair. "Ay, well, never mind—it was for revenge, then—that's sweet—very sweet. Now, Cornelius, tell me all about it."

Vanslyperken, encouraged by the sympathy, if we may use the term, shown by his mother, narrated what he had done.

"Well, well, child, 'tis a beginning," replied the old woman, "and I'll not call you craven again."

"I must go back," said Vanslyperken, starting up from his chair.

"Go, child, it is late—and dream it over. Vengeance is sweet, even in sleep. I have had mine—and for years have I dwelt on it—and shall for years to come. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken quitted the house, the weather had cleared up, the breeze was fresh and piercing, and the stars twinkled every now and

then, as the wild scud which flew across the heavens admitted them to view. Vanslyperken walked fast—he started at the least sound—he hurried by every one whom he met, as if fearful to be recognised—he felt relieved when he had gained the streets of Portsmouth, and he at last arrived at the point, but there was no cutter's boat, for he had given no orders. He was therefore obliged to hire one to go on board. The old man whom he engaged shoved into the stream; the tide was running in rapidly.

"A cold night, sir," observed the man.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, mechanically.

"And a strong tide, with the wind to back it. He'd have but a poor chance, who fell overboard such a night as this. The strongest swimmer, without help, would be soon in eternity."

Vanslyperken shuddered. Where was Smallbones at this moment? and then, the mention of eternity!

"Silence, man, silence," said Vanslyperken.

"Hope no offence, Mr. Lieutenant," replied the man, who knew who his fare was.

The boat pulled alongside of the Yungfrau, and Vanslyperken paid his unusual fare, and stepped on the deck. He went down below, and had the precaution to summon Smallbones to bring lights aft. The word was passed along the lower deck, and Vanslyperken sat down in the dark, awaiting the report that Smallbones could not be found.

Snarleyyow went up to his master, and rubbed his cold nose against his hand, and then, for the first time, it occurred to Vanslyperken, that in his hurry to leave the vessel, he had left the dog to the mercy of his enemies. During the time that Vanslyperken waited for the report of the lights, he passed over in his mind the untoward events which had taken place, the loss of the widow's good will, the loss of Corporal Van Spitter, who was adrift in the Zuyder Zee, the loss of five thousand pounds through the dog, and, strange to say, what vexed him more, the loss of the dog's eye; and when he thought of all these things, his heart was elated, and he rejoiced in the death of Smallbones, and no longer felt any compunction. But a light is coming aft, and Vanslyperken is waiting the anticipated report. It is a solitary purser's dip, as they are termed at sea, emitting but feeble rays, and Vanslyperken's eyes are directed to the door of the cabin to see who it is who carries it. To his horror, his dismay, it is brought in by the drowned Smallbones, who, with a cadaverous, and, as he supposes, unearthly face and vacant look, drawls out, "It's a-blowed out twice, sir, with the wind."

Vanslyperken started up, with his eyes glaring and fixed. There could be no mistake. It was the apparition of the murdered lad, and he fell back in a state of unconsciousness. "You've a-got it this time," said Smallbones, chuckling as he bent over the body of the lieutenant with his purser's dip, and perceived that he was in a state of insensibility.

Had Mr. Vanslyperken had the courage to look over the stern of the cutter when he re-ascended on the deck, he would have discovered Smallbones hanging on by the rudder chains; for had the fog

not been so thick, Mr. Vanslyperken would have perceived that at the time that he cut Smallbones adrift it was slack water, and the cutter was lying across the harbour. Smallbones was not, therefore, carried away by the tide, but being a very fair swimmer, had gained the rudder chains without difficulty; but at the time that Smallbones was climbing up again by the rope, he had perceived the blade of the carving knife working at the rope, and was assured that Vanslyperken was attempting his life. When he gained the rudder chains, he held on. At first he thought of calling for assistance; but hearing Vanslyperken order his boat to be manned, the lad then resolved to wait a little longer, and allow his master to think that he was drowned. The result was as Smallbones intended. As soon as the lad saw the boat was out of hearing he called out most lustily, and was heard by those on board, and rescued from his cold immersion. He answered no questions which were put to him till he had changed his clothing and recovered himself, and then with great prudence summoned a council, composed of Short, Coble, and Jemmy Ducks, to whom he narrated what had taken place. A long consultation succeeded, and at last it was agreed that Smallbones should make his appearance as he did, and future arrangements to be taken according to circumstances.

As soon as Smallbones had ascertained the situation of his master, he went forward and reported it to Dick Short, who with Coble came aft in the cabin. Short looked at Vanslyperken.

"Conscience," said Short.

"And a d——d bad un too," replied Coble, hitching up his trousers. "What's to be done, Short?"

"Nothing," replied Short.

"Just my idea," replied Coble; "let him come to if he pleases, or die and be d——d. Who cares?"

"Nobody," replied Short.

"My eyes, but he must have been frightened," said Smallbones, "for he has left the key in the cupboard. I'll see what's in it for once and away."

Snarleyyow, when Smallbones opened the cupboard, appeared to have an intuitive idea that he was trespassing, so he walked out growling from under the table; Short saluted him with a kick in the ribs, which tossed him under the feet of Coble, who gave him a second with his fisherman's boots, and the dog howled, and ran out of the cabin. O Mr. Vanslyperken! see what your favourite was brought to, because you did not come to.

At this time Smallbones had his nose into the stone jar of schiedam—the olfactory examination was favourable, so he put his mouth to it—the labial essay still more so, so he took down a wine glass, and without any ceremony filled a bumper, and handed it to Coble.

"We'll drink to his recovery," said Obadiah, tossing off the contents.

"Yes," replied Short, who waited till the glass was refilled, and did the same.

"Here's bad luck to him in his own good stuff," said Smallbones, tossing off a third glass, and filling it again he handed it to Coble.

"Here's reformation to him," said Coble, draining the glass again.

"Yes," replied Short, taking the replenished vessel.

"Here's d——n to him and his dog for ever and ever, Amen," cried Smallbones, tippling off his second allowance.

"Who's there?" said Vanslyperken in a faint voice, opening his eyes with a vacant look.

Smallbones replaced the bottle in the cupboard, and replied, "It's only Smallbones, sir, and the mates, come to help you."

"Smallbones!" said Vanslyperken, still wandering. "Smallbones is drowned—and the whole pot of black paint."

"Conscience," said Short.

"Carving knife," rejoined Coble.

"Carving knife!" said Vanslyperken, raising himself up, "I never said a word about a carving knife, did I? Who is it that I see? Short—and Coble—help me up. I've had a sad fall. Where's Smallbones? Is he alive—really alive?"

"I believe as how I bees," replied Smallbones.

Mr. Vanslyperken had now recovered his perfect senses. He had been raised on a chair, and was anxious to be rid of intruders, so he told Short and Coble that he would now do very well, and they might go; upon which, without saying a word, they both quitted the cabin.

Mr. Vanslyperken collected himself—he wished to know how Smallbones had been saved, but still dared not broach the subject, as it would be admitting his own guilt.

"What has happened, Smallbones?" said Vanslyperken. "I still feel very faint."

"Take a glass of this," replied Smallbones, opening the cupboard, and bringing out the scheedam. He poured out a glass, which Vanslyperken drank, and then observed, "How did you know what was in that cupboard, sirrah?"

"Because you called for it when you were in your fits," replied Smallbones.

"Called for scheedam?"

"Yes, sir, and said you had lost the carving knife."

"Did I?" replied Vanslyperken, afraid that he had committed himself. "I have been ill, very ill," continued he, putting his hand up to his forehead. "By-the-by, Smallbones, did you bring in that pot of paint?" said Vanslyperken adroitly.

"No, sir, I didn't, because I tumbled overboard, pot and all," replied Smallbones.

"Tumbled overboard! why, I did not leave the ship till afterwards, and I heard nothing about it."

"No, sir, how could you?" replied Smallbones, who was all prepared for this explanation, "when the tide swept me past the saluting battery in a moment."

"Past the saluting battery!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "why, how were you saved?"

"Because, thanks to somebody, I be too light to sink. I went out to the Ower's light, and a mile ayond it."

"The Ower's light!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and ayond it, afore the tide turned, and then I were swept back again, and came into harbour again just half an hour afore you come aboard."

Mr. Vanslyperken looked aghast; the lad must have had a charmed life. Nine miles at least out to sea, and nine miles back again.

"It's as true as I stand here, sir," continued Smallbones; "I never were so cold in all my life, a-floating about like a bit of duck-weed with the tide, this way and that way."

"As true as you stand here!" repeated Vanslyperken; "but do you stand here?" and he made a desperate grasp at the lad's arm to ascertain whether he held substance or shadow.

"Can I do any thing more, sir?" continued Smallbones; "for I should like to turn in—I'm as cold as ice even now."

"You may go," replied Vanslyperken, whose mind was again becoming confused at what had passed. For some time the lieutenant sat in his chair, trying to recollect and reason; but it was in vain, the shocks of the day had been too great. He threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed—never perceived the absence of his favourite—the candle was allowed to burn itself to the socket, and Vanslyperken fell off into a trance-like sleep.

## CHAPTER XX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves false to the Widow Vandersloosh, and many strange things take place.

Mr. Vanslyperken was awakened the next morning by the yelping of his dog, who, having been shut out of the cabin, had ventured up the ladder in the morning when the men were washing the deck, and had a bucket shied at him by Jemmy Ducks, with such excellent precision, that it knocked him over, and nearly broke his hind leg, which he now carried high up in the air as he howled upon the other three at the cabin door. Mr. Vanslyperken rose, and tried to recollect what had passed; but it was more than a minute before he could recall the circumstances of the day before. He then tried to call to mind how he had gone to bed, and by what means Snarleyyow was left outside, but he could make nothing of it. He opened the cabin door, and let in the dog, whose lame leg instantly excited his indignation, and he then rang his bell for Smallbones, who soon made his appearance.

"How came the dog out of the cabin, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never put him out."

"Who is it that has hurt him?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never touched him."

Vanslyperken was about to vent his anger, when Smallbones said, "If you please, I don't know what's a-going on. Why here, sir, the men washing the decks have found your carving knife abaft by the taffrail. Somebody must have taken it there, that's sartain."

Vanslyperken turned pale.

"Who could have taken it?"

"That's what I said, sir. Who dare come in the cabin to take the knife? and what could they have taken it for, but unless it was to

cut summut?" And Smallbones looked his master full in the face. And the lieutenant quailed before his boy. He could not meet his gaze, but turned away.

"Very odd," continued Smallbones, perceiving the advantage he had gained.

"Leave the cabin, sir," cried Vanslyperken.

"Sha'n't I make no inquiries how this ere knife came there, sir?" replied Smallbones.

"No, sir, mind your own business. I've a great mind to flog you for its being found there—all your carelessness."

"That would be a pretty go," murmured Smallbones, as he shut the cabin door.

The feeling of vengeance against Smallbones was now redoubled in the breast of his master, and the only regret he felt at the transactions of the day before was, that the boy had not been drowned.

"I'll have him yet," muttered the lieutenant; but he forgot that he was shaving himself, and the involuntary movements of his lips caused him to cut a large gash on his right cheek, from which the blood trickled fast.

"Curses on the—(razor he was going to say, but he changed it to)—scoundrel!"

A slice with a razor is certainly a very annoying thing. After a certain time Mr. Vanslyperken finished his toilet, called for his breakfast, went on deck, and as the day was fine, ordered the paint to be renewed, and then went on shore to ascertain if there were any commands for him at the admiral's office.

As he walked up the street in a brown study, he at last observed that a very pretty woman dogged him, sometimes walking a-head and looking back, at others dropping astern, and then again ranging up alongside. He looked her in the face, and she smiled so sweetly, and then turned her head coquettishly, and then looked again with eyes full of meaning. Now, although Mr. Vanslyperken had always avoided amours on account of the expense entailed upon them, yet he was, like a dry chip, very inflammable, and the extreme beauty of the party made him feel unusual emotions. Her perseverance too—and her whole appearance so very respectable—so superior to the class of people who generally accosted him. He thought of the widow and her money bags, and thought, also, how infinitely more desirable the widow would be, if she possessed but the beauty of the present party.

"I do believe I've lost my way," exclaimed the young person. "Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to Castle Street, for I'm almost a stranger? And" (added she, laughing) "I really don't know my way back to my own house."

Castle Street was, at that time, one of the best streets in Portsmouth, as Mr. Vanslyperken well knew. This assured him of her respectability; he very gallantly offered his arm, which, after a little demur, was accepted, and Mr. Vanslyperken conveyed her to her house. Of course she could do no less than ask him to walk up, and Mr. Vanslyperken, who had never been in any thing approaching to good society, was in astonishment at the furniture. All appeared to

denote wealth. He was soon in an interesting conversation, and by degrees found out that the lady was a young widow of the name of Malcolm, whose husband had been factor to the new company, called the East India Company; that she had come down to Portsmouth expecting him home, and that she had learnt that he had died on shore a few days before his intended embarkation for England. Since which, as she liked the place and the society, she had thoughts of remaining here.

"They say that gold in India is to be had for nothing."

"It must be very plentiful," replied the widow, "if I am to judge by the quantity my poor husband sent me home, and he was not out more than three years. He left me a week after our marriage."

Here the lovely widow put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to console her.

"It's so very unpleasant to be left without any one to advise you, and exposed to be cheated so dreadfully. What can a poor lone woman do? Did you ever see me before, sir?"

"I never did," replied our lieutenant. "May I ask the same question, for I thought you appeared to know me?"

"O yes! I've seen you very often, and wished to know who you were, but I was ashamed to ask. One cannot be too particular in my situation."

Mr. Vanslyperken was much pleased, but he had remained some time, and he thought it right to depart, so he rose and made his adieus.

"I hope I shall see you again," cried the widow earnestly. "You will call again, sir, won't you?"

"Most certainly, and with the greatest pleasure," replied Vanslyperken.

The lady extended her gloved hand, and as it was closed in that of Vanslyperken, he thought he felt a slight, a very slight pressure, which made his heart leap. And then, as he shut the door, she gave him such a look—O those eyes!—they pierced right through the heart of Vanslyperken.

The reader may not, perhaps, be aware who this gay widow might be. It was Nancy Corbett, who had, by the advice of Lady Alice, taken this step to entrap Mr. Vanslyperken. Nancy had obtained from Moggy all the particulars of the lieutenant's wooing of the widow Vandersloosh, and his character as a miser and a coward. Had he been a miser only, she would have attacked by gold alone, but being a coward, it was decided that he should have some further stimulus to betray his country, and enlist himself among the partisans of King James.

Beauty, joined with wealth, the chance of possessing both, with the attractive arts of Nancy, were considered necessary to sway him. Indeed they were so far right, that had any one made the bold proposal to Vanslyperken of joining the other party, and offered him at the same time ample remuneration, he would have been too suspicious or too timorous to run the risk. It was necessary to win him over by means which appeared accidental rather than otherwise. The difficulty of correspondence was very great; and as the cutter constantly was despatched to the Hague, and the French had agents there,

not only letters, but even messengers, might be sent over without risk and without suspicion; for open boats being then the only means of communication, during the wintry part of the year, the correspondence was very precarious, and at long intervals.

Thus was Nancy Corbett changed into a buxom widow, all for the good cause, and well did she perform her part; for there was no lack of money when such services were required. Vanslyperken left the house quite enchanted. "This will do," thought he, "and if I succeed, Frau Vandersloosh may go to the devil." He returned on board, unlocked his cabin, where Snarleyyow had been secured from the machinations of Smallbones and other malcontents, and sat down to enjoy the castle-building which he had commenced after he left the house. He patted his dog, and apostrophised it. "Yes, my poor brute," said Vanslyperken, "your master will get a rich widow, without it being necessary that you should be laid dead at her porch. D——n Frau Vandersloosh."

The widow was more enchanting when Vanslyperken called on the ensuing day, than she was on the first. Her advances to the lieutenant were no longer doubtful to him. She entered freely into the state of her affairs, asked his advice upon money matters, and fully proved to his satisfaction that, independent of her beauty, she would be a much greater catch than Frau Vandersloosh. She spoke about her family; said that she expected her brother over, but that he must come *incog.* as he was attached to the court of the exiled king, lamented the difficulty of receiving letters from him, and openly expressed her adherence to the Stuart family. Vanslyperken appeared to make very little objection to her political creed; in fact, he was so fascinated that he fell blindly into the snare; he accepted an invitation to dine with her on that very day, and went on board to dress himself as fine for her as he had for the widow Vandersloosh. The lovely widow admired his uniform, and gave him many gentle hints upon which he might speak: but this did not take place until a *tête-à-tête* after dinner, when he was sitting on a sofa with her; (not on such a fubsy sofa as that of Frau Vandersloosh, but one worked in tapestry,) much in the same position as we once introduced him in to the reader, to wit, with the lady's hand in his. Vanslyperken was flushed with wine, for Nancy had pushed the bottle, and, at last, he spoke out clearly what his aspirations were. The widow blushed, laughed, wiped her eyes as if to brush away a falling tear, and eventually, with a slight pressure of the hand, stammered that she did not know what to say, the acquaintance was so short—it was so unexpected—she must reflect a little: at the same time, she could not but acknowledge, that she had been taken with him when she first saw him; and then she laughed and said, that she did really begin to believe that there was such a thing as love at first sight, and then—he had better go now, she wished to be alone—she really had a headache. Oh! Nancy Corbett! you were, indeed, an adept in the art of seduction—no wonder that your name has been handed down to posterity. Mr. Vanslyperken perceived his advantage, and pressed still more, until the blushing widow declared that she would really think seriously about

the matter, if on further acquaintance she found that her good opinion of him was not overrated.

Vanslyperken returned on board intoxicated with his success. On his arrival, he was informed that a messenger had been sent for him, but no one knew where to find him, and that he must be at the admiral's early the next morning, and have all ready for immediate sailing. This was rather annoying, but there was no help for it. The next day Vanslyperken went to the admiral's, and received orders to sail immediately to the Hague with despatches of consequence, being no less than an answer from King William to the States General. Mr. Vanslyperken proceeded from the admiral's to the charming widow, to whom he imparted this unwelcome intelligence. She, of course, was grave and listened to his protestations with her little finger in her mouth, and a pensive, cast-down eye.

"How long will you be away?" inquired she.

"But a week or ten days at the farthest. I shall fly back to see you again."

"But, tell me the truth, have you no acquaintances there?—now, tell the truth—I don't mean men."

"Upon my honour, fair widow, I don't know a single woman there," replied Vanslyperken, pleased with this little appearance of jealousy; "but I'm afraid that I must leave you, for the admiral is very severe."

"Will you do me one favour, Mr. Vanslyperken?"

"Anything:—ask what you will."

"I want this letter forwarded to my brother—I am very anxious about it. The French agent there will send it on;—it is inclosed to him. Will you do me that favour, my dear sir?—I'm sure you will if——"

"If what?"

"If you love me," replied the widow, laying her hand upon Vanslyperken.

"I will most certainly," said Vanslyperken, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket.

"Then I shall ask you another," said the widow. "You will think me very foolish, but there may be an opportunity—will you write to me—just a few lines—only to tell me that you have given the letter, that's all—and to say how you are—don't you think me very foolish?"

"I will write, dearest, since you wish it—and now, good-bye."

Vanslyperken took the widow round the waist, and after a little murmuring and reluctance, was permitted to snatch a kiss. Her eyes followed him mournfully till he shut the door and disappeared, and then Nancy Corbett gave way to unbounded mirth.

"So the fool has bit already," thought she; "now if he only writes to me, and I get his acknowledgment of having delivered the letter, the beast is in my power, and I can hang him any day I please. Upon his honour, he did not know a single woman there:—Lord have mercy!—what liars men are—but we can sometimes beat them with their own weapons." And Nancy's thoughts reverted to her former life, which she now dwelt upon with pain and sorrow.

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board; the anchor was weighed im-

mediately that the boats had been hoisted up, and the Yungfrau ran out with a fair wind, which lasted until the evening, when it fell almost calm, and the cutter made but little way through the water. Many of the men were conversing on the forecastle as usual, and the subject of their discourse was the surmising what had become of Corporal Van Spitter. In one point they all appeared to agree, which was, that they hoped he would never return to the cutter.

"If he does I owe him one," observed Jemmy Ducks. "It's all through him that my wife was turned out of the vessel."

"And a little bit from her tongue, Jemmy," observed Coble.

"Why, perhaps so," replied Jemmy; "but what was it set her tongue loose but the threat of *him* to flog me, and what made him threaten that but the 'peaching of that fat marine?"

"Very good arguments, Jemmy. Well, I will say that for your wife, Jemmy, she does love you, and there's no sham about it."

"Never mind Jemmy's wife, let's have Jemmy's song," said Spurey; "he hasn't piped since he was pulled up by the corporal."

"No: he put my pipe out, the hippopotamus. Well, I'll give it you—it shall be about what we were talking of, Obadiah." Jemmy perched himself on the fore-end of the booms, and sung as follows:—

"I suppose that you think 'cause my trousers are tarry,"
And because that I ties my long hair in a tail,
While landsmen are figged out as fine as old Harry,
With breast-pins and cravats as white as old sail;
That I'm a strange creature, a know-nothing ninny,
But fit for the planks for to walk in foul weather;
That I ha'n't e'er a notion of the worth of a guinea,
And that you, Poll, can twist me about as a feather,—
Lord love you!!

"I know that this life is but short at the best on't;
That Time it flies fast, and that work must be done;
That when danger comes 'tis as well for to jest on't,
'Twill be but the lighter felt when it do come:
If you think, then, from this that I an't got a notion
Of a heaven above, with its mercy in store,
And the devil below, for us lads of the ocean,
Just the same as it be for the landsmen on shore,—
Lord love you!!

"If because I don't splice with some true-hearted woman,
Who'd doat on my presence, and sob when I sail,
But put up with you, Poll, though faithful to no man,
With a fist that can strike, and a tongue that can rail;
'Tis because I'm not selfish, and know 'tis my duty
If I marry to moor by my wife, and not leave her,
To dandle the young ones,—watch over her beauty,—
D'ye think that I'd promise and vow, then deceive her?—
Lord love you!!

"I suppose that you think 'cause I'm free with my money,
Which others would hoard and lock up in their chest,
All your billing and cooing, and words sweet as honey,
Are as gospel to me while you hang on my breast:

But no, Polly, no;—you may take every guinea,
They'd burn in my pocket, if I took them to sea;
But as for your love, Poll, I indeed were a ninny,—
D'ye think I don't know you cheat others than me?—
Lord love you!!"

"Well, that's a good song, Jemmy, and he can't pull you up for that any how."

Mr. Vanslyperken appeared to think otherwise, for he sent a marine forward to say, that no singing would be permitted in future, and that they were immediately to desist.

"I suppose we shall have a song considered as mutiny soon," observed Coble. "Ah, well, it's a long lane that has no turning."

"Yes," replied Jemmy, in an under tone, "and for every rogue there's a rope laid up. Never mind, let us go below."

Mr. Vanslyperken's dreaming thoughts of the fair widow were nevertheless occasionally interrupted by others not quite so agreeable. Strange to say, he fully believed what Smallbones had asserted about his being carried out by the tide to the Ower's light, and he canvassed the question in his mind, whether there was not something supernatural in the affair, a sort of interposition of Providence in behalf of the lad, which was to be considered as a warning to himself not to attempt anything further. He was frightened, although his feeling for revenge was still in all its force. As for any one suspecting him of having attempted the boy's life, he had recovered from that feeling; even if they did, who dare say a word? There was another point which also engrossed the moody Vanslyperken, which was, how he should behave relative to the widow Vandersloosh. Should he call or should he not?—he cared nothing for her, and provided he could succeed with the Portsmouth lady, he would pitch her to the devil; but still he remembered the old proverb, "You should never throw away dirty water before you are sure of clean." After some cogitation he determined upon still pressing his suit, and hoped at the same time that the widow would not admit him into her presence. Such were the different resolves and decisions which occupied the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken until he dropped his anchor at Amsterdam, when he ordered his boat to go on shore, and gave positive directions to Dick Short that no one was to leave the cutter on any pretence, for he was determined that as the widow would not have his company, she should neither have the profits arising from his men spending their money at her house.

"So," cried Coble, after the boat shoved off, "liberty's stopped as well as singing. What next, I wonder? I sha'n't stand this long."

"No," replied Short.

"Stop till he makes friends with the widow," observed Bill Spurey; "she'll get us all leave."

"Mein Gott, he nebber say any ting before," observed Jansen.

"No; we might almost go and come as we wished. We must not stand this."

"We won't," replied Jemmy Ducks.

"No," replied Short.

While the crew of the cutter were in this incipient state of mutiny,

Vanslyperken bent his steps to deliver up to the authorities the despatches with which he was charged; and having so done, he then took out the letter intrusted to him by Nancy Corbett and read the address. It was the same street in which lived the Frau Vandersloosh. This was awkward, as Vanslyperken did not want to be seen by her; but there was no help for it. He trusted to her not seeing him, and he proceeded thither: he ran down the numbers on the doors until he came to the right one, which was exactly opposite to the widow's house:—this was more unfortunate. He rang the bell; it was some time before the door was opened, and while he was standing there he could not help looking round to see if any one saw him. To his annoyance, there stood the widow filling up her door with her broad frame and Babette peeping over her shoulder. Mr. Vanslyperken, as there was only the canal and two narrow roads between them, could do no less than salute her, but she took no notice of him farther than by continuing her stare. At last, upon a second pulling of the bell, the door opened, and on Mr. Vanslyperken saying that he had a letter for such an address he was admitted, and the door immediately closed. He was ushered into a room, the window-panes of which were painted green, so that no one outside could look in, and found himself in the presence of a tall man, in a clerical dress, who motioned to him to sit down.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, and then took a seat. The gentleman made a graceful bow, as if to ask permission to break the seal, and then opened the letter.

"Sir, I am obliged to you for charging yourself with these packets—infinitely obliged to you. You are in command of a sloop here, I believe."

"A king's cutter, sir," replied Vanslyperken, with importance; "I am Lieutenant Vanslyperken."

"I thank you, sir. I will take down your name. You expect, I presume, to be rewarded for this small service," continued the gentleman, with a bland smile.

"Why, she must have told him," thought Vanslyperken; who replied with another smile, "that he certainly trusted that he should be."

Upon which reply, the other went to an escrutoire, and taking out a bag, opened it and poured out a mass of gold, which made Vanslyperken's mouth water, but why he did so Vanslyperken did not give a thought, until having counted out fifty pieces, the gentleman very gracefully put them into his hand, observing,

"A lieutenant's pay is not great, and we can afford to be generous. Will you oblige me by calling here before you sail for England, and I will beg you to take charge of a letter."

Vanslyperken was all amazement: he began to suspect what was the fact, but he had the gold in his hand, and, for the life of him, he could not have laid it down again on the table. It was too great a sacrifice, for it was his idol—his god. He therefore dropped it into his pocket, and promising to call before he sailed, bowed and took his leave. As he went out, there was the Frau Vandersloosh and Babette still watching him at the door, but Vanslyperken was in a state of

agitation, and he hurried off as fast as he could. Had he known why they watched so earnestly, and what had occurred, his agitation would have been greater still. As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken had arrived on board, he hastened down into his cabin, and throwing the money down on the table, feasted his eyes with it, and remained for nearly half an hour in a state of deep cogitation, during which he often asked himself the question, whether he had not been a traitor to the king and country in whose pay he was employed. The answer that he gave to himself was anything but satisfactory; but the prospect of possessing the fair Portsmouth widow, and the gold displayed upon the table, were very satisfactory, and the balance was on the latter side: so Vanslyperken gradually recovered himself, and had risen from his chair to collect the gold and deposit it in a place of safety, when he was interrupted by a tap at the door. Hastily sweeping off the gold pieces, he cried, "Come in;" when who, to his surprise, should appear in excellent condition and fresh as a peony, but the lost and almost forgotten Corporal Van Spitter, who, raising his hand to his forehead as usual, reported himself man-of-war fashion, "Vas come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken." But as the corporal did not tell all the facts connected with his cruise in the jolly boat to Mr. Vanslyperken, for reasons which will hereafter appear, we shall reserve the narrative of what really did take place for another chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

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## I SAW THE BRAVE SHIP.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I saw the brave ship, with her sails all unfurl'd,
Go forth like a spirit of light o'er the waves;
And I said in my pride, "There are none in the world
Like the heroes of ocean, to combat with slaves:"—
Brave British tars! with feelings as warm,—
To conquer the proud foe, and sing to the storm!

I saw the brave ship on her golden return,
When the song of her triumph went forth o'er the deep;
But the laurels so thickly o'ershadowed each urn,
That I traced not their names whom affection shall weep;
Brave British tars! like eagles they rise,
Till the bright sun of glory burst full on their eyes.

Oh! give me the wine-cup, and proudly I'll toast
"The heroes of ocean," wherever they roam!
And never may Britain forget the brave host,
That bled for the dear rights of freedom and home;
Brave British tars! your welcome shall be,
From beauty's warm lip in the Isle of the free!

* Written for the beautiful air—"The Woodpecker."

## POOR RELATIONS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My godfather was rich and old,
  And when his days were numbered,
He left me lands, estates, and gold,
  Quite free and unencumbered;
Yet are my spirits faint and low,
  'Midst all congratulations;
This is my ceaseless source of woe,
  A host of poor relations!

Fame's trumpet my good fortune blew,
  Throughout the neighbouring region,
And, like the horn of Roderic Dhu,
  It roused an active legion:
All to my lucky name allied,
  Sprang to their several stations;
I saw myself on every side,
  Hemmed in by poor relations!

When I attempt to go at large,
  They cling to me like brambles;
They "stop the chariot, board the barge,"
  And join me in my rambles;
Drop in to dinner every day,
  Nor wait for invitations,
"Rich men should open house," they say,
  "Keep for their poor relations."

My uncle loudly slaps my back,
  With freedom bold and hearty,
And actually has styled me "Jack,"
  Before a titled party!
Nay, he my school-boy days recalls,
  When (matchless degradation!)
I've nuts and apples, bats and balls,
  Coaxed from my poor relation.

My aunt esteems my house 'tis clear
  Most eligible quarters,
She's got two hundred pounds a year,
  And five unmarried daughters;
My feasts will lead, she oft declares,
  To nuptial celebrations,
And quickly bring five nice young heirs
  To woo my poor relations.

My cousins to my house resort
  In tribes too great to mention,
One much desires a place at court,
  And one a trifling pension;
A pair of colours one would seize
  With loyal exultation,
An India writership would please
  Another poor relation.

One has a poem just sent forth,
A mark for critic battery,
In which my talents, wit, and worth,
He lauds with fulsome flattery;
All the reviews to pieces pull
His clumsy adulation,
And quiz the vain and wealthy gull,
Puffed by his poor relation!

I read once in a German book
Of some poor wretch's trouble,
Who moved, whichever way he took,
Attended by a "double;"
I deem his sufferings incomplete,
Far worse are my vexations,
Daily pursued down Regent Street
By twenty poor relations!

If I some coldness e'er display,
One twaddler or another
Whines—"What would your dear father say,
And what your worthy mother?
Kind, friendly folks, so good, so plain,
Imagine their sensations,
To see their only son's disdain
Shown to his poor relations."

To-day a letter came to me,
Enough my nerves to splinter,
Two thirteenth cousins from Dundee,
Mean at my house to winter!
They "know their visit I shall prize,"
They've "often heard narrations
Of my kind hospitalities
To all my poor relations."

The Honourable Grace De Lisle
Might grant me her affections,
"Could I," she whispers with a smile,
Shake off my low connexions:"
Alas! I've tried a thousand schemes,
All ending in frustrations,
My daily thoughts, my nightly dreams,
Are full of poor relations.

One hero of romance I know,
Safe from all rude intrusion,
How can the world its tears bestow
Upon his sad seclusion?
'Tis the last man!—this thought must check
At once his lamentations—
That he's amid the general wreck
Outlived his poor relations!

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*Literary Remains of the late William Hazlett, with a Notice of his Life, by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings*, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P., and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P. 2 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street, 1836.

A work better introduced to the public, or one that better deserves such an introduction, has not very lately appeared. We will not say it would be presumptuous, but it would certainly have been somewhat a labour of supererogation to have descanted at length on the idiosyncrasy of character and the merits of the writings of Mr. Hazlitt, when all that need be said on the matter, and which is so extremely well said also, is ready at our hands in these highly interesting volumes. It will be sufficient for us to inform those few of our readers, (and very few we presume them to be,) who are unacquainted with the outline of Mr. Hazlitt's life, that he was a man of the sanguineous and poetical temperament, the son of a most respectable Unitarian minister, well educated, and brought up professionally as an artist; in which pursuit, either from an excess of enthusiasm, a contempt of severe drudgery, or an impatience at mechanical detail, he failed. He never could paint up to his own standard of perfection, or adequately realize his conceptions either of the graceful, the beautiful, or the sublime. It must be told, in justice to him, that he judged more harshly of his own performances than did any other person. In fact, he was no mean proficient in his art.

Subsequently, he turned his genius from appealing to the physical, to address the mental eye, and used words instead of pigments to convey to his fellow man the aspirations of his soul. He became a general writer, excited much attention, and a great degree both of blame and approbation, and died at the early age of fifty-two.

The biographical sketch, written by his son, does much honour to his filial piety, and is by no means ill written, though we are compelled to say, that it has, in some measure, the effect of a foil to the spirited compositions that follow it, including his father's with those of Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Talfourd. Of this biographical sketch we shall merely extract one of Mr. Hazlitt's letters, written during the period that he was prosecuting his studies as a painter at Paris.

"December 10th, 1802.

"My dear Father,

"I yesterday morning completed my copy of the picture called The Death of Clorinda; I have been, in all, fifteen mornings about it. It is a very good copy; when I say this, I mean that it has very nearly all the effect of the picture, and will certainly make as great a figure in R——'s parlour, as the original does in the Louvre. It has been praised by some of the French painters. They have begun of late to compliment me on my style of getting on; though, at first, they were disposed to be very impertinent. This is the way of the world; you are always sure of getting encouragement, when you do not want it. After I had done my picture yesterday, I took a small canvass, which I had in the place, and began a sketch of a head in one of the large historical pictures, being

very doubtful if I could; not at all expecting to finish it, but merely to pass away the time; however, in a couple of hours, I made a very fair copy, which I intend to let remain as it is. It is a side face, a good deal like yours, which was one reason of my doing it so rapidly. I got on in such a rapid style, that an Englishman, who had a party with him, came up, and told me, in French, that I was doing very well. Upon my answering him in English, he seemed surprised, and said, 'Upon my word, sir, you get on with great spirit and boldness; you do us great credit, I am sure.' He afterwards returned; and after asking how long I had been about it, said he was the more satisfied with his judgment, as he did not know I was a countryman. Another wanted to know if I taught painting in oil. I told him that I stood more in need of instruction myself; that that sort of rapid sketching was what I did better than any thing else; and that, after the first hour or two, I generally made my pictures worse and worse, the more pains I took with them. However, seriously, I was much pleased with this kind of notice, as however confident I may be of the real merit of my work, it is not always so clear, that it is done in a way to please most other people. This same sketch is certainly a very singular thing, as I do not believe there are ten people in the world, who could do it in the same way. However, I have said enough on the subject. I shall go on with this business as I find it succeed. I intend to copy a composition of Rubens in this manner, which I can do at intervals, without interfering with my regular work. The copy of Titian's Mistress, and the other, which I began from him, I purpose finishing in the six following days; and another copy of Titian, in the six after that, which will be four out of the five which I am doing for R——. I shall want another fortnight for the copy of Guido; and it will take another fortnight, if I do that for Northcote. This will make fourteen weeks: I have been here seven already. I will now enumerate the pictures I have done, or am doing: 1. The Death of Clorinda, completed; 2. Portrait of a Man in Black, by Titian, nearly finished; 3. Titian's Mistress; this will take four days more to finish it; 4. Portrait of another Man in Black, by the same, not yet begun; 5. Christ Crowned with Thorns, by Guido, not begun; 6. Hippolito de Medici. As I have six hours to work every morning, from ten till four, I intend to give an hour to making rough copies for myself. In this way I shall make a sketch of the head I mentioned; and I propose doing a Holy Family, from Raphael, (a very small picture,) and a larger copy, from Rubens, in the same way. My love to all.

"Your's affectionately,

"W. Hazlitt."

As the mere private and exclusively domestic history of the life of any man, whose works are to be the instruction of posterity, is a merely secondary matter, we have devoted but little space to the actual biography of Mr. Hazlitt. All that need be known on this subject is detailed in these volumes. But it is our duty to disseminate, as widely as possible, the opinion that one distinguished and popular writer has of another; we, therefore, need offer no excuse for thus extracting the thoughts of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer on the genius of William Hazlitt.

"The present century has produced many men of poetical genius, and some of analytical acumen; but I doubt whether it has produced any one who has given to the world such signal proofs of the union of the two as the late William Hazlitt. If I were asked his peculiar and predominant distinction, I should say that, above all things, he was a critic. He

possessed the critical faculty in its noblest degree. He did not square and measure out his judgments by the pedantries of dry and lifeless propositions—his taste was not the creature of schools and canons, it was begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought. He felt intensely;—he embued, he saturated himself with the genius he examined; it became a part of him, and he reproduced it in science. He took in pieces the work he surveyed, and reconstructed the fabric in order to show the process by which it had been built. His criticisms are therefore eminently scientific; to use his own expression, his 'art lifts the veil from nature.' It was the wonderful subtlety with which he possessed himself of the intentions of the author, which enabled him not only to appreciate in his own person, but to make the world appreciate, the effects those intentions had produced. Thus, especially, in his 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,' he seizes at once upon the ruling principle of each, with an ease, a carelessness, a quiet and 'unstrained fidelity,' which proves how familiarly he had dwelt upon the secret he had mastered. He is, in these sketches, less eloquent and less refining than Schlegel, but it is because he has gazed away the first wonder that dazzles and inspires his rival. He has made himself household with Shakspeare, and his full and entire confidence that he understands the mysteries of the host in whose dwelling-place he has tarried, gives his elucidations, short and sketch-like as they are, the almost unconscious simplicity of a man explaining the true motives of the friend he has known. Thus, in the character of 'Hamlet,' on which so many have been bewildered, and so many have been eloquent, he employs little or nothing of the lavish and exuberant diction, or the elaborate spirit of conjecture that he can command at will. He utters his dogmas as unpretendingly as if they were common-places, and it is scarcely till he brings the character of 'Hamlet,' as conceived by him, into sudden contrast with the delineation of the two master actors of his time, that you perceive how new and irresistible are his conclusions:—

"'The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, as in the scene where he kills Polonius, and again where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical, dallies with his purposes, till the occasion is lost, and always finds some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers, and by a refinement in malice, which is, in truth, only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to some more fatal opportunity, when he shall be engaged in some act 'that has no relish of salvation in it.'

"'He is the prince of philosophical speculators, and because he cannot have his revenge perfect, according to the most refined idea his wish can form, he misses it altogether. So he scruples to trust the suggestions of the ghost, contrives the scene of the play to have surer proof of his uncle's guilt, and then rests satisfied with his confirmation of his suspicions, and the success of his experiment, instead of acting upon it. Yet he is sensible of his own weakness, taxes himself with it, and tries to reason himself out of it Still he does nothing; and this very speculation on his own infirmity only affords him another occasion for indulging it.

It is not for any want of attachment to his father, or abhorrence of the murder, that Hamlet is thus dilatory, but it is more to his taste to indulge his imagination in reflecting upon the enormity of the crime, and refining on his schemes of vengeance, than to put them into immediate practice. His ruling passion is to think, not to act: and any vague pretence that flatters this propensity instantly diverts him from his previous purposes.'

"More subtle and ingenious, though pleasant and half burlesque, are his comments upon the subordinate characters in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' It is a happy refinement, that 'Snug the joiner is the moral man of the piece, who proceeds by measurement and discretion in all things.' What can be finer, yet more quietly painted, than the contrast between Ariel and Puck? And how startling, yet how true on reflection (and how much reflection did it demand to produce the truth!) the remarks—

"'Romeo is Hamlet in love. There is the same rich exuberance of passion and sentiment in the one, that there is of thought and sentiment in the other. Both are absent and self-involved, both live out of themselves in a world of imagination. Hamlet is abstracted from every thing; Romeo is abstracted from every thing but his love, and lost in it. His 'frail thoughts dally with faint surmise,' and are fashioned out of the suggestions of hope, 'the flatteries of sleep.' He is himself only in his Juliet; she is the only reality, his heart's true home and idol. The rest of the world is to him a passing dream.'

"I confess that I am particularly pleased with a certain discriminating tone of coldness with which Hazlitt speaks of several of the characters in the 'Merchant of Venice;' to me it is a proof that his sympathy with genius does not blind the natural delicacy and fineness of his taste. For my own part, I have always, from a boy, felt the moral sentiment somewhat invaded and jarred upon by the heartless treachery with which Jessica deserts her father—her utter forgetfulness of his solitude, his infirmities, his wrongs, his passions, and his age;—and scarcely less so by the unconscious and complacent baseness of Lorenzo, pocketing the filial purloinings of the fair Jewess, who can still tarry from the arms of her lover 'to gild herself with some more ducats.' These two characters would be more worthy of Dryden than of Shakspeare, if the great poet had not 'cloaked and jewelled their deformities;' by so costly and profuse a poetry. Their language belies their souls.

"Passing from his 'Characters of Shakspeare' to his other various Essays, we shall find in Hazlitt the same one predominating faculty—the *Critical;* but adorned and set off with a far greater richness and prodigality of style. He was singularly versatile. His taste encircled all things—Literature, Art, Philosophy, and Manners. I confess, that in the collection of Essays called the 'Round Table,' it is with a certain uneasiness that I regard his imitation of the tone and style of the essayists of Queen Anne's day. His genius, to my taste, does not walk easily in ruffles and a bag-wig; the affectation has not that nameless and courtly polish which distinguished Addison, or even the more reckless vivacity of Steele. The last thing that Hazlitt really can be called is 'the wit about town.' He is at home in the closet—in the fresh fields—in the studies—at the theatre, but he seems to me awkward when he would assume an intimacy with Belinda and Sir Plume. I am glad, therefore, when this affectation wears itself away, which it does, in a great part, after the preliminary Essays. Nothing can be more delightful than the freshness of thought and feeling which appears in the ninth Essay on 'The Love of the Country.' It breathes of a man released from cities. I doubt, however, its philosophy, when it resolves the love of the country into association only. The air, the fragrance, and the silence of woods and

fields, require no previous initiation, and would delight us, even if all our earliest and happiest associations were of Liquorpond Street and Cheapside. Scattered throughout these Essays is a wealth of thought and poetry, beside which half the cotemporaries of their author seem as paupers. Hazlitt's remarkable faculty of saying brilliant things, in which the wit only ministers to the wisdom, is very conspicuous in all. His graver aphorisms are peculiar in this:—they are for the most part philosophical distinctions. Nothing can be more in the spirit of true philosophy than this—'Principle is a passion for truth: an incorrigible attachment to a general proposition.'*

"His views of literary men are almost invariably profound and searching. His refutation of Madame de Staël's common-place definitions of Rousseau's genius are triumphant. But as I have elsewhere† said, he does not seem to me equally felicitous with respect to the characters of men of action. His observations on Burke and Pitt, for instance, are vehemently unjust. All his usual discrimination, his habit of weighing quality with quantity, and binding judgment with forbearance, which render him impartial and accurate as to poets, desert him the instant he comes to politicians. He has said somewhere that 'a good patriot must be a good hater.' That may be possible, but a good hater is a bad philosopher. I pass over his beautiful and well known criticisms on Art, because they open so wide a field of dispute as to render it impossible to finish the contests they provoke in the time to which I am limited. His perceptions are always keen and glowing, but I think he was scarcely so learned a critic of Art as he was a subtle and brilliant one. His work on 'Human Actions' is full of valuable hints and ingenious distinctions; but I imagine that he has not fully embodied his own conceptions, and it seems to me, also, that he has somewhat mistaken the systems of the Utilitarian or Helvetian Philosophy. It is often clear that his disputes with the masters of these schools are merely verbal, and I do not think it would be impossible to reconcile with the theories of his antagonists, the whole of his elaborate reasonings on the mysteries of 'SYMPATHY.' I conclude this to have been one of his earliest works, and it has not the same compression and energy of style which characterizes his lighter and later essays, while it often pretends to their ornament and eloquence.

"It was not my fortune to know Mr. Hazlitt personally, and it is therefore only as one of the herd of readers that I can pretend to estimate his intellect and to measure its productions. But looking over all that he has effected, his various accumulation of knowledge, the amazing range of subjects, from the most recondite to the most familiar, which he compassed, apparently with so much ease; his exceeding force of thought and fluent aptness of expression; I cannot be surprised at the impression he has left amongst those who knew him well, and who consider that his books alone are not sufficient evidence and mirror of his mind. Some men are greatest in their books—others in themselves;—the first are usually poets, the last critics. For the Imagination is a less pliant and daily faculty than the Reason, and its genii are not so easily invoked. A man of great knowledge, of great analytical faculties, of active intellectual habits, and of a lively fancy, united, can scarcely fail of attaining his level in conversation, provided always that he has the ambition to desire it.

"When Hazlitt died, he left no successor; others may equal him, but none resemble. And I confess that few deaths of the great writers of my time ever affected me more painfully than his: for of most of those who, with no inferior genius, have gone before him, it may be said that in their lives they tasted the sweets of their immortality, they had their consolations of glory; and if fame *can* atone for the shattered nerve, the jaded

* Essay on "Good Nature." † "England and the English."

spirit, the wearied heart of those 'who scorn delight and love laborious days,'—verily, they had their reward. But Hazlitt went down to dust without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled; the shouts of applauding thousands echoed not to the sick man's bed; his reputation, great amongst limited circles, was still questionable to the world. He who had done so much for the propagation of thought—for the establishment of new sectaries and new schools—from whose wealth so many had filled their coffers,—left no stir on the surface from which he sank to the abyss:—he who had vindicated so nobly the fame of others—what critic to whom the herd would listen had vindicated *his*? Men with meagre talents and little souls could command the ear of thousands, but to the wisdom of the teacher it was deafened. Vague and unexamined prejudices, aided only by some trivial faults, or some haughty mannerism of his own, had steeled the public—who eagerly received the doctrines filched from him second-hand—to the wisdom and eloquence of the originator. A great man sinking amidst the twilight of his own renown, after a brilliant and unclouded race, if a solemn, is an inspiring and elating spectacle. But Nature has no sight more sad and cheerless than the sun of a genius which the clouds have so long and drearily overcast, that there are few to mourn and miss the luminary when it sinks from the horizon.

"The faults of Hazlitt have been harshly judged, because they have not been fairly analysed—they arose mostly from an arrogant and lordly sense of superiority. It is to this that I resolve his frequent paradoxes—his bold assertions—his desire to startle. It was the royalty of talent, which does not measure its conduct by the maxims of those whom it would rule. He was the last man to play the thrifty with his thoughts—he sent them forth with an insolent ostentation, and cared not much what they shocked or whom they offended. I suspect that half which the unobservant have taken literally, he meant, secretly, in sarcasm. As Johnson in conversation, so Hazlitt in books, pushed his own theories to the extreme, partly to show his power, partly, perhaps, from contempt of the logic of his readers. He wrote rather for himself than others; and often seems to vent all his least assured and most uncertain thoughts—as if they troubled him by the doubts they inspired, and his only anxiety was to get rid of them. He had a keen sense of the Beautiful and the Subtle, and, what is more, he was deeply imbued with sympathies for the Humane. He ranks high amongst the social writers—his intuitive feeling was in favour of the multitude;—yet had he nothing of the demagogue in literature; he did not pander to a single vulgar passion. His intellectual honesty makes him the Dumont of letters even where his fiery eloquence approaches him to the Mirabeau.

"Posterity will do him justice—the first interval of peace and serenity which follows our present political disputes will revive and confirm his name. A complete collection of his works is all the monument he demands. To the next age he will stand amongst the foremost of the *thinkers* of the present; and that late and tardy retribution will assuredly be his, which compensates to others the neglect to which men of genius sometimes (though not so frequently as we believe) are doomed;—that retribution which, long after the envy they provoked is dumb, and the errors they themselves committed are forgotten, invests with interest every thing that is associated with their names;—making it an honour even to have been their cotemporaries, and an hereditary rank to be their descendants."

Perhaps, in the foregoing estimate of Hazlitt's genius, the glow of Mr. Bulwer's eloquence has thrown a tint a little too brilliant upon

the subject that it so beautifully commemorates. We shall now proceed to give some extracts from Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's thoughts upon the intellectual character of the same person. The learned lawyer, equalling Mr. Bulwer in his admiration of the character he comments upon, is, however, more analytical and searching, bestowing his commendation not grudgingly, but with words of caution, and accompanied with much excellent disquisition. Indeed, the reader will not fail to perceive one or two actual discrepancies between the two commentators. Upon the whole, we like Mr. Bulwer's exposition the better, though our faith will cleave the more steadily to that of Mr. Talfourd. Our friends must judge for themselves. Thus pleads the learned serjeant.

"As an author, Mr. Hazlitt may be contemplated principally in three aspects,—as a moral and political reasoner; as an observer of character and manners; and as a critic in literature and painting. It is in the first character only that he should be followed with caution. His metaphysical and political essays contain rich treasures, sought with years of patient toil, and poured forth with careless prodigality,—materials for thinking, a small part of which wisely employed will enrich him who makes them his own; but the choice is not wholly unattended with perplexity and danger. He had, indeed, as passionate a desire for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame. The purpose of his research was always steady and pure, and no temptation from without could induce him to pervert or to conceal the faith that was in him. But, besides that love of truth, that sincerity in pursuing it, and that boldness in telling it, he had earnest aspirations after the Beautiful, a strong sense of pleasure, an intense consciousness of his own individual being, which broke the current of abstract speculation into dazzling eddies, and sometimes turned it astray. The vivid sense of beauty may, indeed, have fit home in the breast of the searcher after truth,—but then he must also be endowed with the highest of all human faculties, the great mediatory and interfusing power of imagination, which presides in the mind, brings all its powers and impulses into harmonious action, and becomes itself the single organ of all. At its touch, truth becomes visible in the shapes of beauty; the fairest of material things appear the living symbols of airy thought; and the mind apprehends the finest affinities of the worlds of sense and of spirit 'in clear dream and solemn vision.' By its aid the faculties are not only balanced, but multiplied into each other; are pervaded by one feeling, and directed to one issue. But, without it, the inquirer after truth will sometimes be confounded by too intense a yearning after the Grand and the Lovely—not, indeed, by an elegant taste, the indulgence of which is a graceful and harmless recreation amidst severer studies, but by that passionate regard which quickens the pulse, and tingles in the veins, and 'hangs upon the beatings of the heart.' Such was the power of beauty in Hazlitt's mind, and the interfusing faculty was wanting. The spirit, indeed, was willing, but the flesh was strong; and when these contend, it is not difficult to foretel which will obtain the mastery; for 'the power of beauty shall sooner transform honesty into a bawd, than the power of honesty shall transform beauty into its likeness.' How this some-time paradox became exemplified in the writings of one whose purpose was always single, may be traced in the history of his mind, at which it may be well to glance before adverting to the examples."

Here follows a rapid and spirited sketch of the life of Hazlitt, showing how the external circumstances which surrounded him ope-

rated upon his mind, and trained it gradually to that course of thinking so gloriously developed afterwards in his writings, but which we have not sufficient space to recite. Mr. Talfourd sums up thus the effects of his disappointments.

"Thus was a temperament, always fervid, stung into irregular action; the strong regard to things was matched by as vivid a dislike of persons; and the sense of injury joined with the sense of beauty to disturb the solemn musings of the philosopher and the great hatreds of the patriot.

"One of the most remarkable effects of the strong sense of the *personal* on Hazlitt's abstract speculations, is a habit of confounding his own feelings and experiences in relation to a subject with proofs of some theory which had grown out of them, or had become associated with them. Thus, in his 'Essay on the Past and the Future,' he asserts the startling proposition, that the past is, at any given moment, of as much consequence to the individual as the future; that he has no more actual interest in what is to come than in what has gone by, except so far as he may think himself able to avert the future by action; that whether he was put to torture a year ago, or anticipates the rack a year hence, is of no importance if his destiny is so fixed that no effort can alter it; and this paradox its author chiefly seeks to establish by beautiful instances of what the past, as matter of contemplation, is to thoughtful minds, and in fine glances at his individual history. The principal sophism consists in varying the aspect in which the past and future are viewed:—in one paragraph, regarding them as apart from personal identity and consciousness, as if a being, who was 'not a child of time,' looked down upon them; and, in another, speaking in his own person as one who feels the past as well as future in the instant. When he quarrels with a supposed disputant who would rather not have been Claude, because then all would have been over with him, and asserts that it cannot signify when we live, because the value of existence is not altered in the course of centuries, he takes a stand apart from present consciousness and the immediate question—for the desire to have been Claude could only be gratified in the consciousness of having been Claude—which belongs to the present moment, and implies present existence in the party making the choice, though for such a moment he might be willing to die. He strays still wider from the subject when he observes a treatise on the Millennium is dull; but asks who was ever weary of reading the fables of the Golden Age? for both fables essentially belong neither to Past nor Future, and depend for their interest, not on the time to which they are referred, but the vividness with which they are drawn. But supposing the Golden Age and the Millennium to be happy conditions of being—which to our poor, frail, shivering virtue they are *not*—and the proposal to be made, whether we would remember the first, or enter upon the last, surely we should 'hail the coming on of time,' and prefer having our store of happiness yet to expend, to the knowledge that we had just spent it! When Mr. Hazlitt instances the agitation of criminals before their trial, and their composure after their conviction, as proofs that if a future event is certain, 'it gives little more disturbance or emotion than if it had already taken place, or were something to happen in another state of being, or to another person,' he gives an example which is perfectly fair, but which every one sees is decisive against his theory. If peace followed when hope was no longer busy; if the quiet of indifference was the same thing as the stillness of despair; if the palsy of fear did not partially anticipate the stroke of death and whiten the devoted head with premature age; there might be some ground for this sacrifice of the Future at the shrine of the Past; but the poor wretch who grasps the hand of the chaplain or the under-sheriff's clerk, or a turnkey, or an alderman, in convulsive

agony, as his last hold on life, and declares that he is happy, would tell a different tale! It seems strange that so profound a thinker, and so fair a reasoner, as Mr. Hazlitt, should adduce such a proof of such an hypothesis—but the mystery is solved when we regard the mass of personal feeling he has brought to bear on the subject, and which has made his own view of it unsteady. All this picturesque and affecting retrospection amounts to nothing, or rather tells against the argument; because the store of contemplation which *is, will* ever be while consciousness remains; nay, must increase even while we reckon it, as the Present glides into the Past and turns another arch over the cave of Memory. This very possession which he would set against the future is the only treasure which with certainty belongs to it, and of which no change of fortune can deprive him; and, therefore, it is clear that the essayist mistakes a sentiment for a demonstration when he expatiates upon it as proof of such a doctrine. There is nothing affected in the assertion—no desire to startle—no playing with the subject or the reader; for of such intellectual trickeries he was incapable; but an honest mistake into which the strong power of personal recollection, and the desire to secure it within the lasting fretwork of a theory, drew him. So, when wearied with the injustice done to his writings by the profligate misrepresentations of the Government Critics, and the slothful acquiescence of the public, and contrasting with it the success of the sturdy players at his favourite game of *Fives*, which no one could question, he wrote elaborate essays* to prove the superiority of physical qualifications to those of intellect—full of happy illustrations and striking instances, and containing one inimitable bit of truth and pathos 'on the Death of Cavanagh,'—but all *beside the mark*—proving nothing but that which required no proof—that corporeal strength and beauty are more speedily and more surely appreciated than the products of genius; and leaving the essential differences of the two, of the transitory and the lasting—of that which is confined to a few barren spectators, and that which is diffused through the hearts and affections of thousands, and fructifies and expands in generations yet unborn, and connects its author with far distant times, not by cold renown, but by the links of living sympathy—to be exemplified in the very essay which would decry it, and to be nobly vindicated by its author at other times, when he shows, and makes us feel, that 'words are the only things which last for ever'† So his attacks on the doctrine of utility, which were provoked by the cold extravagancies of some of its supporters, consist of noble and passionate eulogies on the graces, pleasures, and ornaments, of life, which leave the theory itself, with which all these are consistent, precisely where it was. So his 'Essays on Mr. Owen's View of Society' are full of exquisite banter, well-directed against the individual: of unanswerable expositions, of the falsehood of his pretensions to novelty, and of the quackery by which he attempted to render them notorious; of happy satire against the aristocratic and religious patronage which he sought and obtained for schemes which were tolerated by the great because they were believed by them to be impracticable; but the truth of the principal idea itself remains almost untouched. In these instances the *personal* has prevailed over the *abstract* in the mind of the thinker; his else clear intellectual vision has been obscured by the intervention of his own recollections, loves, resentments, or fancies; and the real outlines of the subject have been overgrown by the exuberant fertility of the region which bordered upon them."

Then follow several exquisite reviews of the works of Mr. Hazlitt,

* "On the Indian Jugglers," and "On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority."

† "On Thought and Action."

which we lament that it is impossible for us to give to the public in our pages. The following, however, must not be omitted.

"Mr. Hazlitt's criticisms on pictures are, as we have been informed by persons competent to judge, and believe, masterly. Of their justice we are unable to form an opinion for ourselves; but we know that they are instinct with earnest devotion to art, and rich with illustrations of its beauties. Accounts of paintings are too often either made up of technical terms, which convey no meaning to the uninitiated, or of florid description of the scenes represented, with scarce an allusion to the skill by which the painter has succeeded in emulating nature; but Hazlitt's early aspirations, and fond endeavours after excellence in the art, preserved him effectually from these errors. He regarded the subject with a perfect love. No gusty passion here ruffled the course of his thoughts: all his irritability was soothed, and all his disappointments forgotten, before the silent miracles of human genius; and his own vain attempts, fondly remembered, instead of exciting envy of the success of others, heightened his sense of their merit, and his pleasure and pride in accumulating honours on their names. Mr. Hunt says of these essays, that they 'throw a light on art as from a painted window,'—a sentence which, in its few words, characterizes them all, and leaves nothing to be wished or added.

"In person, Mr. Hazlitt was of the middle size, with a handsome and eager countenance, worn by sickness and thought; and dark hair, which had curled stiffly over the temples, and was only of late years sprinkled with grey. His gait was slouching and awkward, and his dress neglected; but when he began to talk he could not be mistaken for a common man. In the company of persons with whom he was not familiar his bashfulness was painful; but when he became entirely at ease, and entered on a favourite topic, no one's conversation was ever more delightful. He did not talk for effect, to dazzle, or annoy, but with the most simple and honest desire to make his view of the subject entirely apprehended by his hearer. There was sometimes an obvious struggle to do this to his own satisfaction: he seemed labouring to drag his thought to light from its deep lurking place; and, with modest distrust of that power of expression which he had found so late in life, he often betrayed a fear that he had failed to make himself understood, and recurred to the subject again and again, that he might be assured he had succeeded. In argument, he was candid and liberal: there was nothing about him pragmatical or exclusive; he never drove a principle to its utmost possible consequences, but like Locksley, 'allowed for the wind.' For some years previous to his death, he observed an entire abstinence from fermented liquors, which he had once quaffed with the proper relish he had for all the good things of this life, but which he courageously resigned when he found the indulgence perilous to his health and faculties. The cheerfulness with which he made this sacrifice always appeared to us one of the most amiable traits in his character. He had no censure for others, who with the same motives were less wise or less resolute; nor did he think he had earned, by his own constancy, any right to intrude advice which he knew, if wanted, must be unavailing. Nor did he profess to be a convert to the general system of abstinence which was advocated by one of his kindest and stanchest friends: he avowed that he yielded to necessity; and instead of avoiding the sight of that which he could no longer taste, he was seldom so happy as when he sat with friends at their wine, participating the sociality of the time, and renewing his own past enjoyment in that of his companions, without regret and without envy. Like Dr. Johnson, he made himself a poor amends for the loss of wine by drinking tea, not so largely, indeed, as the hero of Boswell, but at least of equal potency—for he might have challenged Mrs. Thrale and all her sex to

make stronger tea than his own. In society, as in politics, he was no flincher. He loved 'to hear the chimes of midnight,' without considering them as a summons to rise. At these seasons, when in his happiest mood, he used to dwell on the conversational powers of his friends, and live over again the delightful hours he had passed with them; repeat the pregnant puns that one had made; tell over again a story with which another had convulsed the room; or expand in the eloquence of a third; always best pleased when he could detect some talent which was unregarded by the world, and giving alike, to the celebrated and the unknown, due honour."

Mr. Talfourd concludes his dissertation thus:—

"It would be beside our purpose to discuss the relative merits of Mr. Hazlitt's publications, to most of which we have alluded in passing; or to detail the scanty vicissitudes of a literary life. Still less do we feel bound to expose or to defend the personal frailties which fell to his portion. We have endeavoured to trace his intellectual character in the records he has left of himself in his works, as an excitement and a guide to their perusal by those who have yet to know them. The concern of mankind is with this alone. In the case of a profound thinker more than of any other, 'that which men call evil'—the accident of his condition—is interred with him, while the good he has achieved lives unmingled and entire. The events of Mr. Hazlitt's true life are not his engagement by the 'Morning Chronicle,' or his transfer of his services to the 'Times,' or his introduction to the 'Edinburgh Review,' or his contracts or quarrels with booksellers; but the progress and the development of his understanding as nurtured or swayed by his affections. 'His warfare was within;' and its spoils are ours! His 'thoughts, which wandered through eternity,' live with us, though the hand which traced them for our benefit is cold. His death, though only at the age of fifty-two, can hardly be deemed untimely. He lived to complete the laborious work in which he sought to embalm his idea of his chosen hero; to see the unhoped-for downfall of the legitimate throne which had been raised on the ruins of the empire; and to open, without exhausting, those stores which he had gathered in his youth. If the impress of his power is not left on the sympathies of a people, it has (all he wished) sunk into minds neither unreflecting nor ungrateful."

The reader will perceive that there is a misgiving in the mind of Mr. Talfourd, as to the pre-eminence of Mr. Hazlitt's reputation as an author. This is the only opinion that he has advanced, from which we dissent. The very boldness of many of Mr. Hazlitt's speculations will be the security of their after popularity. It is with great truth, that, to him may be applied the hackneyed phrase, "he was in advance of his time."

That morbid, constitutional irritability, that is almost universally the companion of genius, did not fail to involve Mr. Hazlitt in a few of those trivial misunderstandings, the causes of which, the finest spirits only can understand, and which are often less the signs of weakness than marks of an ultra-nervous refinement. After saying thus much, we will unhesitatingly give the following extract, which is headed in the work, "Character of Hazlitt, by Charles Lamb, from the 'letter to Southey.'"

"The friendship of Lamb and my father was once interrupted by some wilful fancy on the part of the latter. At this time, Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, my father among them. The faithful and unswerving heart of the other forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliment at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The tribute to my father, which he at the same time paid, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It brought back at once the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till death came. It is as follows:—'* * * * From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L—— H—— made to C——. What hath soured him, and made him suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years, (the proudest of my life,) and have ever spoke my full mind of him to some to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him; I never betrayed him; I never slackened in my admiration of him; I was the same to him, (neither better nor worse,) though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for any thing I know or can guess to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them, (as he was to my humble hearth,) if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But—protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversations which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply, or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—I should belie my conscience, if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, Sir.—I return to the correspondence.'"

It may be expected by some that we should, ourselves, give an opinion of the talents of Mr. Hazlitt, and of the tendency of his works. We trust, however, that our friends will be satisfied with the very abundant extracts that we have made. We will only assert that these volumes should be very generally read; and that their contents have no little pretensions to be looked upon as English classics. We trust that the Conservative will not shut his eyes to the beauties that they contain, because they may happen to familiarize him to such names as those of Leigh Hunt, and of other consistent liberal writers. They should not be read with the spirit of party overshadowing the mind. Even some of the hazardous speculations that they promulgate should be regarded by those opposed to all innovation, if not with respect, at least with tolerance. To the bigoted, most abstract truths are offensive; and yet it is certain, that the more nearly we approach to them in our morals, in our institutions, and in our conduct, the nearer we are to perfection.

This publication, we mention it merely *par parenthése*, is embellished by a beautiful engraving by Mar, after a drawing by Bewick,

which drawing having called forth from Sheridan Knowles the following energetic sonnet, with it we cannot do better than to conclude.

" Thus HAZLITT looked! There's life in every line!
Soul—language—fire that colour could not give,
See! on that brow how pale-robed thought divine,
In an embodied radiance seems to live!
Ah! in the gaze of that entranced eye,
Humid, yet burning, there beams passion's flame,
Lighting the cheek, and quivering through the frame;
While round the lips, the odour of a sigh
Yet hovers fondly, and its shadow sits
Beneath the channel of the glowing thought
And fire-clothed eloquence, which comes in fits
Like Pythiac inspiration!——Bewick, taught
By thee, in vain doth slander's venom'd dart
Do its foul work 'gainst *him*. This head *must* own a heart."

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## SI J'ETAIS PETIT OISEAU.

FROM THE FRENCEH OF BERANGR.

Moi qui, même auprès des belles
Voudrais vivre en passager,
Que je porte envie aux ailes
De l'oiseau vif et léger,
Combien d'espace il visite,
A voltiger tout l'invite,
L'air est doux, le ciel est beau,
&c. &c. &c.

## WERE I BUT A BIRD.

How great is my passion to rove,
Nay, even from fair one to fair;
And had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I mount into air!
Sweet bird, how I envy thy flight,
So blue and so balmy's the sky,
That had I thy wings, with delight
How soon would I stretch them and fly.

Instructed in Philomel's song,
I'd hie me away to the plains,
Then mix with a pastoral throng,
And give them a nightingale's strains.

Then yonder lone hermit to cheer,
On charity's errand I'd go,
I love him, for he has a tear,
If sympathy bids it to flow.

Then some rural party I'd join,
And snugly ensconced in the shade,
Would give them a song to their wine,
Whilst they drink to some favorite maid.
Should I meet with some hero of Gaul,
Compelled as an exile to roam,
I've a song that can sweetly recall
The thoughts of his country and home.

And then through the air I would glide,
And perch on yon desolate towers,
My pinions of course I would hide,
For captives might envy my powers.
And then with the best of my strains
I would their dull moments beguile,
Till lost to their prison and chains,
They welcome their guest with a smile.

And then if perchance I should see
Some gothic, unpopular king,*
On the olive, Minerva's own tree,
I'd take up my station and sing.
The captive again I would seek,
Who sighs, but in vain, for release,
And then, with a branch in my beak,
Would bring him an emblem of peace.

The base and unworthy to shun,
Then eastwards I'd hurry my flight,
Nor stop, till I found where the sun
First opens the floodgates of light.
But vain are the wings of a dove,
Wherever I wander I see
The fowler is watchful, and Love
Still spreads his devices for me.

JOHN WARING.

* Charles the Tenth is evidently alluded to here. During the reign of this monarch Beranger was both fined and imprisoned.

## ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.

BY THE SUB-EDITOR, E. HOWARD.

IMMEDIATELY that I had lost sight of the enthusiast, James Gavel, I fancied that there came a lull, and that the tempest had visibly decreased. Even in my perilous, my almost desponding situation, I could not but give many regrets to the stern, high-souled, and self-immolating seaman, and I inwardly prayed that the sacrifice might not have been in vain.

After the emotion naturally attendant upon this awful incident had somewhat subsided, I turned my thoughts to my present situation. The boat had shipped but little water, and rose buoyantly upon the high, long, and unbreaking swell. It was the long-boat—a large and stoutly-built craft, that had been used to ship the pipes of wine, and perfectly seaworthy; but, saving the thwarts, there was nothing whatever in her; neither sail, oar, rudder, or spar of any kind. Still, it was necessary to make our situation as endurable as possible. Jugurtha had set himself down in the stern-sheets, with his knees drawn up, and his hands resting upon them, with the lower part of his body immersed in water, apparently satisfied, certainly apathetic. In this situation he remained motionless for at least twenty minutes, and Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, had coiled himself up, with evidently something of a similar feeling, under the head sheets. I occupied this space of time alternately in prayer, and the most bitter anticipations.

But man's duties cease but with his life, and I knew that action was the best, and generally the victorious, antagonist to apprehension. By this time, it required no superstitious feeling to perceive that the storm was fast decreasing. The wind howled over the ocean in intermitting and fitful gusts, and in the hollows of the vast seas we were nearly becalmed. I roused myself and arose.

"Jugurtha," said I to the negro, placing my hand kindly upon his shoulder, "Jugurtha, do you hear me? My brave black brother, we must bestir ourselves, and bale the boat out."

At the first few words he was heedless, but, when the two syllables, brother, met his ear, he started and trembled, and immediately one of the most intense and unsophisticated grins of pleasure divided the lower part of his countenance for a moment, showing two ranges of teeth of the whitest and the largest, and he then jumped upon his legs as if he had been electrified. Though I talked about baling the water out of the boat, I had no idea how it was to be effected. Either hat or cap we had none; and my ingenuity could furnish no better means than the toilsome and childish ones of using the hollows of our hands. Jugurtha knew better. He had his jacket off in an instant, and making a sort of bucket of the body of it, with my assist-

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ance, we scooped out the water manfully. In less than half an hour we were tolerably dry.

Wet and weary as we were, fatigue made her usual and uncompromising demand upon nature for sleep. So Jugurtha and I lay down in the bottom of the boat fraternally, and, as the night was cool, Bounder came and thrust his shaggy and warmth-imparting hide between us, and thus we slept in an open boat, and in the open ocean, the retiring storm singing us its mournful lullaby.

Well do I remember it, that repose was a delicious one. For the first hours my senses were swaddled with a deep, dreamy, and vague consciousness of security, a feeling of having the arms of a tangible Providence round about me, and I nestled into my fancied happiness, as does the unweaned infant into the bosom of its mother. But toward morning the visions of my mind grew more distinct, and more joyous. I dreamt, ridiculously enough, that I was asleep in the best state bed of Mr. Falck, my old master, and that his five daughters were standing around me, with merry malice in their faces. Methought that I saw them distinctly, but I could not wake. They spread around this large bed, a most superb breakfast, nor was there wanting wines and fruits. I strove to arouse and scold them for this their graceless conduct in being thus in a bachelor's bed-room, and for bringing about me also so many appetising and tantalising viands. But my efforts were vain, I could neither move nor speak, though I heard and saw every thing minutely. And then methought that the plump, and pretty, and red-haired Miss Agatha, came close up to my bed side, and dabbling my blushing and burning cheeks with her very white fingers, said to me, mouthing her words like a nurse to its child, "Pretty little babe, it can't wake up, can't it?—high nonny, ho nonny, and there's its breakfast, pretty dear—it shall have some sugar if it will open its pretty eyes, bless it!" And, at every word, the sisters around were convulsed with laughter. A feeling of dissatisfaction—of the supernatural, now began to creep over my dream;—how was it that I appeared to be as marble, motionless, powerless?

"See at it," said my wicked tormentor, "how vexed it looks in its slumbers. Hush thee, my babe. Ardenty, pardenty, they sha'n't tease it—no, they sha'n't. Come, sisters dear, let us rock it, and sing to it."

And then, methought, that each of the four sisters, laying hold of a bedpost, began, despite the level and firm floor, rocking me most energetically, and that the young and little Mira, with her oblique bright eyes glistening with mirth, stood, singing at the foot of the bed, as well as she could for laughing, "There it goes up, up, up, and here it goes down, down, downy," &c.

I dreamt that this farce was kept up a considerable time, till at length Mira exclaimed, "Oh! the dunder-headed sleeper, it will never wake—let us try this;" and she dashed full into my face a huge jug of cold water.

I awoke indeed. The salt spray was pouring down my face. My bed of state was changed into a crazy boat; the banquet around me was the famine-stricken waves; for the fresh and merry faces, there

was nothing human to look upon but the black and disfigured countenance of Jugurtha. All my companions consisted but of two dumb animals. Hope had sunk with the brig and Gavel beneath the unfathomable waves;—in the bitterness of my spirit I cursed the fallacious dream, and then turned aside and wept.

The horrors of the three next days! The years of miseries—of mortal sufferings—of infinite agonies—that they contained! Had it not been that I afterwards rectified my calendar by that of the rest of the world, I should have believed that the sun did not set for months. What is time but the noter of sensations, of actions? Oh! those days were long, long years. But they had their uses.

Shall I describe them? My spirit faints before the task. Had I the poetry of Byron, or the prose of Marryat, I should not thus quail at my attempt. But, as I have said, those days of despair had their uses—precious and soul-preserving—however weak may be my recital of them, I feel the endeavour to describe them has all the solemnity of a duty.

The first morning was cloudless, the day was sultry, and the wind had entirely gone down. The swell was long and monotonous. Neither Jugurtha nor myself scarcely moved. We crouched ourselves as much down into the bottom of the boat as we could, to escape the intolerable eye of the veilless sun. I spoke not. About noon, the negro made some attempts to swallow a few mouthfuls of salt water, which he had scooped up in the hollow of his hand; but he spat them out again with grimaces of the utmost disgust, and made afterwards no similar attempt, but relapsed into the state of apathy that seemed natural to him when under disasters. The dog was, this first day, the most restless of the three. He stalked from stem to stern, and from thwart to thwart, backwards and forwards, in the manner that wild animals do in their dens in a menagerie, and he would pause at each turn, and set up a piteous, a heart-breaking howl, and this he continued for the livelong day; but when the sun went down, he came aft to us in the stern sheets, and nestled himself down beside us. He endeavoured to lick my hands and face, but his tongue was dry and rough, and the attempt was evidently painful to him. The whole of this day of glaring light and silence I was tortured with a fiery thirst. I began to envy Gavel.

How weak is the heathen fable of Tantalus, compared with what we then suffered! Before our eyes, dancing, smiling, down into its clear and immeasurable cool depths, shone the mocking liquid. What fountain gushing forth in its purity from the hard rock—what brook wantoning, splashing, and laughing, over the cold pebbles, could rival the tempting and transparent appearance of the blue waves upon the treacherous bosom of which we floated? But place it to the burning lips—let it touch the arid and scorched throat—the mockery—the agonizing mockery! Thirst is, to the internal man, what racks, and wheels, and the burning pile, is to the external. May my worst enemy never endure it in the extreme.

As night fell, the fangs of hunger were buried deeply in our bosoms, and we became wolfish—all but the noble, the generous dog. Confidingly he lay his drooping head upon my knee, with his fine languishing eyes looking entreatingly in my face, whilst I, monster that I

am, was greedily speculating upon what moisture was in his brain, what sustenance in his honest, and his faithful heart. Jugurtha read my thoughts—famine has a wondrous sympathy. His wild eyes glared at the caressing animal at my feet, which had saved my life. The black arose and stood up, and unclasping the knife that hung round his neck, after the manner of seamen, by a lanyard, he prepared greedily to enact the butcher. But, as he did so, he commenced a savage, unearthly howl, the first sounds that ever I had heard from his mouth, for his tongue had been lopped away. The dire wail might have been heard for miles in the silence of that dreadful evening, as it stole along over the gently undulating water.

He advanced towards Bounder, and my heart smote me. The dog had borne me safely through the storm, and over the angry waves. He had been my playfellow, and he was now trusting me as a friend. He was our companion in misery—embarked in the same peril—and yet to eat him! How faithless, how very *human* would have been the act! I could not consent to it. Bounder himself seemed to understand the intention of the black, for he eyed the brandished knife wistfully, whined piteously, and crept still more closely to me as to his natural protector.

"Jugurtha," said I, mildly, "you are very hungry, my friend, and so am I—let us wait. Poor Bounder has been our companion in danger. To-morrow we may meet with some vessel—some relief; God has mercy for the merciful. Do you comprehend me. Put up the knife, my brother. Believe me, that we shall sleep the better for it, than if we had gorged ourselves with the flesh and blood of this good fellow."

At these words the savageness of the poor fellow's features relaxed; without a murmur he shut his knife, and then laid himself quietly down by my feet—and we again prepared ourselves to rest like three brothers.

At the ready obedience of Jugurtha, my heart was softened with a woman's tenderness, and, with the tears in my eyes, I made a solemn vow, that if the Almighty spared our lives, ever after, come weal, come woe, the despised black should be to me as a friend and as a brother, that he should eat of my bread and drink of my cup, and his home should be under my roof. How have I kept that vow? Not, alas! too well.

My slumbers this second night were interrupted, uneasy, and dreamful. I revisited, in my sleep, every banquet of which I had partaken since I could boast of memory. How unsatisfactory they all were! The promise kept to the eye was continually belied to the lips. And yet, sometimes I tasted; but when my dream produced this fruition, the craving that followed for more, more, more, was intolerable. As night was advancing into morning, I felt extremely cold, chilled, aguish. My companions in misery did not seem to enjoy a better rest. Bounder was evidently hunting, seizing, and devouring his prey, all night. The sleep of the negro was stark, profound, and death-like. He was the happiest of the three.

Morning came, and the fire-darting sun, and the suffocating heat, and the all-consuming thirst. Our parched and strained eye-balls scanned

our bounded horizon, but no friendly sail, no speck, no succour appeared. Blue and overpoweringly bright was all around us—above us beamed forth intolerable day. Famine had become gaunt in the features of Jugurtha—the dog was restless and feverish, and I was nearly mad with hunger, thirst, and a thousand bitter hallucinations. I was, I fear me, growing delirious. I fancied I saw land—cool bowers—fountains playing—and then some vast three-decker would come sweeping by, and when I was upon the point of hailing the winged monster, to entreat her not to run over us, the phantom ship would vanish. But the most frequent delusion was, that I could perceive bottles floating past us, doubtless filled with some agreeable and cooling liquid, none of which could I ever reach. The day previous, I had been depressed, and almost silent; this day, I felt an irresistible impulse to talk, but when I looked upon Jugurtha, his countenance appeared so stern, so famine-sharpened, that, for a long time, I resisted the temptation.

It might have been about two hours after noon, when the black suddenly sprang upon his legs, as if no longer able to endure the tortures of his hunger, and made most impressive signs that he would kill and eat. Thirst, at that moment, was my predominant affliction. I did not believe that the blood of the dog could quench it, and my aversion to the shedding of the stream of life, even though of an irrational animal, was just as strong as ever.

"Jugurtha, let us not kill. No good as yet come of it. Captain Tomkins killed the steward, and then Gavel killed the captain—and God was angry, and destroyed the brig, and all that was in it, but you and me, and this poor dog. You understand me—you savey—we will sleep to-night—to-morrow morning, God no come to us, we kill Bounder, and eat—savey so?"

He nodded in assent, and I now found that I was the better understood when I spoke to him in the abbreviated jargon common among negroes. I almost felt that, in withholding Jugurtha from feeding upon the dog, I was doing wrong, and not following up that immutable and divine law of self-preservation that God has planted in our bosoms as a bar to suicide. However, I determined that I would restrain him no longer than till the following morning; and that I myself, however loathingly, would partake of the revolting meal. It seemed as if the negro had determined to obey me unto the death; and thus my heart grew more and more towards him. I bitterly regretted that he could not converse with me. Still I continued to address him, for the mania of much speech was upon me; and I thought, also, that my words might, in some measure, divert his thoughts in our melancholy strait. Thereupon, the following remarkable monologue ensued.

"Jugurtha is a good man."

He shook his head mournfully in the negative.

"Jugurtha does not love to shed blood."

Another unequivocal sign of dissent.

"But Jugurtha good man—he loves his white brother—and he will do for that love, what his white brother bids him."

He came and kissed my hand affectionately and respectfully. I was much moved.

"For why does my brother love me, his white friend, so well?"

He stood up, and with the most eloquent pantomine that I ever beheld, he made me understand more fully than words could do, that he loved me for my kindness to himself and to his shipmates, and that I, of all men, had never spurned nor insulted him. I now found that conversation was not difficult.

"How came you, Jugurtha, to lose your tongue?"

He lay down in the bottom of the boat, upon his back, imitated the passing of bands or chains over his arms and legs, then took out his knife, and went through the action of excising the member of speech.

"In the name of the merciful! who, who?"

But his pantomine could not spell a name; I endeavoured to get it from him by interrogatories.

"Black man in Jugurtha's country?"

Replied to by a dissenting and indignant shake of the head.

"Buckra body?"

A savage and vindictive assent.

"But who, who could dare do this in a civilized country?"

This poor Jugurtha could not explain.

After this, we were for some time silent, when the idea struck me like the flash of a sunbeam in the darkness of a dungeon, that Jugurtha, my elected brother, standing as he did with me, on the very threshold of death, might not be a Christian. If so, what a duty had I to perform—and in a space of time, how short!

I questioned him. He knew nothing of God or of redemption—he had never prayed. He had no idea of an hereafter; or, at least, so I understood him by his action, for when I asked him where he would go to after death, he expanded his arms suddenly, so as to imitate the bursting of a bubble, and expelling the breath violently from his mouth, he then passed his hand impatiently across his face.

"Jugurtha," said I, "the great Being who made that sun, and you, my friend, and me, and all things, made them in love, and for love—to be happy with trials here, and happy without trials after we are dead, for ever, and ever, and ever. You hear that, Jugurtha:—now, the great Being did not make us all with his own hand, but by his eternal law; but he made the first man and the first woman with his own hands himself—our father and our mother—and so, Jugurtha, we are all brothers and sisters—never mind colour—that come from hot sun in one country, from cold weather in other country."

Jugurtha seemed to understand me very well, and so I proceeded.

"But your first father and mother, and my first father and mother, too, whom I told you God made with his own hands, behaved very bad—did what God told them not to do, and told falsehoods, and thus sin came upon them, and upon all the race, and upon you and me, and death, too, which before sin came, was not, so, for that, we all must die."

At this announcement, the negro seemed very miserable; but this feeling I soon removed, for I continued, in this familiar manner, to explain to him, not the mysteries, but the facts of the resurrection

of man, and then the ineffable and loving sacrifice of the redemption. I opened his soul to the eternal beneficence: I exalted him to immortality, and he wept genuine tears of joy. This was not done in a moment: I had to repeat and to re-repeat—but I wearied not. I forgot my hunger and my thirst, and that I was desolate on the lone waters;—if his body was lost, I panted to save his soul: of a surety, I had then the gift of tongues:—as yet it was inspiration; and, just as the sun was setting—may God pardon me if the act was impious, I baptized the negro with the salt and bitter waters that were destroying us, and that I thought so shortly would prove our graves.

After this ceremony, imperfect only in form and not in spirit, I prayed with him through the short twilight, and then we lay down much comforted and resigned to die, if God so willed it.

It was evident to me that the negro was sinking fast. He was much older than myself, and had toiled more, previously to the foundering of the Jane. For myself, I was labouring under over-excitement; I had spoken too much; my mind began to wander. Jugurtha was no longer the shipwrecked and dying negro, but the imperial Numidian that had battled so long with all-subduing Rome: yet I could not conceive how it was that the mighty warrior lay so quietly and so attenuated at my feet.

"Up, son of Manastabal!" I wildly exclaimed, "the Roman legions are upon thee! Why sleepest thou here? Marius with his cohorts and his eagles are upon thee. Charge with the Mauritanian horse—call to thy comrade, King Bocchus;—but I remembered not that thou art dumb:—a pretty king, truly!—how wilt thou plead before the Roman senate against the injured and much-wronged Adherbal?—thou wilt murder him:—very well—but have I not just baptized thee in the name of the blessed triune Deity?—and we have promised to have no more blood. Jugurtha, methinks that thou art but a sorry king after all:—what dead?—yes:—I know that it took six days to starve thee to death, and I thank God, I have not yet seen my third of starvation." And thus my senses rambled.

I can just remember that the thought struck me amidst my coming madness, that, to hesitate longer to devour the poor dog would have been an indirect suicide, and that I was fumbling for the knife of the prostrate black, when I fell off into utter unconsciousness.

The next morning, when the sun was two hours old, I awoke, or, perhaps, I should rather say, recovered from my long swoon, mad, but with a blessed, a heavenly insanity:—the memory of it will never leave me:—it was burnt indelibly into my scorched-up brain by the seething sun. It must live while I have life; perchance after the death of mortality, it may prove something more than a mania vision.

I arose from my recumbent posture, stiff and weak, but sweetly tranquil in mind. I looked around me, and it was calm. Even the long and measured swell of the day before had gone down. At my feet lay the negro and the dog. Pulsation was going on in each, but they were both insensible. My attempts to rouse Jugurtha produced only a lethargic motion of impatience, and I soon forbore to disturb him. Hunger, thirst, anxiety, terror, the fear of death, every feeling had disappeared excepting that of a delicious weakness; it seemed

to me as if my being had travelled back to its very earliest unsinful childhood; it was an effort too much for me to stand, so I reclined upon one of the fore and aft seats in the stern-sheets of the boat. The silent stream of bliss came over my sense of existence so gently that my gratitude was vividly aroused, and I burst forth into unconscious hymnings: "Glory to thee, Everlasting;—I am here!" I exclaimed rapturously; "dost thou call for thy servant? Lo! I am ready: on the misty beam of thy sun will I ascend, and kiss the footstool of thy throne. Bountiful! I bless thee: my tongue is weak, and there are no words from my lips that are meet for thee. Who shall measure thy love, thou Illimitable in mercy? The shining bosom of thy sea is glorious in the resplendency of thy heavens,—but what is it? or the orbs that wheel everlastingly through thy firmament,—what are they? But as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, as a drop in the vast ocean, compared to the vastness of the conception of thee, even in a worm like me. Unutterable! Mysterious! none can comprehend thee; even those about thy throne are lost in awe; we know thee only as an eternal and unfathomable, illimitable principle of love. Take me to thee; lap me in the shadow of thine all-embracing wings; teach me my song of praise, that I may sing it, and my heart be glad."

I spoke rhapsodies like these, and my bosom dilated with unspoken aspirations too glowing for words;—hour passed after hour, and then, when the beams of the sun came slantingly from the heavens, methought that misty spirits travelled down them from above as on an etherial road, and they came walking on the waters, and crowding around the boat, where I lay as on my death-bed. I know it was illusion all; but how vivid, how all-glorious did those beings appear. At first, I discerned them but faintly; I passed my hands over my eyes; I attempted to rub out from them those heavenly appearances, as so many spectra that were the vain creations of a disordered organization. But they would not depart; they pressed round and smiled upon me. Some of these beautiful shadows fanned me into coolness with their ambrosial wings, raining down fragrance the while. Each moment, they became more palpable, more real, and then a symphony of many mingled voices stole gently along the surface of the waters, and though the words were in a language never heard by me before, yet I understood it intuitively and at once, and the chorus seemed to say to me, "Brother spirit, come to thy mansion above."

And anon, the boat had changed to a cloudy car, and the figure of Jugurtha stood afar off in vast proportions on the waves, and seemed like some giant ascending into view over a far distant hill; and gradually the space between the blue water and the blue heavens seemed to decrease, nor knew I whether the one descended or the other rose. At last, they fairly mingled together, and were as one, and then vast volumes of golden mists were slowly unfolding in the centre, like the ivory doors of a glorious temple, and, at one sudden burst, light the most transcendant flashed upon my brow, and entered into my very heart, which knew it at once to be the essence of the Eternal, whilst, from the four corners of the universe came reverberating thunders of harmony that syllabled out to my whirling brain the word ADORE!

and then, stunned by this excess of light and of melody, I fell down senseless even where I had stood.

At that moment, had my soul actually passed away, what a glorious euthanasia!

But we must now return to the severe, to the biting realities of life.

When I next became sensible to external objects, it was with a feeble, childish, and idiotic perception, but, at the same time, a truly comfortless one. Vague and indistinct visions of ship's beams, of tarry effluvia, and of strange and unfriendly faces, all dimly seen through a kind of suffocating twilight, were the first things upon which I employed my thoughts, and then memory began slowly to withdraw the dark veil between me and the past, and firstly the scene of what I thought my triumphant dying presented itself vividly, and afterwards all the sad occurrences of the foundered ship and my drowned companions marched in mournful array before my mental vision.

I now began to ascertain that I was in the hold of a large ship, and that I was recumbent upon a black and tattered blanket spread on the coiling of the cables. I looked upon myself, and felt disgust at the filthy rags with which I was covered, and I shuddered when I viewed my embrowned and skinny hands, and the shrunken sinews of my withered arm. I knew myself, and was wretched. I felt extremely hungry, and yet, at the same time, an irresistible disposition to sleep, to which I gave way, and was once more buried in oblivion. When I next awoke I found myself much renovated, and what added considerably to my happiness, on the one side of me there was the watchful Jugurtha, and, on the other, the faithful Bounder:—I embraced them both.

In a short time, preceded by several men bearing lanthorns, a party of gentlemen, accompanied by several ladies, were assisted into our dungeon, and they clustered round us with looks of as much commiseration as of curiosity. The surgeon, and who does not, when ill, know a surgeon instinctively? approached me and felt my pulse, then the beatings of my heart, after which he turned to the company and said in very excellent Castilian,

"After all, this hideous and loathsome skeleton may live."

What a lesson for the vanity of Ardent Troughton, who, but a few weeks before, thought himself so handsome!

"Let me look at him—nay, nay—withhold me not;—I am proof against ugliness:—hold up the lanthorn to his face, my friend:—I have an interest in him. You all know, cruel men that you are, that you would have abandoned them as dead, had it not been for my whim;—the light higher—Jesus! what ghastliness—yet its eyes are monstrously large and fine, as I'm a Catholic! Can it speak, or is it dumb like the two others.

All this was uttered by a Spanish lady of radiant beauty, and, as I gazed into the sweet harmonies of her countenance, I drank in health and strength, as from a fountain of life.

"Lady!" I replied in Spanish, "the wretched merchant thanks you. Oh, give me but the air and the light of heaven:—the life you have preserved shall be devoted to you."

"There," said she, with a glorious and triumphant smile, "there:

when I picked up a riven and a sapless weed upon the ocean, I acquired a devoted—which of you all, gentlemen, Spaniards though you boast yourselves, have made me a speech so gallant? By all means, Captain Mantez, let him have better accommodations."

"Has he any civil or military rank?" said the commander, tossing up his head, so as to give the crown of it, against the low beams, a smart admonitory rap.

I answered shortly in the negative, and the proud Spaniard turned round abruptly and disappeared.

My fair advocate next turned to a rough-looking man, "Surely, you, who being second in command, have a cabin so spacious, can afford room in it for this poor man, and a decent change of raiment also."

But the first mate did not appear to be much pleased with this appeal. However, he growled out to me as graciously as he could, "Are you a seaman, signor?"

I shook my head.

"You see, Donna Isidora, that my clothes would not suit him, and my cabin is but just painted;—he will do very well here until we let go the anchor."

So he departed to perform his duties, leaving like the Levite that passed by on the other side, the most important one unfulfilled.

Donna Isidora at these repulses smiled somewhat bitterly, and now seemed determined to try, in malice, how far this inhospitable spirit would be carried; so she turned to a very effeminate and elaborately-dressed man, with two watches, or rather a watch, chain, and appendages hanging from each fob, and said to him, "Well, count, for the honour of the ancient Iberian hospitality, you ought to take him into that after-cabin of yours, which you have fitted out so luxuriously, and of which you are so proud."

"Is he noble—is he an hidalgo—has he never ridden upon an ass?"

"I think that I heard him say that he was a merchant;" but, before the lady had finished her compassionate speech, the man with the old escutcheon was hobbling up the after-hatchway.

The three ladies who had accompanied Donna Isidora began to titter, and to show signs of being much amused. My champion now looked round with an amiable perplexity, in which there was, I could not help thinking, a great deal of malice, when she suddenly exclaimed, "The Virgin be praised! here comes the padre. Take care, holy father, for this place is rather of the darkest—mind how you step—benedicite!—now you are safe, so you need hold and press my hand no longer. In good season have you come, holy father. My stray drift of the ocean turns out to be a Spaniard—Spanish, are you not, signor? You see, he assents—a Spanish merchant, who has already devoted his life to me."

The ecclesiastic snuffled out a sigh that might have been construed by those around either as the plethoric or the amorous—for the priest was very fat, and, for a celebate, very inflammable.

"And, in order to make the offering of some value to me," she continued, "you must assist to prolong it, by yielding up to him a part of your excellent berth, and procuring him some sort of decent habiliments."

"Why, beautiful daughter, if you would sometimes step into my humble cell, and watch the amendment of your protegé—for you know that I am vowed to works of brotherly love and charity—if you would step in——"

"Of course—of course."

"I have some excellent conserves—the nuns of Santa Margueritta are illustrious confectioners—may purgatory be short to them—and there's some noyeau from Martinique—than which only one thing is more delicious that can meet the lips," and he moistened his own most significantly. "Yes, daughter bella, charity—but I have said fine things about charity after mass—we will take the poor publican in unto my cell. Son," said he, addressing me through his nose, "doubtless thou art a child of the holy mother church, and a devout Catholic?"

"No, holy father," I replied, firmly, yet respectfully. "I am not. I was bred a Protestant."

This indiscreet avowal had a sensible effect on all around, and even the tender-hearted ladies, with the generous Isidora, recoiled a step from my miserable lair. The priest affected to be horror-struck, lifted up his hands, and commenced muttering something in Latin, in which the words "de hereticos—damnati sunt—in sæculis sæculorum," were very audible. He then turned to the lady, and this imitator of the good Samaritan continued thus: "You see, my daughter, how impossible is this thing. The wretch—the horror—the thing abhorred, is chained to Satan to all eternity. It would be sacrilegious to touch him—an impiety, a sin against Heaven to relieve him."

"Unless he repent," said my gentle patroness.

"Unless he repent, and be converted—but till then——"

"Till then, he must be fed, and clothed, and tenderly administered to, to enable him to live, and do that same good work of repentance and conversion."

"I gainsay it not, my daughter; but ill would it become me, to take, as it were, into my bosom a heretic, and a contemner of truth. Now, lady, this poor dumb negro, who never heard, probably, of the name of the Saviour, is ten millions of times a superior being to this Lutheran monster—he is no Protestant, and I may therefore assist him."

"I beg your pardon, reverend sir, he is also a Protestant, for I baptised him myself, after the ritual of the reformed church, as well as I could remember it, when I thought him dying in the boat in which you found us."

At this bold disclosure, the priest actually fled as fast as his weight would permit, crying out, with horror, that I believe was unfeigned, "Blasphemy! blasphemy! a sin against the Holy Ghost."

During all this there was an eager spectator of this curious scene. It was the surgeon, a sallow and a dark-browed man, who seemed to hold his thoughts in bonds, and that looked with contempt alternately upon both the priest and myself. However, whilst the divine was preaching charity, the silent surgeon was himself nourishing me with sago.

When I had finished this recruiting preparation, I thanked him warmly, and then added, "Compassionate signor, though, as yet,

you have not spoken to me, and your looks have not encouraged me, it is from you only that I have received substantial benefit; all that I ask from the hospitality of this ship is the plainest food, fresh air, and a sail upon the half-deck, and when I reach my home, at Barcelona, for this trifling succour every party concerned shall be amply repaid."

"God forbid," said Donna Isidora, "that you should think so meanly of us. Speak, Julien," said she, turning to a very young, and a very handsome man, upon whose arm she was leaning, "speak to your unfortunate Christian countryman, and let your own nobleness and Castilian honour supply you with words."

The youth repaid her for this confiding speech with a look eloquent in affection, and then turning to me, said, with a slight tremulousness in his tone, that proved his heart was touched, "Stranger, and my friend—I welcome you to my board, to my wardrobe—to all I possess—tell me not who you are till you part with me in health and in peace—I will, till then, recognise in you only the dignity of misfortune."

"And your own," said I, grasping his extended hand. "But, noble Spaniard, the wretch that thus lies degraded here before you, will presume to make terms with you, and without a compliance with them, he cannot avail himself of your generosity. From these associates," pointing to the negro and the dog, "I have vowed never to depart—for know, illustrious signor, we were three days together, starving in the midst of the ocean, and did not eat each other."

"Do you hear, Isidora," said Julien, "they did not eat each other? The reason is good."

"Oh!" said she smiling, "the plea is unanswerable."

"We shall be somewhat crowded, signor, certainly; but, as you did not eat each other, why, we *must* make room. O Isidora!" said he, as he was retiring with the lady, "do not smile at the poor merchant's plea. It was something—it was much—that, in a situation so horrible, the white man spared the black; but, that both should have spared the dog—by heavens! it was magnanimous! That merchant shall be my friend."

Sweetly did those words fall upon my crushed spirit. I was rewarded, yea, more than indemnified, for all my past sufferings.

In a very short space of time we three were removed into the ample and airy cabin of Julien, all our wants attended to, and nothing left undone that, under the circumstances, could add to our comforts. In fact, the whole berth was given up to us, the proprietor sleeping elsewhere. He visited me continually, and the Lady Isidora looked in most graciously sometimes. One thing, however, puzzled me a little; each visit that they paid me, caused them to gaze with increasing astonishment upon me; but their astonishment was mingled with symptoms of genuine pleasure and triumph.

After I had been the inmate of this cabin for about a fortnight, during which I and my suite had eaten enormously, Julien and Isidora gave me the flattering intelligence, that myself and companions seemed to be totally forgotten by almost every one in the ship, and they begged me for the present, to deny myself the pleasure of walking the decks, at least, during the daylight, stating as one of the prin-

cipal reasons for their wish of my adopting this line of conduct, that might avoid the enmity of the ecclesiastic.

Of course, to benefactors such as these, I could deny nothing. So I became, in some sort, a willing prisoner in my cabin. At this interview I gained the intelligence that the ship in which I was, had formerly been a Spanish sixty-four, that she was now armed *en flute*, and though not regularly commissioned, was commanded by a captain of the royal navy of Spain; the other officers and the crew being similar to those employed in the merchant service. It had come from Lima, and had on board of her many passengers, and a considerable quantity of troops of the line. She was also richly laden, and I understood that there was no small degree of apprehension on board as to her meeting either with French or English cruisers. Indeed, at that time, every Spaniard was liable to be accosted in the bombast of ancient Pistol,

"Under which king, Benzonian—speak, or die?"

For, at this crisis, Joseph was reigning at Madrid, and Ferdinand, though in France, together with the English, was reigning over most of the provinces. Don Mantez, the commander, had, therefore, till he reached Cadiz, resolved to be all things to all men. However, he had not much occasion to make use of his diplomacy, as the English cruisers alone were upon the seas, and to these only had he to give an account of himself.

Don Julien had learned incidentally from my conversation, that I had come from England, and, when the ship met with the first British man-of-war, he was considerate enough to ask me if I wished to communicate with her. As my intentions were to get to Spain, and to Barcelona with all despatch, I declined the offer. Whether this proceeding made a favourable impression upon him or not, at that time, I could not tell.

At length we arrived off Cadiz, and heaving to, several boats, containing various military and naval officers, came on board, and, for several hours, the decks, both above and below, were crowded with persons in brilliant uniforms, for an arrival like ours was an affair of some singularity, and of consequence to the Spaniards. Just at this time, Don Mantez, the captain, condescended to remember that he had taken my miserable self, and my as miserable suite on board. Consequently, he sent for Julien, as he afterwards informed me, and addressed him thus.

"Don Julien de Aranjuez, I understand that you have been harbouring in your cabin that miserable, beggarly, and heretic Spaniard that we picked up at sea with the black and the dog. I have nothing to say to it. Your cabin for the voyage is your private property—you certainly have paid for it handsomely—but it is my duty to put on shore these miserable infidels; from their appearance, they must be the lowest of the low—let the blackguards depart."

"Don Mantez, none such are now on board. I certainly have two friends in my cabin, and to whom, with your permission, I shall give a passage to Barcelona."

"Don Julien, you are heartily welcome. Will you and your friends

dine with us to-day? As we shall not sail eastward until seven this evening, his excellency, the governor and suite, will do my poor board the honour of their presence. And so you rid yourself as soon as you could from your mendicant pensioners. Truly you were wise. We shall see you at three o'clock."

Julien, accompanied by his blooming cousin Isidora, now entered their cabin, their countenances radiant with mirth and self-satisfaction. After a few compliments between my lady preserver and myself, Julien rather rudely pushed her out of the cabin, and then, immediately opening one of his large ironbound chests, produced a magnificent costume of a colonel of hussar cavalry. "Here, my friend, quick, dress yourself in some of these, my vanities,—leave nothing: I order it. And here, my black merry face, whip me on this embroidered jacket—now the Turkish trousers and red boots; put this muslin turban on a little on one side. He'll do—he'll do. Here, Sambo, look at your manifold beauties in this glass! Holy mother! but he seems born to it!"

When Jugurtha beheld himself in the mirror, he pranced about with delight, and much to our confusion in the confined space of the berth, whilst the mutilated remains of his tongue, made a shrill, vibratory sound, not unlike the clashing of cymbals.

When I had finished my toilet, Julien walked round and round me with pride and satisfaction. "Ignatio! but you are superb. Three weeks have done the wonders of years. I hardly dare let Isidora see you! My life for it, you are a gentleman—and you'll be an excellent Catholic soon, for 'twere a pity that a man with so noble, so distinguished an air, should be a heretic. Now, my dear sir, it is the only confidence I will require of you till we separate. What is your lordship's appellation?"

"No lord, good Julien—in sooth, but a simple gentleman—by name, Ardent Troughton."

"Ardent Troug—Troot—Trotoon—it is dangerous to the teeth—it will never do—the name is positively impossible—at least to the mouth of any thing but a Saxon. Do me the singular favour to repeat it."

"Ardent Troughton."

"Ah! it is downright barbarous, and should be English; but by your air—your complexion—your speech—English you cannot be."

"No," said I, "I am native-born of Spain."

"It rejoices me to hear it. But we must make your name more Spanish. What think you of Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla? Will you remember it—Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla?"

"I will try."

"And you have lately arrived at Cadiz from a secret mission to the court of Persia, with your mute; and you are now desirous of visiting, before you return to finish your negotiations, your château near Barcelona."

"And his excellency the ambassador's luggage."

"I have taken care of that in my cabin. Now, steal out, and mingle with the crowd of poking fools in uniforms and canonicals,

that are thrusting themselves in every corner of the between decks, and take care to come on the quarter-deck with the largest bevy of them that you can. I'll go before to receive you."

"Jugurtha," said I, as I left the cabin, "stick close to me, and when I speak, do you salaam me, as in your own country."

The negro grimed a willing assent from ear to ear.

I and Jugurtha soon, in the imperfect light of the between decks, mingled unnoticed with the crowd of curious visitors, and my accoutrements jingling harmoniously, I ascended to the quarter-deck. No sooner had I gained footing upon it, than Don Julien stepped forward, and taking me very respectfully by the hand, led me up first to the governor, and then to the captain, introducing me as "His Excellency Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla, lately from the court of Persia." We bowed to each other diplomatically, arms were presented by the guard, and the band struck up with the constitutional air.

I was then led to the ladies, and bland smiles and honeyed words met me from all quarters. When presented to the Donna Isidora, she drily remarked, "that she had seen somebody very like me before, and that she thought my complexion had been a little spoiled by exposure to the sun."

No one recognised us, and Jugurtha and I were the admiration of every body. The captain only was a little annoyed that I should have come on board without being perceived. The day passed merrily. All was gaiety, and courtesy, and gallantry—we dined under an awning of flags on the quarter-deck, and Jugurtha waited assiduously, and with tolerable expertness, behind my chair. About six the party broke up, the visitors went on shore, and sail was made upon the vessel.

When every thing was put to rights, sail shortened and trimmed for the night, the passengers, the military officers, and myself, retired with the captain into the state cabin. Don Xavier, the priest, was most attentive to me, indeed, he divided his discourse between the Donna Isidora and myself. We then had some very good music and singing, that would have done honour to any amateur party.

Taking advantage of a pause in our amusements, the captain approached to where Isidora, the padre, and myself, were seated, and after several compliments and apologies, begged to be informed in what manner it had escaped his notice when I came on board.

"Indeed, Don, I've no recollection of the matter: it has quite escaped my notice, too. But I suppose," said I, with all the *nonchalance* of a superior, "that some of your people handed me up the side."

"I am sure of it," said the lady archly.

"But truly grieved am I, that I was not at the gangway to receive you."

"But I do not think that you were so remiss. However, I did not much mark my reception. Was the gallant captain present when I first made my appearance on board, lady?"

"Most certainly; and in a detestable humour. He swore awfully. It was a happy thing that you did not hear him. I would not have answered for the consequences."

Don Mantez began to twirl his mustachios and look pugnacious, as well as mystified, when his tormentor, perceiving that she might carry her banter too far, said, "Do not, captain, suppose for one moment that when the Don came on board, you lost sight of your natural character; you acted up it:—the gentleman, for reasons that I dare say he can explain, came on board under an impenetrable disguise, and from a very humble conveyance."

"Consequently," said the captain, "I am pardoned for any unintentional neglect," bowing very low.

"Completely," said I, with a patronizing air, and the conversation dropped.

It may be well supposed that I enjoyed the liberty and the fresh breezes now at my command, and instead of retiring to our cots, Julien, Isidora, and myself, grouped ourselves apart upon the poop, and conversed till long past midnight. I then prevailed upon my kind host to forego his scruples, founded upon his chivalrous notions of hospitality, and to listen to every particular of my life. He did so with an attention the most absorbed, and parts of my narrative beguiled his beautiful betrothed of many tears. When I had finished, they both extended to me the hand of friendship, and were profuse in their offers of assistance. Alas! they little knew how much themselves stood in need of it.

They were both descendants from the same noble Catalonian family, possessing large estates in South America. The cry of independence, accompanied by all the ferocities of a civil and exterminating war, had long been raised in the American possessions of Spain. Don Julien had commanded a calvary regiment—had fought,—and now that the struggle seemed all but hopeless, was bringing his beautiful cousin, and much of their mutual wealth in specie, to their native country. After their espousals and the placing of his wife in a situation of safety, it was his intention, either to join the struggle for Spanish independence at home, or again to go to America, and discover what might yet be saved of the paternal estates. They had in their infancy resided in the vicinity of Barcelona, but though they could remember the names of several of the families in the city, they had no recollection of that of my father.

The disguise that Julien had compelled me to assume was still persevered in—none were in the secret but ourselves and the faithful domestic of the cousins, who had supplied all our wants whilst we were confined to the cabin, and it was generally thought throughout the ship that the two wretches that had been picked up at sea, had stolen away in a shore-boat at Cadiz for some very good reasons best known to themselves, but not over-honourable to the parties. As to Bounder, he, fattened up as well as his companions, had the whole run of the vessel, and became a general favourite. Indeed, Captain Mantez had expressed his intention of keeping the fine animal, against which I vehemently entered my silent protest.

After a short and prosperous voyage, we cast anchor outside of the harbour of Barcelona.

*(To be continued.)*

## PASSION OF PROGRESSION.

DEFINITIONS constitute the heaviest item in the catalogue of philosophical perplexities. Let the ingenious artificer of truths "profound and rare," elaborate and amplify, modify and rectify, contrive and contract, to an infinite degree, and still the goal of perfection is before him. To give satisfaction to all parties is beyond the scope of human ambition. Universal approbation might as soon be expected to smile on a Chancellor's budget. Who will presume to define that locomotive phenomenon—man? Procure (by one of the three ordinary channels) an individual of the barn-door tribe—having undergone the operations of plucking and trussing, according to the prescript of the worthies of old, establish it on a pike-staff, and proclaim such the archetype of humanity. Will not some obtuse intellects fail to perceive the resemblance? Curtail an ourang-outang—insert a small pane of quizzing-glass in its dexter socket, and how limited a number of the *beau monde* will acknowledge their own identity!

Under these discouraging circumstances, it is with no small portion of diffidence that we venture upon the same perilous expedition in which so many intelligent spirits have been lost—to all vulgar perception. As, however, in the complacency of our own peculiar keen-sightedness, we entertain ourselves with a sly detection of the knotty point on which our predecessors have foundered, we pursue our destined track with a vast accession of moral heroism. We intend to draw no invidious comparisons at which the most sensitive might take umbrage. Accordingly, leaving bipeds and quadrupeds of all denominations to arrange amongst themselves their conflicting claims to the fraternity of us, we shall simply lay down our incontrovertible opinion, that "man is an animal, whose legs bear a very diminutive proportion to the length of his views and inclinations."

Progression forms the essential principle of his being. Advancement, philosophical and local, he must prosecute, or cease to be. In the first, he stands alone and pre-eminent in the scale of sentient existence. The latter is a general privilege of all plebeian classes beneath him, with a reservation in favour of oysters, periwinkles, and sundry other monastic characters, who, like meritorious spinsters, never stir from home. But even in this particular our hero's ambition outruns his ability. We *have* seen such a spectacle, (an uncommon one, be it confessed, since the establishment of our blue police,) as a jockey of an ape in 'cap, whip, and spur;' but saving this audacious usurper of humane recreations, his more exalted kinsman is the only despotic authority within our cognizance, who levies contributions on the blood and muscles of his most tameable subjects. But *we* must progress, whether philosopher, poet, politician, or pedestrian, how insignificant soever the sport in view—a bubble, an *ignis fatuus*, a straw, or a bauble—honour, fame, place, or a puerile exhibition of "raree shows and great men's edifices."

It seldom requires an Argus to divine the signs of the present. They are invariably laid on with such glaring pigments, that were Polyphemus himself on earth, peripatetic, he would find no difficulty to decypher them. Amongst these, unquestionably the most prominent is the prurience of mobility. In all preceding times this common principle of humanity has assumed the influence of a potent, but equanimous instinct. Now it developes itself with all the vehemence and intensity of a passion—the "Passion of Progression." Our great grandsires (honest souls!) seem to have been well content to pursue "the even tenor of their ways" in a quiet and homely jog-trot. They had no conception of scampering along the road as though endeavouring to evade the clutches of that "bum—universal, Time." Instead of seeking protection in flight, they appear rather to have contrived bulwarks to set his authority at defiance. Look at their corpulent conveyances, of aldermanic proportions—like some civic gastronomer returning from "Codger's Hall," they groaned along the road with the burden of their own corporeal iniquities. See the "doughty men of old," in their ostensible skirts and magnanimous bob-wigs, surmounted by a triangular of overpowering dignity, one might imagine they were made up for an artist's study, and were in case for a comfortable longevity, instead of the periodical space of twelve or fifteen hours. Review those illustrious tomes—the tall copies with pompous black letter and superfluous margins; surely such were not constructed on the modern principle—that he who *runs* may read.

Our knowledge of the intellectual machinery of man, we candidly confess, is extremely deficient. Whatever may constitute the motive power, common experience demonstrates that a vast augmentation has recently been made. Some new fly wheel has been appended—debilitated springs have been removed for the substitution of others of superior temper and elasticity—the former rusty cranks, spindles, and pinions, have undergone re-adjustment and lubrication—and the entire concern has been set in motion by an impetus which every hour increases in intensity, agreeable to the laws of geometrical progression. A moral volcano has broke forth! All human energies—spiritual and physical—mental and corporeal—are in an alarming state of excitement. Stagnation is amongst the obsoletes—the poets and alchymists, nonentities only stand still—a standing army is an hibernianism; the march of intelligence has grown into a run—philosophy—flat, sharp, or natural, scours the remotest divisions of the habitable globe, and eschews all *scourings* of a more domestic complexion. Agitation is universal. In fine, the mighty giant of rationality is in an epileptic fit, or a "violent convulsion of the whole body, commonly attended with a loss of sense."

If such be our enjoyment, what may we anticipate! When we peep into the kaleidoscope of futurity, and descry the magical mutations and transformations there in operation, we are literally dazzled by the consequences of this "Passion of Progression." Such racing—jostling—flying—tumbling—scrambling;—such steaming—smoking—whizzing—hissing—whirling—that our "tight little island" appears positively shaken from its intuitive sense of decorum. Imagine

every galloway metamorphosed into a Pegasus—Turpin's historical feat held in esteem of a snail's gallop—the great St. Leger starting-post removed to the Georgium Sidus—people of *ton* taking a turn round the sphere terrestrial. *viâ* the "South Sea Suspension Bridge," prior to luncheon—Hyde Park (site of) a fruitful legacy to antiquaries—desperate engagement thereon. Valetudinarians in small "sparrow wherries," inhaling ether pure in realms etherial; the "fancy fair," on butterfly pinions, transporting their Lilliputian wares to the bazaar of Constantinople, for the especial benefit of superlunary refugees; and, last in order as in merit first, gentlemen of the press on patent "lightning conductors," racing like shadows of a thought with opposition reports of the "universal scientific association, such being convoked at the Half Moon, at the earnest solicitation of philosophers under the influence of that celestial body.

But let not individuals of narrow prejudices and equally limited comprehension wrap up their conservative hobbies in a fanciful belief that our omnipotent "Passion of Progression" will be confined to purposes of transit: the palace, the senate, the bar; powers, legal, clerical, and medical, moral, political, or economical, all the faculties, functions, and humanities must be brushed up and set in motion, to keep time corresponding with the expeditious tendencies of the age. Thrones must be struck out of the inventory of "tenants' fixtures," and made to unscrew, for the convenience of being carried away. Crowns must condescend to the offices of foot-balls, or, to save expense, common worsted nightcaps may be considered both efficient and appropriate substitutes.

Parliament must also be susceptible of a respectful hint for the expediting of their oratorical motions. Ways and means must suffer such abridgment and contraction as, in figurative language, to bring the highest places within the attainment of the lowest grades. Standing orders must be abolished, as inconsistent with the disposition and intelligence of the times. Bills, public and private, must be so framed, as to pass through the house with a celerity only exceeded by that of their supporters. Members to settle accounts with their constituents at the same hour and place as with the artizans in their employment. (Exception in favour of latter.)

Law, that venerable old wall-eyed jade, who has been so long harnessed to the eternal roundabout of custom and precedent, must be made to feel the spur of the moment. Briefs must no longer be suffered to speak ironically. The statute books must be condensed into a pemikin of one small duodecimo volume. To expedite justice, courts for the administration of that esteemed article, pure and unadulterate, must be restored to their primitive state of ambulation, and follow the king's person, chattels, and other disposable property. The bar (sinister) must be taken down: equity must be dispensed to all impoverished patients at smallest advance on cost of preparation. Open booths must be erected at our various provincial fairs for the adjustment and arbitration of claims and differences; a spacious ring to be inclosed on some contiguous spot for the exclusive advantage of the jury in case of a want of unanimity amongst the same: chief justice to preside at this modern wager of battle, and furnish requisite weapons,

not exceeding three inches in diameter: to prevent foul play, each individual cudgel, before use, should undergo the inspection and approval of the principal *heads* of the profession.

In order to accelerate the progress of science and general philosophy by an increase of labourers in those important branches of industry, the social system must submit to some trifling innovation. A more liberal spirit must animate the close corporations of learned bodies, by granting admission to those who, in a philological light, are of the most unworthy gender. The exact sciences must no longer remain a prescriptive appendage of "eyes severe, and beard of formal cut," nor mustachios be esteemed the distinguishing feature of classical accomplishments. Those purblind nurses of erudition, the universities, can only renovate their superannuated vision by admitting the new light of gynæocracy. Alma Mater must throw her arms open to all applicants, without distinction either of figure or feature. Blue stockings must be appointed by the caput the insignia of feminine proficiency. Ladies of a sedate temperament, some little experience, and without incumbrance, shall be eligible to the highest dignities and most onerous offices. Amongst these we may particularise the professorships of metaphysics, mathematics, logic, and political economy. That of natural history to be reserved for venerable spinsters of noblest descent and most bewitching complexion. The chair of chemistry to be supplied in rotation from the senior cooks of the establishment, for whose convenience a laboratory may be fitted up in the kitchen and scullery adjacent.

When these numerous and startling reforms shall be carried into operation, doubtless a considerable shock will be felt in the domestic system; notable housewives, whose glory was engraved on the labels of their delectable raspberry-jams and cherry-brandy, will find a more congenial occupation in extracting the roots of Walkinghame and Bonnycastle. "Sweet Seventeen," whose ivory fingers were previously tasked to surmount the bars of Weber or Rossini, will skip over the *pons asinorum* of Euclid with the most graceful sense of facility. More advanced demoiselles, endowed with invincible powers of communication, will boldly launch forth on the unnavigable ocean of metaphysical disquisition; terrific confusion will ensue amongst the blockading squadron of identities and diversities, infinites and definites, causalities and effectualities, modes, manners, spaces, and places; the agreement of ideas will supersede an harmony of ribands; those wanton bunches of amber which hung ripening on the sunny cheek they coveted, will be thrown aside for the sole cultivation of a "*Lock* on the understanding," perplexities of love will vanish before the dilemmas of logic, and not even a *Major* may anticipate a smile of encouragement unless he be immediately followed by a *proposition*. Duplicate ladies, whose entire faculties were formerly absorbed in the all-important problem of abridging the debit division of their lord's ledger to the dimensions of its counterpart, or, in common parlance, squaring the outgoings with the incomings, will enlist their powerful energies in the more lofty aspiration of accomplishing the quadrature of the circle!

To meet the exigencies occasioned by such a diversion of female

talent from domestic common places to scientific novelties, of course some few additional duties must devolve upon the shoulders of the major domo. These, however, are of so pleasing and facile a nature as scarcely to deserve mention. How greatly will he rise in the estimation of liberal minds by uniting an attention to "foreign affairs," with a participation in the management of the "home department!" Nor let the magnitude of such a change be matter of alarm, since we know that frequently the average intelligence of *one* has been found equal to the distinct performance of offices of similar consequence. The calm, meditative functions of nurse and sempstress, will form a most agreeable relief to the harassing excitement of his ordinary occupation. And here the universal "Passion of Progression" steps in to render invaluable assistance. Means will be devised for bringing infants to a state of self-command, in a much shorter space of time than is now requisite for that purpose; we should not wonder if they emulate the Fungi family, and spring up in a night. Education, too, will advance with rapid strides. The nascent idea will be taught to shoot with a pop-gun from the cradle. Knowledge (useful) will be instilled or, (as instillation is rather a dilatory process,) bored into the infantile comprehension after the manner of those savoury preparations peculiar to Bartholomew Fair. We subjoin the recipe of the original inventor:—"Take an heterogeneous mass of stuff, commonly known as aughts and ends, chip it exceedingly fine; sprinkle in a little seasoning, just sufficient to give the substance a relish, and then grind in at the mouth of your recipient with all possible expedition.—N. B. No further attention is requisite, as it will digest itself at pleasure—*probatum est.*"

Our pulmonary apparatus is quite in a state of exhaustion—we really must resign the pursuit. A want of atmospherical aliment prevents us from following up the "Passion of Progression" to its final termination! Yes, truly, when feminine eloquence is declared insolvent, and when that invisible defaulter, the national debt, comes forth to knuckle down the ultimate penny, then peradventure a halt may ensue—an inspiration of astonishment may be drawn, and progress resumed with an acceleration of speed and an accession of energy. Before, however, we come to a conclusion, that posterity may not be ignorant of the ardent desire entertained by us for their success on the moral Doncaster Race Course, we shall append a few recommendations pertinent to that object, for which we anticipate, as one of the concomitants of a patriot's immortality, to receive some five hundred years hence an unanimous vote of thanks from both Houses of Parliament.

And first, our attention must be given to the honourable Commons themselves. We opine that the circuitous and fallible system of newspaper reporting might be entirely superseded, by each member receiving his speeches, and general and particular directions for his legislative conduct, from those of his constituents whose interest he is most materially concerned to observe. Literature, we think, would make great advance in the scale of improvement, by sparing readers an immense deal of time and reflection, if authors, poetical, metaphysical, and romantical, were to subjoin at the foot of each page a re-

ference to those common fountains of imagination whence the substance of their lucubrations was obtained. Physicians might expedite their functions, and greatly shorten the duration of corporeal sufferance, by embodying in one prescription the contents of a customary series. To remove any pecuniary objection to this proposition, we would suggest that the convenience of all parties might be promoted, if the Royal College were to consent to an incorporation with the respectable society of sextons, searchers, and furnishing undertakers. To stimulate the procrastinating spirit of diplomacy, a statute of limitations should be framed to confine the operation of all treaties, &c. to one calendar month after completion. In the concentration of all human energies and aspirations in one universal "Passion of Progression," we fear that the emotion of nearest propinquity to our hearts will sink into eternal oblivion. It may therefore seem almost a work of supererogation to make any comment on that topic. Certain it is, that silken fetters can never long confine those captives of the "chubby boy," who violate every other obligation in their frenzy for expedition. To make things secure as speedily as possible, we recommend that all game caught within the Paphian Preserves should be sacrificed on an altar erected on the spot, leaving that frivolous question relative to a sympathy of feeling, for arrangement at any convenient time, after indissoluble junction of the connubial tether. We would fain propose a more eligible mode of managing those interesting occurrences, affairs of honour. As the irritation is often extremely painful, and the present means of obtaining alleviation both tedious and repugnant to aristocratic habits, we doubt not that any system by which emollients would be immediately at hand, would find a very general reception. A pair of blunderbusses, therefore, fit for instantaneous application, should ornament the mantelpiece of all club-houses, drawing-rooms, saloons, and every other place of refuge for the intellectually destitute. The preliminary courtesy of exchanging cards having been gone through, each party would singly discharge his "herald of annihilation" up the chimney—the demands of gentility would be satisfied, and the vital aims of satisfaction most satisfactorily attained. This plan has great advantages over the one in present operation. It will not only prevent those purely unintentional maimings of sparrows and tit-larks, which Battersea Fields has now so frequently occasion to deplore, but will more effectually combine the prime desiderata of polite and amicable warfare—namely, the irksomeness of early rising (that great damper of incipient heroism) will be avoided, while the report will be louder (amongst friends) and cannot fail to make a sensible impression on numerous witnesses of the coolness and intrepidity of the combatants.

Such constitute a few of the recommendations which long and profound reflection have convinced us will be found most beneficial in advancing the cause of progression. Still we do not imagine that our enthusiastic descendants will stop here. Quite the reverse. We believe, that after our valuable propositions have received their grateful adoption, when all human appliances are hurrying on with terrific rapidity, no one knows where—the planetary system will be called upon for an acceleration of motion, to keep pace with the progressive

intelligence of the age; old mother Earth will no longer be allowed to move quietly on at a monotonous rate, to which she has given a preference for the last six thousand years. Archimedes' lever will be brought into action, to afford the venerable dame a circumvolutory lift. Perhaps some dissatisfaction may then be expressed at our omission of any directions for the accomplishment of this great undertaking. In justification, we beg to insinuate that the revolution of our sphere, at least, is sufficiently rapid, without the interference of any more agitation on the subject.

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## ANNE-ACREONTIC, ADDRESSED TO ANNE.

I WILL not say: I love thee well—
Such words are far too cold to tell
The passion that consumes my soul,
And wildly laughs at all control.
Oh! woman ne'er was loved by man
As I love thee, my bright-eyed Anne!
No, dearest, no—believe, believe,
Tongue cannot tell, nor heart conceive
One half the love that fills my breast,
For thee, my beautiful! my best!
Youth, dearest Anne, is like a flower,
That only blooms for one bright hour:
Oh, let us then that hour improve,
And fill it all with joy and love!
Thy young affections—gushing, free,—
Give, give them all, dear love, to me!
Give me thy heart—I'll prize it more
Than all the world and all its store!
I'll bathe it in love's sunny stream—
Warm it in pleasure's brightest beam—
I'll take it to love's sweetest bowers,
And wreathe it round with pleasure's flowers,
Then place it on my bosom's throne
To throb, in secret, next my own.

HORACE BLACK.

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## THE PRADO.

**We are most happy to have it in our power to lay before our readers an extract from a work which will shortly be published, that describes in a manner the most vivid and amusing, the domestic life of the inhabitants of Madrid, as it actually is, not as it has been, so imperfectly, and often so falsely, represented. Just now this admirable work must possess tenfold interest. Without further comment, we proceed to offer the following chapter, on "The Prado," to the public, as it affords a very lively account of a very lively national picture.**

"Although, to my great regret, I may now be looked upon as one of the 'elders of the people,' I am not aged enough to recollect the ancient laying out of this famous walk, so celebrated in old Spanish songs and romances. We know, from tradition, of its having been a wild and desert waste, full of hollows, and nooks, and hiding places; often the scene of blood and courtship, for where there is woman, blood is not far off, says the old '*refrain*.' Here used to hie the proud hidalgo, with his trusty 'toledo,' prompt to revenge some slight done to himself, or preference shown by a jilting mistress to a bold rival. The dubious hour of dusk was wont to show various forms wrapped in cloak or female mantle, gliding mysteriously towards this other Thebaïde; the *donçella* bearing the perfumed billet to the impatient cavalier, or the already vanquished beauty hastening with a beating heart to her lover's arms. The modest moon, I fear me, had to witness strange doings in that wilderness: echo, it is said, was not always busy with amorous accents; the murmurs of tenderness, the clash of rapiers, and the groans of the dagger's victim, were not unfrequently borne together on the same breeze.

"The extreme vicinity of the court, at that period almost constantly resident in the *Retiro*, made this extensive waste a convenient theatre for political and amorous intrigue, and well calculated for the indulgence of the revengeful passions usually attendant upon both. Quiet and well-disposed people, whose swords and blood love to repose in vein and scabbard, ought to feel grateful to the great and worthy king, the Señor Don Carlos the Third, for having turned his royal attention to their security. This cut-throat region was cleansed, and cleared, and levelled by his orders, in the time of the good minister Count d'Aranda, who scared away such bad company, and made the Prado what it now is;—the resort of all sorts of people wanting to see and be seen; young girls, wanton wives, languishing widows, beardless puppies, adulterous youth, and *ci-devant* young men, who go there merely to think what they would do if they could; besides a great crowd of exceedingly proper persons of both sexes, who walk about there on purpose to be scandalized and confirmed in 'the right path,' and good resolutions, by the sight of so much *lujuria*, or yearning after sinful and perishable enjoyment.

"This superb promenade begins at the Convent of Atocha, passing before the gate of the same name, turns to the right, runs up to the street of Alcalà, crosses it, and extends as far as the gate of the *Recoletos.* The whole extent may be calculated at about nine thousand seven hundred feet. An ample carriage-road runs through the middle, flanked on each side by the avenues destined for pedestrians, and bordered with large and shady trees. In the centre of the walk, comprised between the *Carrera San Geronimo* and the street of Alcalà, its width is considerably increased, forming a fine 'Saloon,' fourteen hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred feet broad. On either side, remarkable buildings, views of the various streets that run into it, flourishing gardens, and eight handsome fountains, contribute to enhance the beauty of this favourite resort.

"Although the fountains just mentioned are all of more or less merit, by their design and execution, those of Neptune, Apollo, and Cybele, are the most worthy of a detailed description. The first, by Juan de Mena, represents the marine deity standing in his car drawn by two sea horses, with dolphins playing before it; the whole is well finished, and has a good effect, notwithstanding the somewhat ludicrous appearance of the sea-shell car, horses and dolphins, galloping and swimming, not through the brine as they ought, but over hard stones. This defect is owing to a mismanagement in the original placing of the centre group; the base should have been at least from four to five feet lower, which would have brought it below the surface of the basin, and placed the group on the water level, as it should be. In the centre of the 'Saloon' stands the grand fountain of Apollo, of a chaste and tasteful architecture; the water falls from one vase or sculptured basin into another, soothing the ear with its dash and harmonious murmur. Manuel Alvarez, an able sculptor, has the merit of the whole design: the fountain presents two fronts exactly similar; four statues of the seasons, looking towards the four cardinal points, adorn the upper part; the statue of Apollo surmounting and completing this fine monument of better days. The magnificent fountain of Cybele, celebrated for the salubrity of its waters, is situated in the street of Alcalà, fronting the 'Saloon.' The goddess is seated in a lofty car, drawn by lions; a colossal mask spouts water from the mouth into a large circular basin. The execution of this group is well worthy of the admiration of the connoisseur. Ventura Rodriguez, the city architect, traced and made the drawings of all these fountains, although they were executed by the artists we have named. He presented, at the same time, a very clever plan of a peristyle or portico, to be erected before the royal stables of the Retiro, (now the artillery barracks,) almost in front of the statue of Apollo, which would have done away with the ungainly appearance of that spot, and afforded shelter to at least three thousand persons in case of a sudden shower, besides containing sufficient space for the establishment of a coffee-house, and large terrace overhead for the orchestra, whenever their Majesties honoured the Prado with their presence. Had this idea been realized, it is certain that no other public walk in Europe could have disputed the palm with the Prado. It still must be a matter of surprise that the authorities have never thought of gratify-

ing the public on feast days with a band of music. The abundance of water in the Prado not only adds to the attraction, but maintains the vigour and verdure of its plantations, by means of a narrow gutter, six or eight inches deep, and carried round each trunk. As fast as the water is dried up, a fresh supply is introduced, the effect of which, during the summer droughts, gives an extraordinary degree of life and freshness to the foliage of such favoured trees, while their less fortunate neighbours are scorched and withered by a relentless sun. Water-carts* are also employed by the municipality to lay the dust, so soon as the summer sets in. They are made to pour forth their treasure after an original way. A long leather spout is fixed to the end of each cask, bound with a rope at the muzzle, to prevent the escape of the water. When the cart comes on the ground to be irrigated, an attendant loosens the rope sufficiently to permit a certain flow from the barrel, but still knotted firmly about the spout; he then escapes from the gush, running the whole length of the rope, twists it round his arm, and jerks the tube from side to side, in this ingenious manner producing a wide splashing current, and highly pleased if any *lechugino* comes within reach of his engine, to have the opportunity of baptizing him in due form.

"The great extent of the *Prado* allows every body a choice, and a walk according to his humour. The space between the gate of Atocha and its convent is the favourite resort of the delicate or convalescent, being well protected from the ruder winds by the heights and wall of the Retiro. It is also the chosen haunt of *canonigos* (prebendaries,) 'snug men,' and other folks of easy habits and incomes, who like to take their time, walk slow, or stop at every sentence, without being hustled and elbowed by impertinent youngsters.

"Here, too, old cronies give and receive the friendly pinch of snuff, and descant upon its flavour and pungency; while some, assuming a firmer tread, and grasping their cane with a forgotten vigour, talk with moistened eyelids of the 'joys of their dancing days,'—of those blessed times when no young girl could look with impunity on their well-turned leg, and the graceful tie of their pigtail. For *then*, thank God! all men of spirit wore short breeches and tails, and showed how nature had made them; not, as now, when the friendly trowser affords a refuge to flute or drumstick shanks and shins of many a vapouring coxcomb. Others, again, more taciturn in their enjoyments, lean upon their gold-headed canes, silent admirers of the numerous band

* "Within the last four or five years the usual form of water-carts has been adopted, with the exception of the spout, managed as described in the text. Spaniards certainly have this advantage over other nations—that they never tamely imitate their improvements, but always preserve something original, exclusively their own. In the present instance, an animated appearance is given to an otherwise dull machine, by the stout fellow dangling out from it at a rope's length. A perforated shower-muzzle would be infinitely more simple, and save the hire of a man. Since writing the above, the small perforated muzzle has been adopted, but the same attendance is still given as before the improvement. Even this, the laying of the dust, is an operation entirely depending on the whim and caprice of the *corregidor* of the town. Any day that this functionary happens to be out of humour with himself, or with the inhabitants, he can countermand the irrigation, and bedust them with impunity."

of ragged little brats amusing themselves rolling over one another from top to bottom of the steep declivity next the walls of the convent, exciting, doubtless, many a sigh that octogenarian members cannot do as much!*

"Country folks prefer the shady avenue bordering on the Botanic Garden,† charmed with the view and fragrance of this enclosure on one side, and the constant string of carriages and horsemen on the other,—novelties only to be seen in Madrid, and described and listened to with envy and delight on their return. Drowsy citizens are to be found here, enjoying a comfortable *siesta*, rolled up in their cloaks, their persons carefully bestowed in the corners between the pillars and the railing, secure from the wheels of carriages and hoofs of horses; whether preferring the stone bench to their 'colchones,' or being lulled by the breeze to the objurgations of their spouses, is difficult to be ascertained. Other groups repair to this retreat, intent on other pastimes, of which one may be especially noted as most prevalent, viz. a most assiduous and persevering examination of their own and children's heads, not altogether for the same purpose, or in the same way as recommended by Gall or Spurzheim. Fat *amas de leche*, (wet nurses,) from the mountains of Santander,‡ with showy handkerchiefs tied about their heads, tight cloth jackets, and gorgeous laced petticoats, infest this place with their squalling charges; not to mention the juvenile gambols of a crowd of *ninos*, of little angels of both sexes, overlooked by their *bonnes*, who generally get some smart young fellow to help them in their charge.

"But the saloon 'of the Prado' is the spot where the fame of this renowned field for amorous intrigue and adventure is exclusively kept up. The young, the elegant, and the mass of the population, assemble here at fixed and different hours. Though much frequented at

* "Besides these young vagabonds, who thus get an appetite without having the least idea where and when they can satisfy it, otherwise than by the dexterity of their fingers and the fleetness of their legs, the sunny side of the wall bounding the Retiro, is infested with a motley and loathsome collection of beggars, gipsies, and profligates of both sexes, who come here to bask all day long in the sun, patch their rags, and get rid of their vermin, until night affords them an opportunity of stealing the means of passing another idle morrow. This class is the most independent in the state. They only observe the laws as it suits their convenience, and are in nowise molested by our admirable police."

† "See Chapter on the *Retiro*."

‡ "The women from the green hills of Santander and its district, the *Pasiegas*, as they are called, have the enviable monopoly, or nearly so, of 'child-suckling' throughout the greater part of Spain. Parents are, no doubt, attracted by their stout forms, fine clear skins, and rosy complexions. In these respects, they may call any Englishwoman 'cousin.' The nurses from the mountains of Burgos have the privilege of suckling the princes and princesses of the royal family. Their dress is very picturesque, exhibiting a mixture of the Turkish and Spanish costume; it consists of an embroidered close-fitting cloth jacket, and a very full cloth petticoat, red, yellow, or some other striking colour, bordered with from two to four rows of broad gold lace, according to the means of their employers. When in full dress, they wear their hair plaited in two tails behind, reaching far below the waist, and set off at the end by little knots of rose-coloured ribbon. A piece of vanity in which young mothers are fond of indulging, is to drive or walk out with their infant in the arms of a handsome richly-dressed *pasiega*; they are just as proud of it, as an honest Turk is of having a fine young lad to carry his pipe after him."

all seasons of the year, it never presents so brilliant a spectacle as in the fine afternoon of a day in spring, when the deep blue sky of Madrid presents its cloudless vault and surpassing beauty.* On such a day, when the flood of population is rolling downwards towards the Prado, following the narrow flagways in two dark lines, and a portion dispersed over the wide street of Alcalà, the spectacle presented by the infinite variety of colours and costumes, the buz of so great a crowd, and a bright and glorious sun gilding every object, is of the most striking and animated kind. This imposing mass of life flows on and increases in volume, until it finally disburthens itself into the ample 'saloon,' as rivers discharge their waters into the bosom of the wide ocean.

"Now begins an agreeable confusion, a friendly elbowing, a volley of 'Señora! at your feet;' 'I kiss your hand, Caballero!' ogling of eyes, and manœuvring of fans, an everchanging succession of faces, and an incessant exchange of laudatory or splenetic remarks on each other.†

"The rumble of carriages, the galloping of horses, an atmosphere loaded with white thin dust, the battling and barking of well-washed, shorn and whiskered poodles, the shrill cry of the *aguador*—'Berro, Berro,‡ cold as snow, another little glass, who will drink it? Water! Water!'—the little ragamuffin's plaintive, 'Candela! Caballero, quien la quiere?' and the whisking of his burning rope's-end in fiery

* "Though the climate of Madrid has altogether degenerated from what our forefathers tell us of its excellence, there are still days in winter which might do honour to Naples or Corinth; neither of these possesses a more cloudless sky, or one of deeper blue. At this season, the Prado is the rendezvous of two distinct classes of visitors. The middling orders and industrious part of the population take their walk from twelve till half-past one, when the *garbanzos* invite them home. They are relieved by the *beau monde*, with their horses and equipages, until four o'clock, when the noontide loungers again come down with renewed forces and full stomachs, and ramble up to the 'Retiro,' to stare at the ducks and geese on the great pond, and the wild beasts in their cages."

† "*Ojos Arabes* (Arabian eyes) are looked upon with great affection by Spaniards, that is, when they are large and full, combined with the softness of the gazelle. Those in the almond shape, more oblong than round, are highly prized by their owners, with good reason. I suspect that the 'Moors' have had more to do with our 'Tatarabuelas' (our great great great grandmothers) than their decorum and Christian bearing, or our genealogies, should have permitted. A pair of Arab eyes inveigles us into matrimony, while as Moorish and as moulded a *cura* (curate) as ever saluted the stone of Mecca, performs the ceremony. We are, at best, but baptized or whitewashed Moors: fair hair and blue eyes have the merit of contrast with our dark skinned sons and daughters. A fine blonde girl may always count upon a strong cabal in her favour, and stake her blue eye against the field,—a great encouragement to the British fair to travel this way."

‡ "The fountain *del Berro*, (of the cresses,) famed for its pure crystal water, lies about a mile outside the Alcalà gate, a little before you arrive at the *Quintà del Espiritu Santo*, to the right hand. There is nothing remarkable about it, beyond its being the spring whence the royal family is supplied. A whitewashed shed is built over the source, two spouts pouring forth its contents; the supply is abundant, and open to all who take the trouble to send for it. The *aguadores* of the 'Prado' and the streets of Madrid, indulge in a poetic licence, giving the name for the thing. They sell each glass of water, *soi-disant* berro, for an ochavo, half a cuarto, (about half a farthing English.) People may drink it at this rate and be thankful, even though it should come from the Calle de las Infantas, supposed to be the worst water in Madrid."

circles—the low rushing sound of many feet and voices, are all so many proofs of the Prado being in its pride and strength!

"Acquaintances meet and stop in little groups to chat about the ball or *tertulia* of the night before. The ladies kiss one another's cheeks in the most affectionate manner. 'Adios! Juanita! How do you do? Have you slept after the ball? Jesus! I could not waltz at all with that horrid *pesado*, who persecuted me the whole night.' 'Abour! Joaquina! you already know that I love you!' 'Tell me, Juanita, did you ever see such a bonnet as she wears? There she sails along, so proud of it! It does not at all become her. If she thinks she looks like a *Francesa*, I can tell her she is very much mistaken.'—'Paquita! for God's sake look at that fat *Dolores*, strutting about in a *basquina*. Vamos! Some people are either blind or mad. She has no shape at all, the same every where. Ave Maria! look, look at her foot! Go to—I would rather take the air outside the gate of Toledo all my life, than show such a piece of furniture, for all the world like a *butifarà** from Mallorca. But my aunt is bellowing to me. Good bye, Pichoncita, (little pigeon,) adieu!' This charitable flower-knot is again mingled with the mass.

"A *frulling* sound, like the chattering of birds in a cage, reigns in every direction, produced by the tremulous shake, and sudden opening and shutting, of innumerable fans of all colours and sizes, so many eloquent tongues speaking an intelligible language to conscious observers. Even as flowers are the 'language of love' in the East, there is nothing in the soft science which may not be explained by a Spanish lady with her fan. Jealousy may pry and peer in vain, under the very nose of the greatest Bluebeard of a husband; questions are asked and answers given, full and explicit, which he cannot intercept.†

"Here, too, is the rendezvous of unhappy lovers, of such as are considered too dangerous, or of dubious funds and intentions, or of mar-alls in the way of a match already determined upon by long-headed parents, and who are consequently denied the privilege of visiting at the houses of the ladies, at least until the marriage ceremony be over. Here she searches, with eyes swoln with weeping,

* "A good legitimate *butifarà* from Mallorca, (however humiliating the comparison of a *Lechugina's* foot to it may be considered,) is worthy of the greatest consideration as an eatable, and standard ingredient of an orthodox '*puchero*.' It has some relationship with the English black hog's-pudding, but is six times the size, composed of that unclean animal's blood, and seasoned with sundry dainty ingredients. A thorough-bred son of the Balearic islands will make nothing of devouring a large trencher of it, as a whet before commencing more serious operations."

† "When Addison imagined his 'fan exercise' for ladies, he must have had an idea of the alarming perfection to which this light arm is carried in Spain. It is the inseparable companion of the little girl from three years of age to fourteen, when, from a handy plaything, she turns it into a formidable offensive and defensive weapon, giving a trembling swain an extatic 'yes!' or crushing a presuming suitor with an irrevocable 'no!' It would be endless, as well as impossible, to attempt to describe the intermediate degrees of hope and fear, despair or passion, expressed by the spreading and furling of its painted wings. Deprive a Spanish woman of her fan and white handkerchief, (whether a flag of truce or emblem of innocence in her hand,) and she loses her self-possession, and half her fascination. She is, if young, a fairy without her wand; if old, a witch without her broomstick."

her chosen *nobio.* Here they can steal a long look at each other, from under the fan or behind the folds of the *capa*, despite the watchful attendance of the family. But should such illicit glances be discovered, the poor girl may bid a long farewell to the pleasures of the Prado, and even to the balcony of her chamber, should it look upon the street.*

"Hundreds of light supple forms keep up their graceful elastic step for two and three hours together, regardless alike of the dust and heat, and shoes a great deal too tight, even for their diminutive feet —proving that vanity suffers no pain. *Que pie tan mono! Que chiquitito!* (what a lovely foot! what a little bit of a thing!) whispered by a cavalier as he passes, more than repays their cramps and agony. A gentle flutter of the fan, an eye rolled languidly his way, is the 'guerdon' of so much good taste.

"In the meanwhile, other sights and other scenes are passing on the carriage drive;—an uninterrupted file of vehicles of all descriptions, of coaches, britskas, phaëtons, cabriolets, gigs, and horsemen, moving at a processional pace in two lines up and down the whole length of the Prado. The curious in such matters might trace the infancy and progress of carriage-building in the various and astounding models rolling before his eyes. The old Spanish berlina, broad and high of roof, tapering towards the bottom, swinging between four enormous leather springs running under the body of the carriage, drawn by a solemn well-fed pair of *machos*, (mules,) with close-shaved backs, tails, and ears, covered with antique trappings, among which the saddle, almost level with the animal's back behind, while the front rises boldly into a peak, higher, at least, by half a foot than the seat, is particularly worthy of notice; a rusty stirrup-iron makes its appearance from beneath a heavy skirt, just large enough to admit the toe of the postilion, who, placed on this lofty eminence, guides his mules, some with bells, some without. This poor man, in his glazed cocked-hat and iron-bound gaiters, obliged to follow implicitly the movements of his cattle, is pitched fore and aft, in so strange a fashion, that, were it not for the proud cock of his toe in the stirrup, and his well-stretched knee, one would imagine he was an *alma en pena* (a soul in purgatory.)

"Then comes the *coche de collera*,† rather more modern in its cut, but on the same system of springs; a low seat before the driver and *zagal*, with a team of seven mules, tackled together by a most intri-

"* If Spain be the country in the world where matrimony meets with least obstacles, in it also may be found cases where the friends and parents of the young lady are quite as obliging and worldly-wise as they are in other countries. I might mention many instances in corroboration of the observation in the text."

"† This description of carriage, formerly the only one used by grandees and the rich nobility, and requiring a team of mules too numerous and expensive for more limited fortunes, is now in the hands of the *calesseros*, (coach proprietors,) who let carriages, or keep a stand in the streets of Madrid. They are well hung, though on rude and most antiquated principles, and commodious enough inside. The number of mules is seldom less than seven, which are harnessed in pairs, with the seventh as a leader. The arrangement of the pole, and the infinity of slender ropes diverging from this centre to the furthermost animal, is a matter quite beyond ordinary comprehension. The space occupied by seven mules thus tackled, measures, at least, fifty feet in length."

cate combination of long slender ropes running from the pole to the leaders, and looking, for all the world, as if they were running away from the carriage, instead of with it.

"These 'turn-outs' are usually occupied by the families of snug *abogados*, roguish *escribanos*, or *agentes de negocios;* of clerks in the different public offices; and, now and then, by some proud, unbending *hidalgo* and his spouse, fresh from their province, who insist upon having things as they were, and, in their mind, ought to be; to the horror of the *muchachas*, who are almost ashamed to peep out of the antiquated loop-holes of such a vehicle. The *muchachos*, the sons, who prefer walking, endeavour to palliate the evil as much as possible, by being the first to quiz the family set-out with their companions.

"Excepting some picturesque *bombes* and *calessins*, whose masters have nerve enough to parade abroad, the more modern equipages differ but little from those of other continental capitals,* unless when an absent coachman forgets his cravat, or shows too much of his linen. The inmates of these fashionable equipages affect an easy loll as they pass in review the female pedestrians, criticising their dress and appearance; a species of compliment which the latter fail not to repay with usury. We may here remark, that fashion has latterly triumphed so much over taste, as to substitute, for the graceful mysterious *mantilla*, the staring French hat, with flowers and feathers. A very few years back, no lady, however high in station, would have hazarded appearing in public with a bonnet; for the spirit of novelty was then checked by national feelings and sympathies. But the laudable preference for this noble and beautiful costume is every day on the wane; a short time will see the *mantilla* banished to the smaller and more remote towns of the Peninsula.†

"The space between the two strings of carriages is filled by equestrians of all classes—civilians, military men, grandees, tricked out as *Majos*,‡ a few *Lechuginos*, mounted *à la Inglesa*—each adopting the pace that prudence or carelessness of his neck may suggest: others amuse themselves in conveying to and receiving telegraphic signals from some tender-hearted beauty on the promenade. But none are so distinguished in 'kicking up a dust,' and haunting the 'ride,' as two young dukes, to the admiration of all young girls desirous of securing two such goodly prizes.

"The same scene continues until lassitude, the approach of night,

"* Very few carriages are built in Madrid for the fashionables. Besides the backwardness of this art in Spain, the prices are so high, that a French or German (query English?) carriage, including the duty, is cheaper, although infinitely better finished. Spaniards are now beginning, however, to construct their own diligences, mails, &c., and have improved considerably of late years."

"† All admirers of the simple and beautiful Spanish costume must observe, with regret, the decided preference given to the French fashions now-a-days. This vitiated taste is even gaining ground with the lower orders of society."

"‡ Of late years, it is the fashion for young noblemen of the highest rank to parade the streets of Madrid on foot or horseback, tricked out in all the pageantry of the gay Andalusia. Would that they were as patriotic as their models in sundry more serious and indispensable points!"

the theatre, and *tertulias*, warn the promenaders that it is time to leave the Prado for another day.

"The Madrilenians talk with rapture of the pleasures of the Prado during the fine evenings of summer; but the air is then so sultry, and so impregnated with an impalpable white dust, one of the scourges of Madrid, that, so far from yielding any enjoyment, a walk in the Prado becomes an absolute infliction. During the hottest season, the hour of rendezvous is not earlier than seven o'clock in the evening. The only way of being aristocratic and extravagant, and distinguished from the modest crowd, is, by laying out a few cuartos (at the rate of two for each) for four or five rush-bottomed chairs, out of the hundred marshalled for public accommodation, in treble rows along the wall, and bestowing your person upon them. Persons of economical habits (the large majority) prefer taking their seats for nothing, on the stone seats ranged at regular intervals on both sides of the saloon. This season may well be called the harvest of the *aguadores*, who ply their calling among the crowd, in opposition to the ambulatory establishments set up beneath the trees at the entrance of the Prado, where rows of little white classical-shaped vases of white porous earth,* and lines of tumblers filled with sparkling water, invite the passengers to slake their thirst with the same pure liquid, while his majesty drinks water from the fountain of Berro. The quantity of water consumed by a Spanish crowd is incredible; except, perhaps, some stubborn Arragonese, the lowest classes even, prefer it to wine in warm weather. During the French occupation, *cafés* and *restaurants* were established in the Tivoli gardens, but they pined away on the departure of their mercurial customers, and have long since been shut up. When a *caballero* now wishes to offer an *obsequio* or *fineza* to ladies of his predilection, he is obliged to send to the café Santa Catalina, or de Solis, for ices and lemonade, *con sus correspondientes biscochos*, with its accompanying cakes. This piece of extravagance, however, is but seldom committed. Few young aspirants for female applause but have had to repent their rashness in asking ladies to step into Solis, and *refrescar*† on their way home.

* "This earthen vessel, commonly called *Botico*, has the peculiar, and, in a warm country, inestimable quality of preserving water or any liquid contained in it perfectly cool. It owes this advantage to its porous properties. The right sort are distinguished from the counterfeits by the interior partaking of a light-greenish hue. The manufacture of these forms a considerable branch of the commerce of Andujar, a small town in Andalusia, but too celebrated for the decree of the Duc d'Angoulême, and its violation, almost at the same time, during the French invasion of twenty-three. At nightfall these water-stands are illuminated, showing to advantage the rows of glasses and heaps of *ascuvillos* (sugar sponge;) chairs and benches are set near them, for the accommodation of thirsty loungers. These establishments, with their lamps and painted sign-boards, portraying fresh and abundant fountains, have a very peculiar and picturesque appearance."

† "It is a serious undertaking to invite a few female friends to repose, and slake their thirst, after a summer evening's stroll in the Prado. They are so pleasant, and chatty, and thirsty; and then one must fiddle with something in the shape of solids, cakes, biscuits, or what not. I have known military Lotharios of my acquaintance leave the half of their month's pay in the gripe of the waiters, for the pleasure of one snug evening. Still it must be said, that the ladies of Madrid are, by no means, to be compared in *franqueza* (off-handedness) to their sisters of Malaga, not one of whom has any objection, or would make the least difficulty, in

" When the bustle of the crowd is past, or reduced to a fitful whispering sound, in those more silent hours when the moon looks abroad, and the air partakes of her fresh and calming influence, a summer night in the Prado is not without its charms. The hum of the city is heard—but at intervals and afar off, like the breathing of the sea upon the shore. The birds of night send down a solemn greeting from the dismantled walls of the palace of the Retiro, as a voice from the depths of the past, telling of ruin, and desolation, and human vicissitude. The busy animated 'crush' of an hour ago becomes a vast solitude, animated only by the shrill voice of the *cigalas* keeping vigil in the trees, and lulled by the dash of the fountains. Perchance, some fond couple, or solitary being come there to commune with himself, are seen gliding along the moonlit alleys, taking counsel from the night."

despatching dozens upon dozens of the little round plump inviting Malaga figs, not to mention ices, *yemas*, (yolk of eggs conserved,) and other pastimes. An ounce, (three pounds five shillings,) is a mere trifle to put in one's pocket when gallantly inclined."

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## EXTEMPORE LINES,

### ON MISS CATHERINE DOUGLAS PUTTING ON A HELMET.

BY L. MACARTNEY MONTAGU.

When, through her bright redundant curls,
She draws her bands of orient pearls,
Kate looks the bride of love, and wiles
The hearts of men with Psyche's smiles.

And when the warrior's helm doth throw
Its shade around her brow of snow,
With classic features, finely bland,
The blue-eyed goddess seems to stand.

Thus beauty still will beauty be,
And charm in each variety ;
And Kitty, wounding hearts at will,
As Psyche, or Minerva, kill.

## AN APOLOGY FOR PHRENOLOGY.

THE brain hath been defined (*not* in Johnson) to be an autobiographical substance, writing its character on the skull in legible bumps and bosses. It seems strange that the professors of the curious art or science of accurately deciphering this hieroglyphic manuscript should have yet succeeded in making so few converts to their imposing doctrines. The vague physiognomical theories of Lavater found a vastly greater number of admirers: this, however, doubtless arose from the natural vanity of men: every conceited prig, to whom nature had assigned a scarlet button or squashed fig for a nose, fancied it a faultless model of the feature it was intended to represent. But when the startling doctrine is propounded, that the asinine qualifications of each person are in an inverse proportion to the size of his pate, the question becomes simply a matter of superficial inches, and the wight with an apple or a potatoe on his shoulders, cannot, by any stretch of imagination or vanity, convince the world or even himself of the magnitude of his cranium. This is the rock on which the science is doomed to split: for, as long as the phrenologists lay down any *definite* rule as to the essentials for intellectual power, so long will all those who fall without that rule continue to be the bitter opponents of their system. And who will not sympathize with the mortified feelings of those whose heads are *all back?* For my own part, I must confess that I scoffed largely at the science, until a phrenologist made me a zealous convert, by lauding my intellectual developement. I thereupon suddenly discovered how closely my powers and feelings corresponded with his flattering conjecture; and it accordingly occurred to me, to set forth a few arguments in defence of the system, and to propound some manifest advantages which must accrue therefrom to society at large: but whether my mode of handling the subject be necessarily calculated to remove the doubts of the wavering, may itself be a matter of no small doubt.

First: it is to be observed that, beyond all question, the skull, both in man and animals, is the seat of knowledge, and the brain the cushion. All things are shaped to their peculiar uses; and no other possible use can be devised for the brain—except, indeed, in the case of nightingales ortolans, and the like, whose *medulla* forms an epicurean dish. The argument, questionless, loses much of its force, if applied to certain savage nations: for, among the cannibals of the Caribbee islands, the human brain is esteemed a rarer delicacy than dromedary's hump. But, again, observe how in common language the existence of the mind is always impliedly referred to the head. A stupid person is distinguished by the terms, Block-head, Wooden-headed fellow, Num-skull, and similar complimentary appellations. Now this involuntary and instinctive reference is alone sufficient to establish the point. There is within us an untaught consciousness, independent of anatomical theory, and almost imperceptible to ourselves, of the proper function of each nerve, and muscle, and member: as in walking, sleeping, eating, drinking, we exert the proper muscles without any effort of attention. Doth the kitten of a month

old require instruction touching the use of its eyes, or its ears, or its mouth?

Moreover, it is most fitting that the throne of the mind should be on the most elevated point; that it should inhabit the loftiest story, and enjoy an extended view from its pair of attic windows over the scenes which take place in the world around.

"Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri."

In the next place—having thus proven that in every individual, all manner of ideas (except in truth where the individual possesseth not a single idea) flow from the brain—we proceed to show that this brain must necessarily be divided into sundry distinct compartments.

The proof rests on analogy. Consider the other parts of the body, how that each hath its separate function. Five senses there be, (not seven, as some do vainly imagine,) and five organs represent the same; the eye is not confounded with the ear, neither is the nose implanted in the mouth—which last would be an unclean arrangement. We may take a lesson from the lowliest insects: the ant's nest, and the bee's hive, are respectively parcelled out into numerous minute and well-ordered compartments. How inextricable would be the confusion, were the memory one vast store-house, or lumber-room, without division or arrangement: bales of heterogeneous thoughts piled upon each other, the rarest gems mingled with the most worthless pebbles, the massive engine-wheels of reasoning entangled with the clock-work of calculation, or the delicate machinery of fancy; the perception of colour darkened with one sombre monotonous hue, the organ of order in disorder, the faculty of music out of tune! For my own part, I verily believe, that the inestimable endowment of "clear-headedness," depends entirely on the well-marked division of each segment of the brain.

The only remaining important point to be demonstrated, is, perhaps, the most astounding of all, to wit, that *cæteris paribus*, the power of each faculty depends upon the absolute size of the corresponding portion of the brain. Nevertheless, this admits of conclusive proof. And here again we may refer to the evidence of common speech:—a *long-headed* fellow means a shrewd and knowing person, who can see as far into a stone wall as any of his neighbours, and requireth but a hint to know how many blue beans it takes to make up half a dozen; while a *thick skull* is a term of reproach, it being an axiom familiar to the vendors by false measure, that the thicker the vessel the smaller its *capacity*. Again, is it not a *universal* law of nature, that size is the measure of power? This holds true from the flea to the elephant—from the sprat to the whale. If you want a man to knock down your enemy with the greatest facility, you will seek some broad-shouldered Cribb; if you want a man to devour the greatest quantity of venison in a given time, you will apply to a pot-bellied alderman. The rule is equally applicable to the brains of quadrupeds as of bipeds. Toby, the learned pig, had a strikingly intellectual brow: parrots, in general, have the organ of language, and peacocks that of tune.

Having thus, by strict induction, established the main propositions

of phrenology, it is scarcely necessary to point out the manifest advantages resulting from a knowledge of the science. The phrenologist, on entering a mixed company, measures at a glance the intellectual calibre of each; none can deceive him—no shallow declaimer can involve the intensity of his ignorance in a mist of words, no empty-headed plagiary can conceal the nakedness of his own ideas beneath a stolen dress. For example, should you chance to meet any *leaden* penciller, you could not fail to perceive the bumps of absurdity sticking out from either side of his head, like unto the ears of an ass. In the choice of your friends or your cook, of a partner for life or a partner for a quadrille, phrenology will be your guide. If your bosom friend hath not the organ of conscientiousness eschew lending him a hundred pounds on personal security; if he hath the organ of combativeness, fight shy of him altogether.

Again, phrenology would be an invaluable guide in the conduct of education. The peculiar method adopted should vary with each brat, and be made to act as a file on refractory bumps, while correct young ideas might be taught to shoot correctly. Here, too, it is to be remarked, that there is a palpable error in the practice of converting the birch into an argument *à posteriori:* seeing that the seat of knowledge is the head, it is inconsistent that the seat of punishment should be the tail, which, besides, when the punishment is severe, becomes unfit to be a seat at all: accordingly it is to be inferred, that the most natural mode of correction is the giving a box on the ear, pulling the hair, or administering a whack on the head with a round ruler.

Several changes might advantageously be suggested in our laws. In order to check the vast influx of conceit and ignorance into the reformed Parliament, a certain standard of intellectual developement should be made as indispensable a qualification as landed estate. Again, our criminal code should be so modified as to have reference, not to crimes actually committed, but to the apparent propensity to commit crime. For, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, much trouble would be saved by hanging without the smallest ceremony all persons afflicted with certain dangerous bumps, without waiting for the result of the operation of the said bumps in the shape of murders, robberies, and the like.

Innumerable other important consequences occur to me, but lest my apology should itself require an apology, I will be wise in time. In conclusion, oh, most sapient reader, let me ask whether thou hast never given half-a-crown to a gipsy to foretell thy future fortunes? Is it less probable, then, that nature should have written thy character on thy forehead, than that fate should have scribbled her decrees in the palm of thy hand? Or, perchance, you have dived into the arcana of astrology, and read (or thought you read) the secrets of coming ages (and your own little adventures among others) in the paths traced out by the mighty bodies which traverse space? If so, you are like unto the sage who spent the morning in looking for his spectacles, the same spectacles being just then athwart his nose, and assisting him in the search.

T. C. M.

*Limbo, May* 21, 1836.

## LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. VI.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,*
*15th June,* 1836.

MY DEAR JOHN,

WHEN a man, who *thinks* as well as sees, suffers his eye to range over the various minor systems which compose the one great scheme of the universe—when he looks at the planetary system, and beholds worlds whirling amid worlds in countless numbers, with inconceivable rapidity, yet *infallible accuracy*—when he dwells on the vegetable system, and sees myriads of plants rising from the same earth, living in the same air, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, yet each differing from each, and affording year after year for ever, each its own peculiar product, with *unerring precision*—the vine the grape, the oak the acorn, the brier the rose, the foxglove its bells of blue, the holly its berries of red—when, with more inquisitive glance, he penetrates the thicker veil with which nature has curtained the chemical world, and watches the several phenomena resulting from chemical operations, combustion, putrefaction, vegetable fermentation, &c. and observes the *unfailing exactitude* with which all these render obedient homage to the one great law of affinity—then, when he looks inward and contemplates his *own system*—beautiful as the most beautiful and not less worthy of Omnipotent Wisdom than the most worthy—when he looks inward, I say, and beholds all there confusion and imperfection—when he perceives that, of all the systems of nature, that of *man alone* is liable to derangement, and is the only one of all which ever fails of fulfilling its intention—when he sees that while all others always go right, his own goes almost always wrong—when, moreover, he reflects that his own system is the work of the same Almighty hands which fashioned and gave being to all the others—when the eye remarks all this, the mind cannot but be irresistibly struck with the anomaly, and the tongue cannot but exclaim, "Why is this so?" How is it that the system of man—of man, the most perfect of all God's creations—how comes it that the system of man is for ever going wrong, while all around him goes right? The natural average of human life, we are told on high authority, is "three-score years and ten." How happens it, then, that "about one-fourth of the children that are born die within the first eleven months of life; one-third within twenty-three months, and one-half before they reach their eighth year? Two-thirds of mankind die before the thirty-ninth year, and three-fourths before the fifty-first: so that, as Buffon observes, of nine children that are born only one arrives at the age of seventy-three; of thirty only one lives to the age of eighty; while out of two hundred and ninety-one, *one*

[1] Continued from p. 211.

*only* lives to the age of ninety; and, in the last place, out of eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-six, only one drags on a languid existence to the age of a hundred years. The mean term of life is, according to the same author, eight years in a new-born child. As the child grows older his existence becomes more secure, and after the first year he may reasonably be expected to live to the age of thirty-three. Life becomes gradually firmer up to the age of seven, when the child, after going through the dangers of dentition, will probably live forty-two years and three months. After this period, the sum of probabilities, which had gradually increased, undergoes a progressive decrease; so that a child of fourteen cannot expect to live beyond thirty-seven years and five months; a man of thirty, twenty-eight years more; and, in the last place, a man of eighty-four, one year only. Such is the result of observation, and of calculations on the different degrees of probability of human life, by Halley, Graunt, Kersboom, Wargentin, Simson, Deparcieux, Dupré de St. Maur, Buffon, d'Alembert, Barthez, and M. Mourgues."—*De Lys' Richerand.* How is it that of the whole number of children, so few, so very few, live long enough to fulfil the final cause of human existence?

Now if, in contemplating the system of man in connexion with the other systems of nature, we be able to discover any *one very striking difference*, wherein his system differs from all others, may we not fairly presume that this difference between them is the cause of the remarkable and otherwise unaccountable anomaly above mentioned?

We need not look far, nor ponder long, in order to discover the difference which distinguishes the system of man from that of all others —and it is indeed a momentous one. It is this: that while all the other systems of the universe are sustained and governed by *immutable laws*, as gravitation, chemical affinity, instinct, &c. &c. the system of man depends solely for support upon a law, the perfect or imperfect fulfilment of which has been left to the capricious will of man himself—I mean the law of nutrication; observe, I say, *nutrication*, or that law in obedience to which we *supply the mouth with food;* and not *nutrition*, which signifies the conversion of that food into blood. Nutrication, in fact, means simply the act or manner of feeding ourselves.

While all other systems, therefore, are sustained by laws which are *immutable*, that by which the system of man is supported is entirely subjected to the variable governance of human caprice. But there is still another marked difference wherein the system of human life is distinguished from that of all others. To every system nature has allotted a *determinate position;* and she has established a fixed relation between each system and all the other systems by which each is surrounded; and from their allotted position *none* can swerve—their own allotted relation to surrounding objects *none* can disturb—*none* except man. But man, as I hope to prove to you hereafter, has removed himself from his natural position—has broken down his natural relation to the external world, and so brought himself within the sphere of the operation of causes injurious to his well-being, which could not otherwise have reached him.

All planetary phenomena, therefore, as well as those of brute life,

of chemistry, of vegetable life, mechanics, and physics in general, owe their infallibility to the infallibility of the laws which sustain them; and can it be doubted that the fallibility which distinguishes the system of man from all others, has its origin in the fallibility of the laws on which it depends for support? I mean those laws which relate to its nutrication, and relative position in the universe. If the immutable law of gravitation which, as it were, *bridles* the planets, guiding and restraining each in its proper path, had depended for its energy and constancy upon the caprice of men, is it not easily conceivable—nay, is it not absolutely certain—that the system of the planets would have been liable to as many disorders as is the humano-animal system? Should we not speedily have had a repetition of those scenes in which the North Pole glowed with summer heat,

> "Quæque polo posita est glaciali proxima serpens,
> Frigore pigra priùs, nec formidabilis ulli,
> Incaluit, sensitque novas fervoribus iras?"

—when the lazy Boötes ran sweating away with his wagon,—and the Moon could not but express her astonishment on seeing her brother's curricle and four in the very act of trespassing on her own highway?—should we not have had hot fits and cold fits?—fevers and agues?—disordered functions and diminished secretion? Would not the Moon occasionally have forgotten her function of reflection, and the Sun his secretion of light?

By a parity of *converse* reasoning, had the system of man been made to rely for its sustentation on some immutable law—like that of gravitation—had the nutrication of the body been effected by some invariable law over which man possessed no control—had he himself nothing to do with the feeding his body, and had he possessed no power to alter his allotted position and relation in the universe—in a word, were we fed by chemical affinity, and held in our places by attraction of gravitation—then the actions which constitute the life and the health of the human machine would have been as unerringly executed as the revolutions which constitute the health and the life of the planetary scheme. A well-constructed watch, if properly defended from external injury, will indicate the hours of the day as infallibly as the moon will revolve in her orbit in her given month; so also, under like circumstances, would those movements and revolutions of the fluids which constitute the life of the human machine be executed with the same unfailing precision, provided only that the law of nutrication be *properly* fulfilled, and its proper position among the other systems of the universe duly observed. All things were created with a view to the fulfilment of a final cause, and it is insulting to the Creator to suppose that he has attempted to attain to a final cause by means which are inefficient to its accomplishment. But it may be denied that other systems are infallible. It may be said that there are occasionally certain signs observable in the heavens which seem to indicate that then and there a world has gone to pieces. Be it so. But who shall say that it has gone to pieces before it had fulfilled its final cause?—before it had existed its appointed term? I am not

attempting to prove that man is not "born to die"—I am only endeavouring to show that he was not by nature subjected to disease and *premature* death. I claim for the system of man no more than is readily conceded to other systems. I claim for him only the same degree of perfection, the same importance, the same consistency, which are so clearly observable in all the other works of the Almighty Architect of the universe. I cannot believe that it formed a part of the original scheme that *one half* of mankind should die before they have attained the age of eight years—that is, before they have lived long enough to fulfil any one conceivable intention—in fact, before they are themselves fully formed.

If any man die while any one of his organs is unimpaired, he dies *prematurely*, and before he has fulfilled the final cause of his existence. For nature is an economist in everything; she creates nothing in vain: she never falls short, nor does she ever exceed the object in view; she husbands her resources, and never wastes her energies. But to create an eye or an ear with the power of seeing or hearing for eighty years, and to attach that eye or that ear to a body capable of existing only sixty years, would be an obvious waste—a most unnecessary expenditure of energy. This would be like loading a blunderbuss to shoot a sparrow. What would you say to that architect who should employ fifty men for fifty days in erecting a column of stone to support a bird-cage or a pepper-box? The *means*, my dear John, which nature employs are always *exactly proportioned to the end* —not an atom too little, not an atom too much.

If this reasoning be not admitted, then we are driven to the conclusion, that the human system contains within itself, as part of its primitive design, the principles of disease and premature death. But that SOME individuals do escape both these—both disease and premature death—the evidence of our senses daily assures us. In these individuals, therefore, either these principles do not exist, or they exist to no purpose. These principles, therefore can only form a *part* of the primitive design of *some* individual systems, or if they do form a part of the original scheme of *all*, they are clearly only *effective* in some. But surely to suppose this, is to make such a hap-hazard affair of human life, is to convert this "harp of a thousand strings" into such an ill-contrived and discordant kettle-drum, is to reduce it to a thing of such mere contingency, that no one but the infidel proselyte to the doctrines of blind chance could reconcile it either to his reason or his conscience to believe it.

But that disease and premature death formed no part of the original design of man is superabundantly proved by the innumerable contrivances which nature has instituted in every part of the machine to repel them, and the mighty efforts which she makes, under disease, to escape them.

My inference, then, is this; that the vital actions constitute a system of nature, which is like her other systems, perfect in itself: that as the planetary system depends for its health (that is, the due performance of its functions) on the law of gravitation, so the health of the vital actions depends on the law of nutrication; and that as the planetary system is incapable of derangement while the law of gravitation

remains unchanged, so neither is the system of man, (so long as the due relation between himself and other systems is presumed,) capable of disorder otherwise than by an infraction of the law of nutrication. Beyond the mere fulfilment of this law, we possess no more control over the motions constituting health than we do over those of the heavenly bodies; everything else, after the fulfilment of this law, is effected by the inherent powers of the nutritive system itself: and to suppose that, while all other systems are fulfilled *par nécessité*, the system of human nutrition is fulfilled *par hasard*, and may or may not answer its intention, just as it may happen, is to suppose that which is in direct opposition to the evidence of our senses as it regards the uniformity, simplicity, and perfection of nature, and is, therefore, directly opposed to right reason and common sense.

The instance of hereditary diseases doth not invalidate this argument: because, although the inherited disease be not contracted by any error of diet in the inheritor, yet I contend it must have been originally derived from such a source to the parent who first became the subject of it. For instance, a man from high and gross feeding contracts gout: his sons, however temperate, may nevertheless be afflicted with gout by inheritance; that is, supposing gout to be an hereditary disease, as some assert. Here, you see, notwithstanding the temperance of the son, his gout was evidently the result of error in diet, not, indeed, on his own part, but on the part of his parent. And it must be remembered, that I am speaking, not of individual disease, but of disease in general.

A child may be born with some imperfection in one of the valves of the heart: but this imperfection is the result of some imperfection in the action of those vessels whose office it was to form this valve; and this second imperfection could only be derived from some imperfection in the health of the parent, induced by the causes in question. Death from dentition, again, is the result of a morbid irritability produced partly by the imperfect health of the parent, and partly by the operation on the infant of the same causes which enfeebled the health of its parents, viz. unnatural diet and unnatural habits.

I need not surely stop to say that we have nothing to do here with diseases resulting from external accident, and amongst these I number those which depend on the accident of situation, climate, &c., such as the cretinism of the alpine valleys, chimney-sweeper's cancer, yellow fever, dysentery, ague, &c. &c.

You will please to observe, that when I said all diseases have their origin in a breach of the law of nutrication, that is, by error in diet, I also added the proviso, *that the natural relation between his own and the other systems of the universe be duly preserved.* But the non-observance of this natural relation and position is a most fruitful source of disease—disease arising from moral causes—causes which could not have existed, and did not exist, until the morbid refinement consequent upon double-distilled civilisation had forcibly wrested the system of man from its primitive position in the general scheme.

What I wish, therefore, to prove, and what I hope I have proved is, that disease and premature death formed no part of the original design of man, and that for the long and lugubrious list of disorders

to which we are subject, with the exception of a few accidentals, we are indebted solely to ourselves. It was my wish to prove that this not only is so, but that it is *impossible* to question it without a solecism in philosophy, without flying in the face of all analogy, without insulting the excellence of nature.

It seems to me that there is but one legitimate cause of death, and that is *old age;* and here, as ever, nature shows herself a kind and watchful mother. There is nothing painful in death from old age: it makes its advance with a gradual and stealthy step which is scarcely noted, and the old man drops into the tomb almost insensibly, conscious, indeed, that it cannot be far distant, but still ignorant of the moment when it opens to receive him. By imperceptible degrees the living principle becomes more and more feeble, the heart's pulsations less and less frequent, the fluids circulated with less and less rapidity, a change is wrought in their quality, they perform their several offices imperfectly, the food is slowly assimilated, we have bone where we ought to find cartilage, we have flaccidity where we ought to find firmness and tension, bones which before were separated now become consolidated, the fluids lubricating the joints are deficient, the ligaments regulating their extent of motion are indurated. Thus, the old man moves with difficulty, and his respiration is hurried and unequal on very slight exertion; the least essential parts of the body forsake him first: his hair becomes white and falls off, the teeth loose and drop out; his vision becomes impaired, his hearing imperfect, his judgment inaccurate, his temper querulous; a little while, and he becomes perfectly helpless; his brain loses its sensibility, his memory deserts him, already the twilight of death is around him, and shortly the night of the grave closes over him, and he is no more seen. Lastly, comes Oblivion, with her sponge, and wipes his name off the slate of human recollection, and the bustling hero of this little drama is heard or thought of no longer.

I lay this down as a fundamental truth, that we bring disease upon ourselves by using an *unnatural* diet and by exercising *unnatural* habits of life; and that the only way to preserve vigorous health and strength of mind and body, is to accommodate our habits to their natural state, AS NEARLY AS THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM WILL PERMIT US; and wherever a particular natural habit cannot be adopted because it would not be tolerated in society, to substitute some other for it, having as near a resemblance to it as conventual usage will allow: and this, indeed, is but an extension of the principle by which a judicious physician is actuated when he orders an infant which cannot be applied to its mother's breast, and where a wet-nurse cannot be obtained, to be nourished by ass's milk or goat's milk, because the milk of these animals is supposed to have *a nearer resemblance to the natural food of the infant,* viz. its mother's milk, than any other kind of nutriment. Would it not be deemed preposterous to feed an infant three days old on rump steaks and ale? Certainly:—and why? Simply because beef and ale are not the *natural* food of infants. And why, in the name of common sense, is it not to be thought equally preposterous to feed "children of a larger growth,"—that is, men and women—on food which is *not natural* to them?

If *unnatural* food will injure the health of men and women only thirty *days* old, what is to prevent it injuring them when thirty *years* old. They are still the *same beings*—a little stronger, certainly—and therefore the injury will not be quite so sudden—but they are still the same beings, and therefore manifestly susceptible of injury from the same causes—the difference only being in degree. What I mean is this. A single glass of wine will injure an infant a month old very considerably. It will injure a man thirty years old but very slightly—the injury will be so slight as to be scarcely felt, perhaps not at all. But if he take a bottle instead of a glass of wine, then he will receive as much injury from his bottle, as an infant would receive from a single glass. And this principle, I conceive, is equally applicable to the habits of man. Unnatural habits will injure him for the very same reason that unnatural food will do so—viz., because they are unnatural.

It being conceded, then—and I think I have proved that it cannot be denied with any show of reason—that unnatural habits and unnatural diet are the only sources, with a few exceptions, of disease, the only thing to be decided is the question, "what are the habits and diet *natural* to man?" In endeavouring to answer this question, I shall confine myself to "*habits*" only, since his diet must necessarily depend in a very great measure on his habits. I shall speak of diet hereafter.

Now, my dear John, look through the universe—not at this or that particular part of it—but look everywhere—search minutely through all the kingdoms of nature—explore the natural world—examine curiously the artificial world—whatever you behold, whether animate or inanimate, moving or at rest, large or small, natural or artificial, you will find it has been placed in a sphere of its own, and surrounded by circumstances peculiar to itself, from which sphere and circumstances it cannot be removed without detriment to the integrity of its natural perfection. In fact, all things—the very stocks and stones—have "habits" proper to themselves, and you cannot compel them into *new* habits without injury to their primitive perfect condition. Every thing has its determinate position, and fixed relation to all *other things*. It is this which constitutes that wonderful harmony which so astonishes and delights those who love to contemplate the works of nature. If, indeed, it were not so, nothing but the most inextricable confusion must necessarily be the immediate result.

Every thing then has its appropriate sphere of existence—its appropriate habits—and you cannot compel it *out of its sphere* without injury to the perfection of its being. I know I may be asked if the marble chiselled into the statue, be not an improvement upon the rugged mass? I answer, no—decidedly not. The *marble* is not improved—it has been made to contribute to the enjoyment of man, it is true—but this is improving the condition of *man*, not the condition of the *marble*. For, in the first place, the marble itself is unchanged except in figure, and it has been wrested from the security of concealment in its quarry, and exposed to injuries and accidents from which it would otherwise have been exempt—its very existence as marble has been rendered precarious: a barrel of vinegar may be spilled

upon it, and so its very nature be changed, and its identity destroyed. In the next place, looking upon the whole quarry as *one object*, of which the statue forms only a small part, and supposing (as who shall dare to question it?) that the entire quarry was intended by nature to answer some useful purpose in the general scheme, I ask, has not the capacity of the entire quarry to fulfil its allotted purpose, been diminished by the forcible abstraction of a part of it? If you fell a mahogany tree, in order that it may be cut up into veneers for billiard tables, and side-boards, and ships' cabins, I ask you again, have you committed no injury upon that tree? Have you abstracted nothing from the beauty of that scene in which that tree made a prominent object? Have you in no way interfered with the purposes for which that tree had its being? Or will you choose rather to suppose that nature planted mahogany trees for the express purpose of veneering side-boards, and ships' cabins? If so, how is it they do not grow wherever side-boards and billiard-tables are used? Why have they been planted where side-boards and billiard-tables are, or were till lately, unknown? And did they answer no intention—did they effect no useful object before these same side-boards and billiard-tables were invented? Oh! but says man,

> "All things were made for my use—
> 'And man for mine,' replies a pampered goose."

The mischief is this. We have such a consummate opinion of our magnificent SELVES, that whatever we find capable of being made to contribute to our own enjoyments, we instantly conclude, with a pompous vanity not a whit less ridiculous than that of the frog in the fable, who wanted to puff himself up to the size of an ox, was made and sent expressly for our own behoof.

With what a proud sense of superiority do we look down upon the inferior animals—yet how slight an accident is sufficient to degrade the most towering genius beneath the level of the most inferior! A stone in his path trips up his heels, or a little tumor forms upon his brain, or a few ounces of water collects between its membranes or in its ventricles, and behold! the vaunted philosopher—the lord of the creation—has suddenly become a drivelling idiot. "Toi qui dans ta folie prends arrogamment le titre du roi de la nature—toi qui mesures et la terre et les cieux—toi pour qui ta vanité s'imagine que le tout a été fait, parceque tu es intelligent, il ne faut qu'un léger accident, qu'un atome déplacé, pour te dégrader, pour te ravir cette intelligence dont tu parois si fier!"

But let us admit, for an instant, that all this were so—that nature planted mahogany trees on purpose to veneer Crockford's rouge et noir tables: this detracts not an iota from the truth of what I have asserted; because it must still be admitted on every hand, that the tree, as a tree, "has had foul wrong." No one can deny that a tree which has been cut *down* and cut *up* piecemeal, has suffered injury *as a tree!* has had the integrity of its perfection, as a tree, destroyed! My assertion, therefore, is still sound; that you cannot withdraw any object from its natural sphere, without detriment to that object.

Here is a limestone—it would have remained perfect limestone probably for ever, had it been left in its natural position, the quarry. But I have withdrawn it from its natural sphere—I have broken its natural relation to surrounding objects—I have exposed it to a shower of rain—and behold! it becomes burning hot, and crumbles into dust.

Here is a "winking Mary-bud"—had I left it in the field whence I abstracted it, it would have gone on winking as prettily as any Mary-bud of them all—but I have planted it in tallow, and watered it with ink, (never mind the bull,) and behold, it is dead! Poor flower! How piteously thou look'st—dropping ink instead of dew upon thy greasy bed! I would not serve another so to enlighten the darkness of fifty brother Johns!

Here is a watch. I wear it in my fob—I place it beneath my pillow, or in my bed-room watch pocket, and it never fails to indicate the time. But if I attach it to a mill-sail, or conceal it in an oven, or bury it in an iceberg, what sort of time will it keep?"

Go visit the Zoological Gardens—observe the extreme care which is found necessary in order to keep the animals in health. And in what does this care consist? Manifestly in approximating their present circumstances *as nearly as possible* to the circumstances in which nature intended them to live. Yet with all their care and extreme attention, there are still animals which they have not yet been able to preserve alive—much less in health. You cannot withdraw the leopard from his jungle and his tropical climate, and turn him adrift on the plains of Siberia with impunity to himself; nor will the cedars of Lebanon flourish on the barren hills of the frozen north.

As it is with habits, so with food. All animals cannot subsist upon the same food indifferently, nor all vegetables upon the same soil. A dog will not thrive on oats, nor a horse on beef; nor a cat on green gooseberries. Nay, all animals, even of the same species, will not thrive equally well on the same food. There is a race of horses, somewhere I think in Tartary, who are fed wholly on camel's milk. If it be attempted to make them subsist on corn, they pine, sicken, and die.

Seeing, then, that every other system in the universe has its appropriate sphere of existence—its appropriate habitudes—it seems only in accordance with strict analogy to suppose that man also has a sphere of existence and certain habitudes peculiar to himself. What these are will form the subject of my next letter.

A multiplicity of engagements has had the effect of curtailing the "fair proportions" of this letter; but if the meal be scanty, it is satisfactory to know that it will be, on that very account, the more easily digestible.

I am, my dear John,

Yours very truly,

E. Johnson.

## MA REPUBLIQUE.

FROM BERANGER.

J'ai pris gout à la république
Depuis que j'ai vu tant de rois,
Je m'en fais une, et je m'applique
A lui donner de bonnes lois.
On n'y commerce que pour boire
On n'y juge qu' avec gaîté,
Ma table est tout son territoire,
Sa device est la liberté.

Amis, prenons tous notre verre
Le sénat s'assemble aujourd'hui,
D'abord, par un arrêt sévère
A jamais proscrivons l'ennui :
Quoi ! proscrire ? ah ! ce mot doit être
Inconnu dans notre cité
Chez nous l'ennui ne pourra naître
Le plaisir suit la liberté.

Du luxe dont elle est blessée,
La joie ici défend l'abus,
Point d'entraves à la pensée
Par ordonnance de Bacchus.
A son gré que chacun professe
Le culte de sa déité ;
Qu'on puisse aller même à la messe
Ainsi le veut la liberté.

La noblesse est trop abusive
Ne parlons point de nos aieux
Point de titre, même au convive
Qui rit le plus, ou boit le mieux ;
Et si quelqu'un, d'humeur traîtresse
Aspirait à la royauté
Plongeons ce César dans l'ivresse
Nous sauverons la liberté.

Trinquons à notre république
Pour voir son destin affermi
Mais ce peuple si pacifique
Déjà redoute un ennemi :
C'est Lisette qui nous rappelle
Sous les lois de la volupté
Elle veut regner, elle est belle,
C'en est fait de la liberté.

## MY REPUBLIC.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

All kings and kingly power I hate,
  Since radical I've grown,
I've conjured up a little state,
  And call it all my own:
To wine our commerce is confined,
  We judge with gaiety
This state my table is, and mind,
  My motto's liberty.

Then let us each a bumper fill,
  Our senate meets to-day—
Now drink, for 'tis your chairman's will
  To drive dull care away.
"Drive care away!" why name it thus?
  Each citizen must see,
That care can never dwell with us,
  Mirth follows liberty.

No luxuries we here permit,
  But plain and homely fare,
With wine that sparkles like our wit,
  And thoughts as free as air:
Freedom's the word, then let it pass,
  Where all alike are free,
Our members e'en may go to mass,
  So wills it liberty.

Nobles we hate, and such our whim
  No ancestry we boast,
And grudge a title even to him
  Who laughs and drinks the most;
Should one, in public spirit sunk,
  Aspire to royalty,
Why then we make this Cæsar drunk,
  And save our liberty.

Let each his goblet fill, and drink
  The welfare of the state;
But stay, a foe is near; I think
  The danger may be great:
Yes, too well-founded our alarms,
  For Lisette comes, and she
Will rule us with a woman's charms,
  So, farewell liberty.

JOHN WARING.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LAYCOCK ABBEY.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The country, remote from London, is the only place for rightly enjoying Christmas; and, in Wiltshire, they keep up the sacred season in due form, omitting none of the olden usages observed by our merry ancestors. The dressing up of the hall with its branches of rosemary, holly, and bay; the mystic misletoe, so dear to lovers; the visit of the wassailers, (or as they are vulgarly and somewhat ludicrously termed, the way-sailors,) who come with their large bowl, dressed up with ribbons, to be filled with spiced ale, and to claim their annual tribute; the village ringers, with miniature bells, making their merry peal resound through the house; and the Christmas brand, (or "yule log," as the Scotch call it,) were all things of interest in those happy days, ere death had broken in upon the home circle, and darkened the Christmas hearth with the shadows of old remembrances.

It was in the dreary month of December, a short time before I quitted Wiltshire, that Colonel Lindsay, (brother of Lord Balcarras,) and Sir Clement Briggs, accompanied my brother, to spend the approaching Christmas with us. In winter, and especially at that festive season, a pleasant guest makes a most desirable addition to a fire-side party in the country: and, in a large family mansion like ours, situated a mile from any other habitation, and completely shut in by woods and water, the sound of the carriage-wheels, giving tidings of the approach of an expected visitor, was then hailed with as much pleasure as the first notes of the nightingale.

There could not be two more opposite characters than those of the colonel and the baronet; and yet both were highly agreeable men. The colonel was the brave, hardy soldier, moulded on the perfect gentleman; plain and unpretending in manners as in speech, with a little touch of quiet drollery showing itself occasionally. He had been in various parts of the world, and abounded in anecdote; but his anecdotes were introduced happily, and naturally, and without any of the trickery of your regular story-teller, who seems to lie always on the watch for an opportunity of *showing off*. Sir Clement had more of the courtier than the soldier in his manners. He had all the little courtesies and attentions to women, whether old or young, that belonged to the olden times; yet withal so spontaneous and unaffected, without either the conceit of the modern, or the stiff formality of the ancient, beau, that it was evident nature had more to do with the fashioning of his manners than art. He too had been a great traveller, and had served in the army. He had a little spice of the sentimental in his character; and, though a brave soldier, no inconsi-

[1] Continued from vol. xv. p. 28.

derable share of superstition; both partly, no doubt, the result of a life marked by strange and romantic vicissitudes.

Sir Clement was a widower, but the colonel's lady was living. He married the daughter of Lord North, the very Lady Charlotte Lindsey who was the friend and attendant of the late unfortunate Queen Caroline. Colonel Lindsey had a tall, muscular figure, and looked a true descendant of the bold, hardy veteran, who, in the days of Scotland's troubles, struck terror to the hearts of her enemies; and (though with less of gallantry) blanched the roses on the cheeks of the lovely but misguided Mary Stuart, when, in the heat of his zeal, he left the print of his gauntletted fingers upon her delicate arm. Sir Clement was a little man, of a strongly moulded frame, and with a countenance, which, though bland and smiling, was not unlike (at least in point of expression) to that of our great tragedian, Kean, in some of his more energetic characters.

In the mornings the gentlemen frequently engaged in the amusement of shooting, and with their dogs and guns rambled through the fields and woods, a bright winter sun occasionally lighting up the leafless trees to a summer glow, and tinging with its golden light the snow that had spread its winding-sheet over the still bosom of reposing nature. "Snow," as the poet sings, "is beautiful in its season;" and I never remember to have seen it to more advantage, than when covering the landscape of my early home. The ground at the back of the house slopes down, with a gentle declivity, for a considerable way, and then lies level with the Avon, that winds along its margin. Embosomed in the majestic woods that covered the banks of that beautiful and classic stream to the water's edge, stood, what the poet calls "a little, lowly hermitage," covered with the most luxuriant ivy. It had been constructed out of one of the native oaks; and its interior appropriately conveyed the idea of a spot, in which one might suppose some holy saint or simple beadsman to have domiciled. A rude bench of oak; a table of the same lasting material, which bore the records of past generations, who had carved their names upon it; a shelf (and such a one as might justify the belief that the hermit had himself constructed it) placed beside the little gothic window, with some maple cups and platters; a broken hour-glass, and a skull, formed the sole furniture and adornment of the place.

As far as this hermitage my brother's wife and I sometimes accompanied the sportsmen, and rested while they extended their researches in quest of game. Poor Margaret! there I can still picture her in my mind's eye, as she sate in those early days, now long gone by. She was then very young, and extremely beautiful: so beautiful, that I never heard a single dissenting voice, unless perhaps amongst a very few of the FEMALE part of our acquaintance; and female judgment, in such cases, is not altogether free from suspicion, and, therefore, not of much value. Her complexion was exquisitely fine, the rich rose of a cheek, which glowed with youth and health, being admirably relieved by the surrounding fairness. All her features were beautiful; and the innocent yet arch expression of her face, with a profusion of black glossy ringlets clustering round it, made altogether a picture, which might well have formed a study for a

perfect Hebe. Alas! and where is she now? Faded and changed, as all beauty must fade and change. She has past away to the grave; past, before a tress of her rich hair, or the tint of her bright cheek, had given place to the inroads of time and decay. While yet her children (of whom she looked to be but the elder sister) were gazing on her cheek of bloom, she suddenly withered, like a flower struck by lightning, and died, before affection had so much as dreamed of death. I have been involuntarily led thus to pay a passing tribute to the memory of that companion of my early days; but I must cease. I will, therefore, content myself with adding, in the simple language of simple, and therefore better times;—"Earth never held the ashes of a more chaste matron, or more loyal wife," than those of Margaret Montagu.

Those were pleasant evenings, when, after a morning's ramble through the snow, my brother and his friends sate round the hearth with us, and the merry laugh and the light song drowned the sounds of the winter winds. Sir Clement Briggs had many strange legends, and ghost stories, pertaining to his own romantic Wales, that not a little charmed my young fancy, then rapt in delightful wonder, and ready to believe the wildest fiction. But no tale of romance could perhaps exceed the real history of Sir Clement's own life, of which I may some day give a few of the leading particulars, in a separate form. Colonel Lindsay, too, had passed through a variety of strange adventures, and had many "hair-breadth 'scapes." He was one of the few who survived their imprisonment in the black-hole of Calcutta; and his description of it (for he was master of a good style, and happy in laying events, as in a map, before his auditors) was, beyond measure, affecting and horrible. Thrown wounded amongst a promiscuous multitude—some dead, some dying, and others, with the desperation of still unsubdued energy, battling with suffocation, and fighting their way over the dead bodies of their companions, to reach that narrow grating, to which hope clung as the only means of life—the scene before the colonel's eyes was indeed so terrible, that (as he said) death wore there a more ghastly form than on the field of battle. Nothing could be stronger than the manner in which he portrayed his own feelings of disappointment, nay, almost of despair, when, after crawling from the extreme verge of this earthly infernæ, he gained the narrow aperture, and inhaled only the stifling air of the sultry East. How different from the invigorating breezes of his native Scotland!

There was nothing in the slightest degree egotistical, or like vain boasting, in the colonel, though few military men had seen so much of real service, or bore so many honourable proofs that he had not disgraced his proud name. He had been severely wounded in different engagements, of which he retained upon his person the lasting memorials. He had a large scar on his breast, the relic of a deep sabre wound, which had barely avoided the lungs; he had another on his brow, and a severe one across the hand. I remember he told us an anecdote, that showed his presence of mind, which was a remarkable feature in his character. Putting on his boot one day, when in India, he found a snake had coiled itself up at the

bottom. To withdraw his foot would have been to challenge an attack from the deadly reptile. He therefore forced it down, and stamping with great violence, succeeded in crushing the creature to death.

It was to an ancestor of Colonel Lindsay that the spirit of the gallant Viscount Dundee is said to have appeared; and however the belief in such appearances is daily losing ground, it may, at least, be said, that there are some striking circumstances connected with this story which give it the stamp of truth. The matter has been differently narrated, though the following is, I believe, the most correct account.

"At the time Viscount Dundee fell, in the battle of Killicranky, his friend, the Lord Balcarras, was a prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, upon a strong suspicion of attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The captive earl was in bed when a hand drew aside the curtain, and the figure of his friend was revealed to him armed as for battle. The spectre gazed long and mournfully on Lord Balcarras, then passing to the other end of the chamber, leaned for some time on the mantel-piece, and then slowly trod its way out at the door. The earl, never for a moment supposing that he was looking at an apparition, called out to Dundee, "Stop;" but the figure heeded him not. Immediately afterwards the news was conveyed to his lordship of the battle, and that the gallant Dundee was slain; or, as the song says, that

'Low lay the bonnet of bonny Dundee.'"

This relation calls to my mind another story, as fully authenticated and of more recent occurrence. Lord Chedworth (I mean the father of the late lord) had living with him the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, one of my mother's most intimate friends, and whom I have often heard relate the circumstance. Lord Chedworth was a good man, and anxious to do his duty as a Christian; but, unfortunately, he had some doubts as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman, one whom he had known from his boyhood, and who was, like himself, one of those unbelieving mortals that must have ocular demonstration for everything. They often met, and often too renewed the subject so interesting to both; but neither could help the other to that happy conviction honestly (I believe) wished by each. One morning Miss Wright observed, on her uncle's joining her at the breakfast table, a considerable degree of thought and trouble displayed on his countenance. He ate little, and was unusually silent. At last he said, "Molly," (for thus he familiarly called her,) I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend, B———" (I forget the name) "came to me."

"How!" said Miss Wright, "did he come after I went to bed?"

"His spirit did," said Lord Chedworth, solemnly.

"Oh, my dear uncle! how could the spirit of a living man appear?" said she, smiling.

"He is dead, beyond doubt," replied his lordship: "listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bed-room

many minutes, when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him; but he answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I come to tell you, there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'"

"Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream:" but while Miss Wright was yet speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately afterwards delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. Whatever construction the reader may be disposed to put upon this narrative, it is not unimportant to add, that the effect upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent. All his doubts were at once removed, and for ever.

In the summer of 1811, I was residing with my family at a sweet, secluded spot on the borders of Gloucestershire. One of those domestic bereavements which, in breaking a golden link in the chain of our existence, narrows the circle of home, and throws a dark shadow over the hearth and the board, had led my mother to seek solace for a season in this peaceful retirement. Here I occasionally sought to dissipate my own melancholy reflections in rambling amongst the wild scenery that formed the immediate neighbourhood of our temporary abode. At the bottom of the little lawn that fronted our dwelling was a gate that led into a pleasant embowered lane, through which, after passing some corn-fields, you entered upon a tract of country of a wild and picturesque character. Climbing the Trewberry range of hills, the pure breeze came wafted over a wide extent of open and uncultivated country. Nothing could be more solitary; nothing more completely shut out from the haunts of the gay and the busy. Nature seemed struggling with desolation; and the fertile valley and silver waters of the Severn that lay at the base of these lonely hills, were the only bright features in the surrounding landscape. Under the brow of the declivity the ruins of an old iron foundry had covered the ground, while here and there the pale green herbage shot up its long weak stalks from amongst the red cinders, that looked like the accumulation of some volcanic eruption. Seldom did the voice of a human being break upon the ear, or the figure of one divert the wandering eye, except at intervals the rude whistle of the plough-boy, or the still more rude aspect of those black and brawny sons of toil, the colliers, as they went or returned to and from their hard and hazardous vocation. The summer was now drawing rapidly to a close; and an unusually fine summer we had had. Time, and seclusion amid the scenes of nature, had jointly exerted their healing influence, and blunted in some measure the sharp edge of our grief. One beautiful evening, in the month of August, my mother accompanied me in a ramble in the direction I have been describing. The fields were waving with their golden honours, and some were already falling under the joyful hands of the reapers. The green hedges were blithe with the songs of the later birds, and there was a freshness in the breeze that revived the heart as it drew in, through the eyes, that wide expanse of landscape, and with it the boundless feeling of unrestrained liberty. After descending the hills by a winding and somewhat rugged path,

we pursued our way along the banks of the Severn, till a sudden turning to the right brought us in sight of a miserable-looking habitation. My mother being much fatigued with her walk, and no other resting-place presenting itself, we approached the dilapidated door, which stood partly open, and knocked: a voice said, "Come in:" and now what a sight presented itself!

At the feet of a young girl, about seventeen, evidently in the last stage of a consumption, and lovely even in decay, knelt the mother of this miserable family. She was ministering to her sick child, who sate in an old elbow-chair, supported by pillows, her dark eye resting with looks of love upon her kneeling parent, whose tears fell upon the little marble-looking foot, to which she was endeavouring to impart that warmth which the receding powers of nature could no longer supply. At a little distance stood a young woman, apparently about twenty, and of a melancholy dejected countenance, while seated on a stool, near a broken window, patched with paper to keep the wind out, sate a beautiful girl, over whose young head not more than thirteen springs could have shed their blossoms.

On seeing us, Mrs. A——— arose, and accosted us with the air and language of a well-bred gentlewoman. Her face, though faded and deeply marked with the lines of care and want, bore still the legible impress of former beauty; and her poor emaciated figure, wrapt in an old black velvet pelisse, the relic of better times, was delicate and interesting. My mother apologised for our intrusion on the plea of her fatigue; when Mrs. A——— begged us to be seated, and we entered into conversation. The hearts of the miserable soon expand into confidence at the soothing voice of real sympathy; and I never knew the being who possessed a soul more tenderly alive to the distresses of others, or who could more felicitously make it apparent to the object of her pity, than that beloved mother who is now reaping the fruits of those virtues that made her name reverenced by all that knew her.

I had now leisure to survey the apartment in which we sate. It was tolerably spacious, but was a dreary, damp-looking place, and apparently a fitting refuge for misery in its final stage. The patched and dingy casement opened upon what might once have been a garden, but was now a wilderness overrun with weeds. With sickness and want for their fire-side inmates, it seemed that this family of helpless females, though evidently once accustomed to far different circumstances, were now precluded from attending to anything but the immediate exigencies of the passing moment. On the mantel-shelf were some vials, a cup or two, and a broken glass: in one corner of the room was an old-fashioned round table, on which lay confusedly half-finished sketches and drawings, old magazines, some cups and saucers, a dish, a plate or two, with some relics of former gentility, such as a smelling-bottle, and a broken fan: against the wall opposite to the window rested a ladder, the use of which I was unable to surmise, and not far from that, all covered with the dust of disuse, stood a nearly stringless harp. Alas! the hand which had once touched those broken chords was now palsied. The poor Amelia, the patient sufferer on whom, when we entered, Mrs. A——— was lavishing her

maternal cares, had been (as she informed us) struck with paralysis shortly after they took possession of this desolate abode, which was a few months before the period of our thus accidentally finding them. She had not only lost the use of one hand, but had likewise been entirely deprived of speech. From that day the harp and its mistress were alike mute: and as my eye glanced around the scene of misery, it seemed to my mind, as if the broken chords of the one offered no inapt emblem of the state of the other's heart.

We soon learned from Mrs. A——— that the whole of her domestic afflictions were not yet apparent to the sight; for that Louisa, the eldest of her three daughters, was subject to the most violent fits of epilepsy: thus the only child that could be of any service to her mother was the young thing, Emma, that little wild beauty who had fled from the room like a frightened fawn on our first entrance.

Mrs. A———, in relating to us some of the particulars of her own history, gave a rather singular and romantic account respecting her mother, who, she said, had been confined for some years in a castle in Scotland, under the care of an old lady, a Mrs. Saxe Hamilton, who was placed as a sort of guardian or duenna over her. She perfectly remembered her mother, (who was very beautiful,) and in fact was for a considerable period the companion of her solitary confinement. Mrs. A——— named the family to whom the castle belonged; but the particular object of this restraint on her mother's liberty, we were never able exactly to comprehend.

What related more immediately to the distressing state in which we found this unfortunate family, was, however, perfectly clear and intelligible. Mrs. A——— had become a widow about a year and a half before we knew her; and at the period of her husband's death, they resided at C———, a beautiful and romantic part of the county of Monmouth, where a gentleman, to whom we afterwards narrated the tale of distress, very well remembered their having lived in great comfort and respectability. The change which had taken place in the circumstances and prospects of Mrs. A——— and her daughters, was as sudden as it was severe. Her husband, Colonel A———, formerly of the —— regiment, had retired from the military profession some time before his death; and partly with the hope of increasing his income, he took a considerable farm in Monmouthshire, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. But however desirable it may be to see the sword turned into the ploughshare, in a moral, or rather in the scriptural point of view, it is, I believe, very rarely that an individual can hope, in a worldly sense, to better his fortunes by such a change. The colonel of course understood very little about farming, and he was therefore under the necessity of confiding the entire management of this his novel undertaking to a steward or bailiff. The prospect, consequently, of pecuniary advantage was never realized, and Colonel A——— experienced the fate which generally awaits the gentleman farmer. When death came, his affairs were found in an embarrassed state; and, to complete the afflictions of his widow and orphan daughters, the small surplus of his property which remained after liquidating his debts, became a prey to the villany of the steward, who absconded with it to America.

"In this emergency," said Mrs. A———, "we were under the necessity of quitting our once happy home, and I took a miserable lodging for myself and my children in an obscure part of Bristol. My poor Amelia had a fine turn for painting, which, during her father's life, had been carefully cultivated: and before the calamity which has since rendered her entirely helpless, as you now see her, the productions of her pencil furnished the chief means of our support. I used daily to offer them for sale myself, in the main street of the city; and sometimes I had the good fortune to find a liberal purchaser, amongst the more benevolent of the passers by. It was, indeed, as you may suppose, a painful trial to my feelings, but necessity is a hard taskmaster. This precarious subsistence was eked out from time to time by the gradual disposal, first of our trinkets, and afterwards of all the most valuable portions of our wardrobe. At length these resources began to fail; and being then no longer able to pay the rent of our lodging, I set out one day in search of some place in which to lay our heads; and at last found this, our present solitary abode, which, miserable though it is, has afforded us shelter and protection, and therefore we have reason to be, and I hope are, thankful for it."

My mother and I were greatly affected by all that we had seen and heard, since we entered this house of misery. The shades of evening were now falling apace, and warned us that it was time to depart. My mother placed some money in Mrs. A———'s hands, for the relief of their immediate necessities; and promising a very early renewal of our visit, we set out on our return home; not without some feelings of anxiety and alarm at the lateness of the hour, and the distance we had to go. However, the scene of real misery which we had just witnessed served to occupy our thoughts, and to withdraw our minds from imaginary dangers; and after a walk of nearly an hour, we reached our own abode in safety.

We took the earliest opportunity of making known the case of the distressed family amongst our friends and acquaintances, and raised a sum of money for their relief. Scarcely a day passed without my bending my steps to the ruined cottage under the hills, and every succeeding visit improved my estimation of its desolate inmates. I found Mrs. A———, on a further acquaintance, to be a woman not only of elegant manners, but highly cultivated mind. She was also extremely delicate in her feelings, and could not easily be induced to advert to anything which she, or even the poor sick Amelia, might stand in need of; and which it was therefore necessary either to find out, or conjecture. But to no one were the widow and orphans so much indebted as to a quaker lady of the name of Gurney, one of those benevolent beings who "do good by stealth," gliding about the world with noiseless steps, on the blessed mission of comfort to the comfortless. She exerted herself with a Christian's zeal in behalf of this afflicted family; and having succeeded in raising for them upwards of a hundred pounds, she greatly enhanced the value of her kindness, by judiciously dispensing it from time to time in such necessaries and comforts as their situation required.

At length the sufferings of poor Amelia drew to a close. The meek submission and angelic patience displayed by this gentle girl,

under all her severe trials, won so much upon our hearts, as to make us regret almost to hear of her death, though such a blessed release to her own worn-out spirit. She died in the night-time; and the circumstances attending her dissolution were painful in the extreme. It was on this melancholy occasion, that I first learned the use of the ladder, which I before mentioned as resting against the wall of their apartment. This ladder, then, was the only means of communication with an upper chamber, or rather loft, (for it was without even a window,) which fear, and the total want of accommodation for the purpose below, had led Mrs. A——— to convert into a sleeping-room: and up this ladder had the anxious mother nightly borne in her feeble arms, for many months, the poor fading Amelia. One bed, it appeared, was all they had had to accommodate four persons; and to make that bed a better resting-place for the invalid, the comforts of the other three were cheerfully sacrificed. With books and some old muffs, (for lack of better pillows,) Mrs. A——— had contrived to support her daughter's head at night as high as the painfully waning breath of the consumptive requires.

It was at midnight that Amelia died. Waking out of sleep, Mrs. A——— found her in the last struggles of expiring nature. In utter darkness, with one daughter dead on her bosom, and the eldest of the other two in strong convulsive fits, occasioned by the fright of her sister's death, did this afflicted mother watch through the remainder of that awful night; which was enough to have unseated reason, and calls to mind those lines of the old Welsh bard and warrior, Llywarch, after the loss of all his sons in battle:

> "From frenzy dire, and wild affright,
> Keep my senses through this night."

At day-dawn the miserable family arose; and Mrs. A——— collecting all the little decencies she possessed, bore her dead child in her own arms down the ladder into the lower room, where her cold remains were prepared for the grave. A few hours after her death, all its former beauty, save its healthful colour, had returned to Amelia's face. The cheeks, so sunk and hollow, had resumed their natural plumpness, the complexion, white and glossy as marble, the rich black hair, parted over her high and beautiful forehead—the long eyelashes, of the same jetty colour, lying like a deep fringe upon the cheeks—and the small white hands, laid across her virgin bosom, as though in prayer—formed altogether as sweet and moving a picture of the dead, as ever living eye beheld, and on which it was impossible to look with feelings of a common interest. So young, so beautiful, so gifted, and so pious—and all sacrificed. All! the victim lamb, and its sweet spring flowers, upon the altar of adversity! But we only speak in reference to this world. The victim was not too fair, nor its blossoms of promise too bright, for Him, who is "the resurrection and the life!"

Many of the friends, who had previously sympathized with Mrs. A———'s distresses, it will readily be supposed now assisted her in laying the remains of the departed Amelia with decent solemnity in

the grave. I still continued my visits to the cottage, during the short period that we remained in the neighbourhood: but we removed from it a few months afterwards, and then lost sight of this unfortunate and interesting family. The last account I ever had of them was from a lady living in the neighbourhood; she informed me, that Mrs. A———, (who certainly had spoken of having some friends in Italy,) had received remittances from that country, discharged all her debts, and with her two daughters set off for London: and where, perhaps, they may be even now living, and I may have passed them in the streets and looked upon their faces as those of strangers. But the greater probability is, that the poor mother, at least, is long since gone to her rest. If so, may a merciful Providence have protected and watched over her orphans! and may the little Emma have escaped the snare laid for beauty like hers, in such a place as London! Better were it, otherwise, that she had always remained (with no worse companion than poverty) in the ruined cottage under the hills; or gone, in her days of innocence, to share the cold grave of the spotless Amelia!

*(To be continued.)*

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## STANZAS ON MISS CATHERINE DOUGLAS.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

In Kitty's eye of heavenly blue
Shines beauty in its brightest hue,
Half veiled by lashes dark, that seek
To kiss her fair and downy cheek.

Round Kitty's mouth the graces play,
In dimpling smiles so archly gay,
Her parted lips in ambush show
Where pearls in beds of coral grow.

The glossy ringlets crowning all,
Which o'er her polished temples fall,
Add beauty to a face where art
Hath never played the spoiler's part.

And Kitty's heart is like her face,
A little world of love and grace;
A thousand gems that 'scape the eye
Within that fairy casket lie.

Since nature has so lavish been,
May fortune ever smile serene,
And guard from care's intrusive power
Of Douglas' stem the fairest flower.

# A PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF 1347 MILES THROUGH WALES AND ENGLAND; PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.[1]

BY PEDESTRES, AND SIR CLAVILENO WOODENPEG, KNIGHT, OF SNOWDON.

## CHAPTER X.

At the sight of this, our hearts kindled with sympathy, and there arose another cry. "The candles, the candles!—the matches will all be out again soon! Make haste, make haste! reach me that candle, Gradus—come, Hic-hæc-hoc—and you, you little fool, you, (to A-B-C,) make yourself useful, and don't blow away the tinder again!"

"Here! here! here!" exclaimed the others; each presenting a candle.

There was a great deal of trouble in getting the wicks lighted, for they had been so thumbed and fingered, and so pinched and discomposed, that all their *phlogiston* had been affrighted out of them. But what will not time, patience, and perseverance do? Yet other five minutes were dissipated, ere the glowing wicks of the candles enkindled in our breasts the exhilarating blazes of success. Then did we indeed begin to feel full of the pleasurable hope of confidence; for the thermometers of our anticipation stood at a high degree.

A-B-C had been very busy in the contest between the match and his candle—but he had been unobserved during the moment of excitement. Now and then we assembled close round the entrance, and prepared for the strife.

"What is the matter with A-B-C?" said one of the party, looking back towards the spot where we had been striking the lights, but which was only a few yards distant. "What is he about—is he crying?"

He was kneeling on the ground, with his candle (still burning) lying before him, and which he had dropped: he had placed one hand over his eyes, appearing to thrust his fingers against them with great force; and with the thumb and fore-finger of the other, he was pinching his nose to the utmost of his strength. His face was red, and the tears stood on his cheeks. "*He has got the brimstone up his nose,*" said Gradus.

"I thought he would get a whiff of it," observed Hic-hæc-hoc, with an expression of unconcern. "'Twas a wonder he didn't burn the end of his nose off just now, he put it so close."

"Confound the little ass!" exclaimed Ille-ego; "I'm glad of it: I hope he has swallowed enough to satisfy him—he is always poking his officious fingers everywhere but where they should be: 'tis a just judgment against him for blowing all the tinder away!"

[1] Continued from p. 184.

In a short space of time, by the united exertions of rubbing his eyes, and holding his breath, A-B-C had entirely recovered from the suffocating effects of the sulphureous fumes he had unwisely inhaled. Ille-ego, either to delight his bullying propensity over a junior (than which nothing is so sweet to a schoolboy where he dare do it,) or else to annoy and tease him with threats, merely for the pleasure of doing so, now fixed on this youngest of our party, to be the first to enter the dungeon. A-B-C, however, young as he was, was not without spirit. He told Ille-ego boldly, he might go to h—ll if he would—he was not going to make him go in first: he reminded him that he had come to be the guide to all the others—that he had promised to do it—and now, (he added with a sneer,) he was going to "*shirk off.*"

Ille-ego answered this with a laugh; and it soon appeared that he had had no positive intention of enforcing his proposition—he had merely bullied him for amusement.

The archway was so little elevated above the ground, that hands and knees—or *all fours*—were not low enough to enable any of us to enter in that way: it was indispensable to attempt some other mode more hopeful, although less agreeable, in order to accomplish the purpose. The entrance was nearly circular—that is, it was of almost the same dimensions measured across either diameter; consequently reducing it to the equality of a large worm's hold in the earth: and we, as "sinful worms," had to play our parts to the very letter. Ille-ego took the lead, placing himself opposite the opening, down flat on the ground, arms and legs being of little or no use. He, being the first, was to hold his candle *between his teeth*, like a *taffy*, or a *lolly-pop:* and then by dint of many a fierce thrust from ourselves behind him, and the virtue of a worm-like, or *peristaltic* motion on his part, he succeeded in passing his whole length entirely under the archway, and rising up inside on his legs.

He called out to us to follow. Long ago as it was, I never shall forget the tone of his voice. The low vaulted roof, and the cells and passages around him, gave it such a hollow and sepulchral sound as it issued faintly through the arch—although he appeared to exert all his power to make us hear—that I could have fancied some demon of the place had already snatched his body, and that it was his ghost, and not himself, that addressed us.

Voluminous is the list of hobgoblin and ghost stories that are circulated, respecting the airy, unearthly, and supernatural tenants of this dismal cave; and, notwithstanding I had until now, been all anxiety to push forward, a sudden thrill of fear passed over me, and blasted, in an instant, my hardy resolution. The spectral tone of Ille-ego's words seemed to act like an electric shock, and I was no longer solicitous to be the second adventurer: therefore, under the garb of *politeness* (a quality, forsooth, so homogeneous with the person of a schoolboy!) I considerably receded, and allowed all the others to take precedence. This they were not long in doing: for they had assistance within, to pull them by the ears, as well as help without, to push them by the heels.

In procrastinating my trial until the last, one great impediment contended to make my progress not only slow, but grievously toilsome and fatiguing. Having, after the precedent of my precursors, (pre-*crawlers*) prostrated my corpus on the mother earth immediately in front of the aperture, with my head as far in as I could put it, I tried to advance. But what a farce, oh, ye gods! My arms were useless —my hands were useless—my feet were useless. I could not rise on my hands and knees, because I was not strong enough in the back to burst up the arch: and I now discovered that I woefully wanted some one outside to afford me a friendly fulcrum for my feet. But I had politely let them all go before: and I was not yet far enough in (for the wall was very thick) to enable them to bestow on me an assisting pull. I was like Gulliver, crammed into the Brobdingnagian marrow-bone.

How does a worm manage to proceed when he finds himself pent up in such close and confined circumstances as these in which I here lay? What does he do to get forward? I think I am very much like a worm just now: and in truth, I never in my existence so much desired to possess the attributes and vermiculocity of the genus *vermes* as I sincerely do at this moment. Of no arms, no legs, and no feet, can all the tribes boast? yet have I all these—and yet (speaking with superlative humility) how far superior are they to me! Would I were a worm at this instant, that I might crawl into the hole!

I became impatient—I made several *pis-aller* efforts—*I swam with my legs*—I elongated myself, (thinking on similitudes,) and then suddenly contracted; acting by a species of vermiculation, or vermicular motion—and finally and happily, by dint of wriggling, sidling, grunting, groaning, *throeing*, kicking and sprawling, (all unpoetic words,) I succeeded so far as to bring my head and shoulders within the internal surface of the wall. And then, but pr'ythee allow me to take breath.

"But I'm afraid," was the end of a sentence which the now-a-days Pedestres heard Hic-hæc-hoc say in a low tone of voice, in answer to some proposition of his companions within.

"Poo, nonsense!" exclaimed Ille-ego, assuming the air of *nonchalance:* "if there are any, I dare say they are quite harmless. Go down that passage, and perhaps you may discover something."

"Will you go with me?" inquired the first speaker: "for I dare not go alone. How do I know but they may attack me, and poison me to death? Will you go before?"

"Why—I—eh—I—eh——"

"I thought I heard something creeping over the stones," continued Hic-hæc-hoc, in the greatest trepidation.

"No—no—it can't be," rejoined Ille-ego, himself quivering like the tongue of a serpent. "It can't be, I'm sure—but let us go a little way off."

"A part of the roof of this passage," observed Gradus, as the two terrified ones approached, "has fallen in, and we cannot pass that way. If we were to take the trouble to clear out the stones—but it would employ too much time for our candles—or, if we were to try some other passage——"

"I don't advise you," said Hic-hæc-hoc, with a faltering voice,

and a pale face, though the dimness of the lights tended to conceal this from much observation—"I don't advise you to go far in that passage—for I think—I don't think—perhaps you know— for supposing it were dangerous, you know——"

"Supposing you are a great fool," rejoined Gradus, in the same tone of voice. What are you in such a funk about? have you been down the passage? come, let us go."

"I have been partly down, but it was very difficult to find the way, and I was afraid to go alone, for fear of the serpents."

As soon as Pedestres heard that the place was infested with serpents, his heart began to beat at a rapid rate, and the *diastole* and *systole* became short and quick. He bethought him of retreating forthwith, fancying in his fear he heard the very serpents close to his proboscis, which was resting on the ground, and which, in his situation, he had no means of raising.

But the party within, probably ashamed of their own pusillanimity, were moving into the passage whence had arisen their former misgivings. There had been three candles burning prodigally since they had entered; and their fat had suffered so much from the violence of various pinchings, the heat of the hands in which they had been held without candlesticks, and the effects of the draughts of air that swept around them, that the apprehensions were, if they all were allowed to burn at once, they must inevitably soon be exhausted. Pedestres' candle was comfortably at rest in his pocket: and he, as he was, had not the most remote power of extricating it. He was

"Bound more than a madman is."

Ille-ego therefore issued orders that all the candles must be extinguished, saving one only: although, at the same time, he said he was very well aware that it was not imprudent not to keep a second, lest the other should be accidentally put out by any unforeseen accident. Every one, however, declared there was no apprehension of that; they must be careful; and there appeared no reason why any misfortune should occur.

On quenching two of the lights—leaving but one—the gloom was fearful and almost *tangible*.

The flitting ghosts seemed to flock thicker than ever: and Pedestres again thought of backing out.

"I suppose this is the passage," observed Ille-ego rather gravely, and holding the candle above his head that his eyes should not be dazzled by the rays; "I suppose this is the passage in which the heaps of bones lie—and perhaps the treasures."

"What bones and what treasures?" said Gradus hastily.

"Why, the bones and treasures that people talk so much about."

"Are there any treasures in the dungeon *now* then?" putting a forcible emphasis on the word "now."

"So they say," answered Ille-ego.

"I wish we could find them," rejoined Gradus. "What a lot of glorious *guttle* we would have down at school!"

"I should like to know," said Hic-hæc-hoc, "if this is the way that goes all under the town to the Cross Keys in Gold Street? But I should be afraid of going so far underground, for fear I should never come up again, or be able to find my way back."

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Ille-ego, "I meant to have brought a piece of chalk with me to mark the walls: for we shall never be able to return by the passages we pass through if we don't note them in some manner. Oh! I say, Gradus, have you got your kite-string in your pocket? We might let that drop behind us as we go: it will show us our way back as well as anything."

"No," said Gradus, "I left it behind on purpose: I thought there could be no need of kite-string in a dungeon."

"I don't know whether it would have been long enough though," observed the other, "even if it were here."

"O yes," returned Gradus, "there are nearly four hundred yards: I wound them all off this morning upon the stick we cut yesterday down by *Nine-holes*."

"*I*'ve got some string," exclaimed A-B-C, at the same time pulling something like a boot-lace out of his pocket. "Will this do?" said he, holding it up.

"Get out, you little fool!" rejoined Ille-ego, angrily; "what a young ass you must be to think a bit of whip-cord, about a foot long, will do!"

"What's it for?" inquired the youthful butt of the elder bullies.

"What the deuce is it to you?" returned his senior. "Be off wi' you!" he added, thrusting him away very ungraciously.

"Will you go a little way on?" said Hic-hæc-hoc to Gradus; "for I scarcely know whether we shall be able to get over the stones that lie on the ground. I don't know the place *at all*," he continued, retreating with the hope that the other would not perceive his want of courage.

Gradus was perhaps the boldest amongst us—(Pedestres will say nothing of *his* stoutness, who durst not put more than head and shoulders within the wall)—but Gradus himself entertained no disposition to advance a-head. The party, however, pressed forward with a snail's pace at intervals, merely taking a step or two, and then suddenly stopping, either to listen or attempt to look around them. Even the guide himself—the superior in years—the superior in experience and knowledge of the subterranean labyrinth—he, our guide, was not free from the tremblings of a disturbed imagination. Willingly would he have concealed his feelings to his inmost self: and his timid and susceptible crew would as willingly have been ignorant of those sensations, which he found it impossible to conceal. They all looked up to him for information as to their procedure—for courage and confidence—and moreover, for protection. A farcical guide forsooth, he! a farcical emboldener! a farcical protector! yet he was to be the help through all our dangers!

"What an old villain that Oliver Cromwell was!" said the subject of our observations. "What a cursed old villain he must have been to have driven people into such a place as this to starve, or to die of

suffocation! They might as well have staid outside and been shot at."

"Who was that Oliver Cromwell?" inquired Gradus, with a cautious deliberation. "I think I never heard any body speak a good word for him yet."

"Nor will you," answered Ille-ego, "as long as truth is spoken in the world. He was the d——t old rascal that ever existed on the face of the earth: I know no more about him—but I think that's quite enough to know of any man. Old red-nosed Noll, and the rest of the Roundheads, as I believe they used to be called, fought against the king—I think it was king Charles the First—and after fighting a great many battles, they at last caught him and cut his head off."

"Ah!" interrupted Hic-hæc-hoc, "we were reading about that the other day in the History of England."

"He knocked down," continued Ille-ego, "he knocked down all the castles that were ever built, and Tiverton Castle among the number: and the people that he wanted to stab or shoot, or something or other, rather than die that way, hid themselves here in the dungeon. There were many hundreds that came in, and took all their money along with them, and all their fortunes, and all the treasures they could find, for fear lest that old fool should catch hold of them. When they hid away—I say, give me another candle—when they hid away—here, light it before this goes out; we must only burn one at a time:—when they hid away in the first instance, they were obliged to run for it and save their lives: they took as much with them as they could carry, and shut themselves up tight to keep the enemy out. But they should have thought that they were at the same instant keeping themselves so close inside, that they were sure to die of hunger. I suppose though they were afraid of going out to fetch food for fear of being caught—so that they were certain of dying either way: but I think I would rather die with a belly full while I was about dying."

("As well to die and go, as die and stay," Ille-ego might have quoted here: but I never heard him mention Shakspeare's name in my life.)

"It must have been a shocking thing to have died in here," observed one of them with a tremulous voice.

"There are heaps of skeletons somewhere in these passages," rejoined Ille-ego, "of all the people that are said to have perished at that time. What is that whitish-looking stuff on the ground just over there?"

A-B-C got behind our guide, and hugged the tail of his coat.

"Where all the serpents and toads came from" (resuming his observations) "I cannot imagine—but there are lots of them, so I have been told."

Unconsciously and unintentionally Ille-ego, by his history, commixed with supernatural inuendos, was gradually winding both himself and his hearers up to that pitch of excitement and nervous apprehension, that will sometimes exist in a nursery on the grave narrative of a mysterious ghost story. Himself—although scarcely aware

of it—had been quite as much worked on by his own words, as his own words had worked on those others who listened to them. By mutual and tacit consent, they had ceased to proceed onwards, but had stationed themselves against one of the walls in a close knot:—all indeed but Hic-hæc-hoc, who with courage inexplicable, busied himself at a little distance, turning over some large stones.

The incongruity of human nature delights in terrific pleasures. It will tremble with dread; and yet it will cherish and encourage the very fountain that supplies it. A tale of spectres and hobgoblins, however affecting and frightful, will still please in its own peculiar way: it will alarm and create painful feelings, and notwithstanding, it will at the same time be listened to. Ille-ego was frightening himself by talking of skeletons, at the instant he was terrifying his audience no less: and yet we must conclude that the pain he excited was pleasing, as he voluntarily maintained the same topic. Every time the blaze of the candle flared, they fancied that the presence of some wandering ghost had been the immediate cause: for the ghosts of all who perished there are said to flit through the passages, and to reckon in multitudes a sum as great as the number of skeletons tradition declares still lie under the ruins to this very day. Their conversation had become less incessant—they talked almost in a whisper—and often ceased for a few seconds as if to listen acutely. Pedestres (for so we must call him) reclining in so confined a situation, had every now and then unavoidably drawn a very deep breath—so deep, indeed, as nearly to approach to the character of a sigh: and these sighs, owing to the now sharpened senses of the adventurers, had found their way to their almost panic-awaiting ears. Several times had they involuntarily started, and looked anxiously in each other's faces, as much as to say, "*What was that?*" And several times also had they been on the point of making one simultaneous rush towards the *carnally* blocked-up archway.

"What had we better do?" said Gradus, rolling his eyes around him, and speaking in a barely audible accent; "shall we explore any further, or do you think we might as well return?"

"Perhaps," answered Ille-ego in the same pitch and expression, "we might be able to go a little further—but yet I am afraid that—you know—you see—you see it is very difficult to pass the rubbish."

"Yes," returned the former, seconding the last proposition, "there is so much earth, mortar, and stones in the way, that I really believe we should never be able to get over it if we were to try all day."

"And perhaps the snakes and toads might come and bite us in the dark, if we disturbed them."

"I know there are a great many here of the most venomous kinds always crawling about. What had we better do?"

"Let us come away," said A-B-C, in a whining tone of voice; "*do* let us come away."

"Don't be afraid," answered Gradus, terrified out of his wits.

"But you know there are so many ghosts too—and supposing they were to attack us in here—what would become of us?" added the little boy in a supplicating manner.

"I don't suppose they will come," rejoined Ille-ego, doubtingly.

Gradus saw no reason why they should not.

"I never like to hear much about spectres and phantoms," he said; "and it is very frightful to think of them in such a place as this. I know one fellow who told me he once saw a ghost, and it was the most horrible and ghastly thing he ever saw in his life. It was one night when he was in bed: he was awoke about midnight by a noise at the chair close to his side; and when he looked up, he saw the ghost sitting down, and just going to put its hand upon his face——"

Gradus here stopped short, and turned as pale as death.

There was a sudden rattle of the fall of some large stones at a little distance in the dark. A sepulchral silence for a few seconds succeeded; when they all heard the sounds as if some one were struggling.

"Help! for God's sake, help!" screamed a voice at a distance in the dark. "Help! for God's sake, help!" screamed Hic-hæc-hoc, who had been seated on a rickety foundation, and swallowing with anxiety the conversation he had heard. "Help! murder! help! Oh! what shall I do? what will become of me?"

The pile of stones he had been resting on unexpectedly gave way beneath him, and laid him sprawling on the ground: but the bewildered imaginations of us all pictured nothing in the adventure but supernatural agency.

"Perhaps it's a serpent, or a ghost that has got him!" exclaimed Ille-ego in consternation; but making no effort towards his rescue.

A-B-C burst out a crying. "What shall we do?" said he, "we shall not be able to get out—I wish I had never come in here!"

"Which is the way we came?" inquired one of them in terror, and running he knew not whither. "Was it this way? No, I think it was the other. Can you tell me? What shall we do? Oh! oh!"

Ille-ego made a rush towards the opening, leaving Hic-hæc-hoc to pick himself up as he best could.

"I hear something behind us!" exclaimed Gradus. "What can it be? Oh, we shall all be caught! Make haste! make haste!"

In the heat and hurry of the scramble, A-B-C and Ille-ego came into violent contact in a narrow pass of the passage: poor A-B-C was hurled head-over-heels, and projected like a missile into a distant corner: and the candle was knocked out of Ille-ego's hand to the ground and instantly extinguished.

"You d——n little luckless fool!" roared Ille-ego with raging fury. "You cursed young ass! and now you have knocked out the candle, and what the devil are we to do? I'll be d——d if I don't wring your neck for you——"

"Oh, don't be so wicked!" said Gradus, bursting into tears. "*Oh, don't swear till we get safe outside the dungeon.*"

"And there's another fool stuck in the archway!" continued the former, as he approached nearer Pedestres. "Move off your cursed head, and let me pass, or upon my soul I'll kick your brains out!"

I needed no second warning: for as soon as I had heard the con-

sternation and uproar within, I exerted the utmost of my powers to push myself backwards and escape.

A few minutes brought us all to the outside, wearing the most pitiable appearance. Covered with dirt—crying like infants—staring wild as if we knew not where we were—and terrified past expression. We instantly set off to run and retrace our steps; and sped over the ground twenty times quicker than we had done at our coming. We ran as if ten thousand devils and ghosts had been hurrying tag-rag-and-bob-tail at our heels; and stopped not until we arrived at our now welcome school, where we nearly dropped down from exhaustion.

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## OLD STANZA.

ON A KNIGHT OF JERUSALEM OF THE DEVON FAMILY, WHO WAS DROWNED ABROAD.

FROM AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT VOLUME, CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE EARLS OF DEVON.

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance or pleasure leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads,
If thou may'st happen, on the dreary shore,
To find the man whom all his friends deplore,
Cleanse the pale corpse, with a religious hand,
From the polluting weeds and common sand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in his grave,
The only honour he can now receive;
The fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow,
(Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough!)
And, stranger, place the Cross above his sod,
Whom loving hearts did grudging give to God.

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## OLD EPITAPH.

ON EDWARD MONTAGU, AN ANCESTOR OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN, BY GEORGE JOHNSON, ESQ.

"O Montagu! thou senator, so well skilled in the laws of thy country, farewell! Thou, at whose severe discipline the vile wickedness of men raged and trembled, thou who livedst according to the olden rules, a lover of peace, a rigid guardian of virtue, and a scourge of vice—O venerable old man! at thy death the luxurious youths, fearing thee as the punisher of crime, rejoice; but thy country mourns, robbed of its holy Cato, who lived the greatest defender of whatever was just and honourable. Oh! passing stranger, for the rest of the soul of so good a man, bestow thy prayers!"

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

> "O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
> First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
> In the wide world, without that only tie
> For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."
>
> "Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

From this day the conduct of Fauntleroy underwent a marked change; he was no longer flighty or restless, but became decidedly fixed and reflective, carrying his thoughts less frequently to past events. Every day he read the Bible, and conversed upon spiritual affairs, both with the ordinary and his friends. When he was first committed to prison, he had been accommodated with apartments in one of the principal turnkeys' lodgings, a favour rarely granted to any one committed on so heavy a charge; here he was subsequently allowed to remain until the morning of his execution, having a man always to sit up with him to prevent the commission of suicide. The duty of watching malefactors under order for execution, is taken in rotation by the turnkeys of the prison: at the time Fauntleroy was there, a man named Clarke, who is now dead, was sent one night to sit up with him. The man possessed a countenance of a peculiar hardness of cast; to the view, when he was not in motion, he no way differed from the figure of a man carved in rough slate: when this companion for the night was introduced therefore to Fauntleroy, he was horror-struck, and declared that unless he was exchanged for another of less disgusting features, that he should not survive the night. This being made known to Mr. Wontner, the governor, his wish was immediately complied with, for which he expressed more gratitude than for any other favours shown him while in prison. He very frequently, as he paced his room, repeated the following words of David; "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I fly from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

The banking-house in Berners Street, in order to keep up a connexion and obtain deposits, held out the prospects of liberal discounts to their customers; and, without doubt, many tradesmen, as well as fashionable persons at the west end of the town, had derived their advantage from this system of the house.

[1] Continued from p. 112.

One of these it is said, a royal duke now deceased, paid him a very mysterious visit at twelve o'clock at night, three days only before his execution: how he came into the prison, or who conducted him through the devious and winding passages to the apartments occupied by the unhappy man, nobody to this day knows. The turnkey, who sate up that night, heard a knocking like the knocking of a man's hand against the room door, and a voice, saying, "Let me in!" After some hesitation, conceiving it to be the governor of the prison, the man opened the door, and there beheld apparently a tall, robust man, but he was so muffled up in a cloak, and his face so much hidden by a slouched cap, evidently contrived so as not to be again recognised by a stranger. Fauntleroy, however, knew him under his disguise, and instantly exclaimed—"Ah! this is indeed kind." The stranger put up his finger to enjoin silence and caution, then advancing close up to the prisoner said in an emphatic but suppressed voice:—"I have done all I could—I have used my influence; but, Fauntleroy, it is of no avail. You have served me, and I am not unmindful of it. My inability to save your life distresses me beyond expression. Only to prove my sincerity am I here this night, to bring you the sad news myself. Hush! don't reply, discussion is now useless, and you must be aware there are cogent reasons why this interview should not be protracted. Farewell! farewell! your only trust is in God; consider the world as having already faded away before your eyes. Once more believe me your friend—and for ever, farewell!" This strange visitant backed towards the door to prevent the jailor seeing his face, saying, "You must stay with your prisoner; do not follow me, I know my way out:" and then left the room, leaving the man for some time in doubt whether he had seen an inhabitant of this or another world; so strange did it appear to him that any individual should have the power, at that hour, to penetrate the innermost recesses of this building of massive stone, and numerous ponderous doors encased and studded with protuberant knobs of hardened iron.

Upon reflection, the jailor was convinced that a great personage had been in the room: the prisoner's surprise, his implicit obedience to the injunctions laid upon him to be silent, his passing in and out the jail at such an unseasonable hour, were all proofs that he was no common man; particularly as all who wished, during the day, might have free access to the person visited.

I hate, abhor, and detest the man who, upon any occasion, introduces the name of a female in any way which may give her pain or direct the public eye to a heart distressed, that they have no power to heal; but all that appertains to the secrets of my prison-house, I may tell. Fauntleroy was constantly visited by Miss Forbes, the female with whom he lived, and in every respect treated as his wife, and who bore him a family. The case of this lady is rather a hard one; but the world, when they found her in trouble, did not fail to treat her with their usual tenderness. Her protector was a married man, who left his wife at the church door immediately after the ceremony was over, and this by previous agreement, as declared, on his part. Such an union was, therefore, not much disturbed by his

passion for Miss Forbes, whom he would have married had he been at liberty to do so.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Fauntleroy had not visited since the day that united them, yet she flew to his consolation when he was the inmate of a prison. When he heard of her intention, he requested time to prepare himself for the trial; and even when she was in the next room, he was obliged to stipulate that the interview should be deferred until he had composed himself, saying, "he would give a signal when he was prepared." Their meeting was, as described to me, very affecting; she flew into his arms, and sobbed bitterly at his situation; and it was only by the judicious management of a female in the place that the two ladies did not more than once meet when making their visits. The fear of such an event transpiring, rendered much of his time miserable; it was therefore with feelings of satisfaction that he took his farewell of Mrs. Fauntleroy, upon which occasion he said, "that he would not, for the wealth of the world, go through the scene of parting over again." He had one son by his wife, and this too was a very distressing interview, the youth being nearly fourteen years of age, could appreciate his own and his father's situation, and how it was calculated to cross his path in life.

This miserable man, as the day which was to terminate his existence approached, gradually sank into a state of insensibility; being, in my opinion, from the middle of the night previous to his suffering, quite unconscious of that which was passing around him. Some persons have insinuated that he found a friend in the doctor of the prison, who sent him a *nepenthe* in the form of a drug the day previously. This may be true; there is, I have observed, a strange fellow feeling among those in the same walk of life, when one of their own class has committed a crime to bring himself into disgrace; and among some of the dissenting members from the church, it is an established doctrine that none of their own congregation are capable of backsliding, at least, they appear to have entered into a compact that such an occurrence shall never be admitted by them.

Mr. Fauntleroy complained bitterly of being exposed and tantalized by a condemned sermon; and it must be admitted, not altogether without reason. The Rev. Mr. Cotton took for his text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." In preaching the sermon the reverend ordinary took occasion to say, "Our erring brother's offence is of great magnitude, and one of the most dangerous description in a commercial country. In extent it is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of crimes of this description. It was chiefly committed upon the most extensive and opulent establishment in Europe, the Bank of England; the directors of which, with their wonted humanity, on discovering the forgeries, replaced the stock in the names of the original holders, who otherwise would, in many instances, have been brought to ruin by the prisoner's conduct." This was certainly stepping out of the way to aggravate the sufferings of the unhappy man; and was very unlike the usual conduct of the ordinary, who is really a liberal, humane, and good man. Why was his offence greater because committed upon a wealthy body? And why so preposterously

laud the Bank Directors, who are marked out as the least humane and unrelenting body in the whole world? Their reign in Threadneedle Street is, like that of Henry the Eighth's, marked with blood and savage recklessness of human life.

A man within a few hours of undergoing a violent death, need no aggravation of his misery, to make him sensible of his condition.

> "The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise,
> To what we fear of death."

To drag a man out of his solitude, to rate him, and before a congregation of mercenary, cold-hearted city muck-worms, paint his crime in the most vivid and outrageous colours, is a species of cruelty most unwarrantable; and cannot but be pronounced conduct only known and applauded among savages, who add torture to the sentence of death.

The reverend ordinary is not responsible for the practice, which is a vile and an abominable one in the extreme. As before said, this odious duty is generally performed with good feelings and taste; but the desire to tickle the ears, and flatter a few monied men, whom a cold-hearted curiosity had brought together upon the occasion, for once betrayed a good man into error.

At one time, the feelings of malefactors were disturbed, agonized, and irritated, by being exposed to the public at large, who paid for admission to the chapel. When, however, one of the men from the condemned pew mixed with the crowd, and actually got as far as the outer lobby, disguised in female clothes, which had been hastily thrown over him, before he was discovered, an alteration took place. But it should be reformed altogether. Nothing should be done to irritate a man when limited in time to make his peace with God: it is astonishing that wiser heads than mine have not before seen the necessity of conducting these matters differently. Expressing my surprise one day to a gentleman who occasionally called on me for his own views, that a person of Fauntleroy's station should have so far committed himself, he said:—"I see you are but half informed in the ways of the world's roguery; you know the character of those that you have associated with, and their hooky-crooky ways; but you must not suppose that all the rest of mankind have any natural bias to honesty. Interest, policy, and self-love, are the governing principles. Men, in their heart, acknowledge no fixed or general principle of *justice* among each other: the name, it is true, is in every man's mouth, and is written in upwards of one thousand volumes of law reports; but nobody ever saw the fair form of the lady, or knows where she dwells. Some say she certainly had once an existence upon this earth; but that an odious marriage being proposed between herself and *Midas*, whom she abhorred, she threw herself into the sea near the famous city of Tyre, to avoid the unnatural union; upon which the waters turned to blood, and hence the name of the Red Sea. But," continued the gentleman, "as I understand you are an

author, you shall have some remarks which I have written upon Fauntleroy's and Hunton's cases." He kept his word, and I have published them as delivered to me.

Most men agree, that gaming is a vice which demoralizes mankind; but cannot, or will not see, that a very large portion of the trading community wholly subsists by the practice. In the sporting world at the west end of the town, the many bring their money to the table, for the few to win, and aggrandize themselves: it is the same at the Stock and Royal Exchange in the City, only the name of the game at which they play differs.

The winners in St. James's, as they retire from the table with their money, mount their blood horses, gallop over the turf, and range themselves beside the members of our aristocracy, among whom they forthwith claim a place; and are as regularly admitted, if rumour has been sufficiently active in circulating the amount of their winnings. The citizen, who has been playing the game of speculation, and inveighing against *rouge et noir*, after cheating, and taking unfair advantage of all the novices which came in his way—breaking his faith with two hundred intimate friends, to enrich himself—shaking hands, and professing eternal friendship with two hundred new acquaintances, and having ten times been on the verge of bankruptcy—effected four compositions with his creditors—sued fifty-five of his nearest intimates into the walls of a prison, and been three times within an ace of being discovered in his practice of raising money upon fictitious or forged acceptances—decorates himself in an aldermanic gown—visits Newgate, pathetically mourns over the prevailing vices of the town—eats his turtle, and after swallowing a due proportion of wine, drives home to his suburban villa, after the fatigues of the day, to lecture his children in what he calls a knowledge of the world, and what a wonderful man he himself has been in it.

This is no overcharged picture of nine-tenths of those who live in the gambling speculative market of London, where all the worst passions of man are called into play, "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"London! opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London," although first in science and in arts, contains much to make the life of man wretched, and to pollute his soul: there is no defining the social state of its inhabitants. Squalor and splendour are alternately, as you thread your way through the streets, predominant. The teacher of morals to-day, is at the bar of the Old Bailey to-morrow; and the culprit liberated from the Penitentiary last week, is a theological teacher to hundreds the next.

The motions of those who consider themselves superior bodies, would be in excellent order and perfection, did not the putrid exhalations from the gross matter of ambition in some, the envy of others, and the wickedness of all, become precursors of prodigious mischief: the girdle of Até invests the metropolis; happy are those who reside out of it—"God made the country, but man made the town." In such a place as London, where nineteen twentieths of the people are trading to the extreme of their capital, and more than one half upon a fictitious one, the only surprise is, that there should be so few cases of forgery; I

mean detected cases, for the actual number is beyond all calculation: there are few who have had hard struggles to avoid the rocks, and to sail round the gulf of trade, that do not know how correctly I am informed, when I say some few years since, forgery to a great extent among regular tradesmen, was an every-day practice, while, perhaps, none intended a fraud. This emanated from the struggles of drowning men, who, in the false system of trade carried on at the time, having made a few steps up the ladder, were unwilling to be thrust down again. If a steady, regular trade be a benefit to a country, nothing can be more detrimental or hurtful to its interest, than having in it a body of traders, who are permitted with empty pockets to occupy the position of wealthy capitalists. Such men it is who divert and impede the regular current of trade, by projecting specious, but Utopian schemes for shortening the road to the temple of riches: to convert the town into a large gaming arena, where only a few can win, but all must be unsettled and demoralized in principle.

The knowledge that where adventurous speculations abound, a small sum of money may lead to fortune, must, in its very nature, lead to crime: had not Fauntleroy known that the gambling money market was open to him, and flattered himself that some day he might make, as others had done, a hit by *speculation*, (to express the term elegantly, vulgarly, by *gambling*,) he would not, in all probability, have ventured on so dangerous an expedient, to prop the falling walls of his own and his partners' house.

In the next case (Hunton's) I shall treat this question more at large; and now take the opportunity of introducing two anecdotes; one illustrative of city speculation, and the other of city honesty and honour: both of which deserve a place on the page of history.

In the year of the panic (1826) a gentleman in the North of England, who had lived in good style, died, leaving two grown-up sons, part of a large family, behind him: contrary to the expectations of his children, when his affairs were examined, there was found to be little more property than was sufficient to satisfy the demands against the estate.

Some gentleman in the neighbourhood, feeling for their situation and disappointment, advised both of the young men to repair to London and endeavour to obtain situations; and further to facilitate these objects, and assist them, he wrote a letter of introduction to an eminent citizen, directing them to present it immediately on their arrival in the metropolis.

When the person to whom the letter was addressed read its contents, he commiserated their situation, invited them to dinner the same day, and immediately commenced his inquiries among his friends for situations which he judged might suit them, and, within a few hours, obtained the late Sir William Curtis's consent, to admit the eldest into his banking house as a clerk. While the good man, who resided in the neighbourhood of the India House, was thus engaged, the young northerns took a walk to survey the modern Babylon, and we may judge of their patron's surprise, when three weeks elapsed before either of them again made their appearance at his house. The reader must be informed, that both the young men had brought in

their pockets to town, the money which came to their share upon the division of the father's property, amounting to about three hundred and fifty pounds each.

After an absence of three weeks from the time they delivered their introductory letter to the citizen, one of them entered his counting-house, and said, "Sir, I know not how sufficiently to apologise to you for my conduct; I have been now three weeks in town, the whole of which time has passed like a dream to me. No! not like a dream neither, it is reality, for I have all the money in my pocket," slapping his hand upon his thigh.

"What money?" hastily inquired the citizen.

"Fourteen thousand pounds, which I have made since I saw you—nothing shall keep me another day in such a place, for I have just recollected, that when so much can be in a short time obtained, the same may be lost; and although the adage, which tells us, 'Money is like manure, of no use until it be spread,' may be good, yet I mean to take my leisure in determining how I shall dispose of mine."

"Well, well!" cried the incredulous, and astonished citizen; "but tell me how all this has happened. What is become of your brother—why didn't he call and explain it?"

"My brother!" rejoined the fortunate young man; "he has been as busy as I have, and means to stay two or three days longer in town, to get in his money. I believe he has made more than I; but I'll be off, there's witchery in the place, and I'll keep my hand fast hold of the money all the way, until I reach home."

"Zounds! why don't you explain? why so mystical and cabalistical? Say, what have you been doing? How did you get the money?" again inquired the impatient Londoner.

"That, sir, is precisely what I came to tell you," answered the young man. "On the morning we left your office, we strolled out into the town, with a view of whiling away the time until dinner-hour. Passing down a lane by the Bank, which I now know to be Bartholomew Lane, we met a gentleman who was formerly a school-fellow with us in the north; he was coming out from the Stock Exchange, in a great hurry and bustle; so much so, that we could hardly induce him to stop while we inquired after his health, and whether he was settled in London. 'London,' cried he; 'why I am here every day upon the Exchange, and I think I shall almost go mad; if I had had money, I could have made my fortune within these last ten days, and now I am running to a friend to acquaint him of the peculiar state of the market regarding——(here he mentioned some newly-formed company:) any man who lays his money out to-day, will double it to-morrow; ay, those shares may, in twenty hours from this time, bear two hundred per cent profit to purchasers to-day, that is, within the present hour.' So saying, he inquired where he might call upon us, and was about to dart off: my brother Robert looked me hard in the face, and thinking he discovered thoughts passing similar to his own, he laid hold of the broker's arm and held him, while he inquired how much money would be requisite to make a purchase. 'Any sum, from fifty to a thousand pounds,' was the reply. Well, sir, not to be prolix," continued the young man, "my brother and myself laid out our money in some one

or more companies' shares, which, under the management and direction of our friend, sure enough, realized us cent per cent, and something more; thus we were possessed of upwards of seven hundred pounds each. As we were now in the alchymist's shop, it needed but little persuasion to induce us to put our money again into the crucible, and thus we did during the period of three weeks, turning and twisting it about by the skill or conjuration of our guide, (aided, I must strongly suspect, by the notorious gullibility of some cockneys,) so judiciously, that the result is as before told, viz., the making of my fortune; for I mean to be satisfied with what I have got—no risk for me. As we say of matrimony, two prizes are rarely found in one lottery. I have no 'itching palm' beyond security from poverty."

The worthy citizen highly applauded his prudence and moderation, saying, "That when enough is granted, it is folly to covet more: it has been remarked by an ingenious writer, 'that every animal except man, keeps to one dish; but man falls upon every thing that comes in his way.'"

"Besides," continued the good man, "you have hitherto been wholly a winner; your principles have not been polluted; alternate success in the money market, in a few short months, makes a shuffling character. I never knew one in it whom any sensible man estimated otherwise than as we do metals, viz. by weight, those that are successful are like fowls that choke themselves by over-eating. Did you not, when on the spot, observe that all man's worst passions were brought upon that city stage? Did you not note the actors?—mark the eager eye, the over-anxious look, the cunning grin, the screwed form of those employed in thought or in making their calculations, the contortions of the disappointed losers, and the gesticulations of the Jews who were engaged in bringing over others to their views of the prospects of the market?

"That Stock Exchange is the grave of the soul of men; all the finer spiritual essences of their nature fly off as they enter, leaving them mere creatures of sensuality; they cannot even enjoy their money, it becomes their master. I will tell you an anecdote. I heard this morning of one of our great Hebrew contractors and dealers in the funds, from which you may judge of the principle of them all; the bulk in this case answers the sample.

"The Hebrew and another house had for a long period been violently opposed to each other in the money market; they were both such considerable stockholders, that the movements of either party in selling out or buying in generally had an effect upon the market. A short time since, their position as holders was such that they were every day becoming losers by their obstinacy, neither party feeling willing to succumb or give way to the plans of the other; the enmity and acrimony of the parties ran so high, that they passed each other unnoticed when they met in the street or avenues which lead to the resort of the bulls and bears. Thus stood matters at a time when things were thought to be at a crisis in the market: the Jew being the largest holder was the most annoyed from the policy adopted by his adversary, and was the first to break ground in the manner following:—one morning, he purposely put himself in the way to meet one of the partners in the

opposing firm; going directly up to him, he said, 'Vot for *ve* so foolish?—*ve* cut *von* another's throats;—people *vill* laugh at us,—*ve* should laugh at *de peoples*. Come, come, let us be *vise* and put *monish* in both our pockets!' 'Ah, sir,' replied the other, 'you talk a little like a reasonable man now; we can together give the market almost any turn; but your obstinacy made us despair.' '*Vell! vell!*' hastily retorted the Jew, 'let us not speak of that now: *vot* shall *ve* say about business? Oh, I *vill* tell you *vat ve* must do:—let me see, how much you hold?' The fundholder told him. Not to make a long story, subsequently it was arranged that, as the Jew held more than double the stock of the other, the latter should make such a move in the market, as would, it was known, inevitably occasion a considerable loss, but then, at the same time, it was calculated that the jobbing evolution would occasion the Hebrew a gain of treble the amount of the other's loss. This being mutually agreed on, it was finally settled that, on a certain day, the Christian should call upon the Jew, and receive his moiety of the balance of winnings on the entirety of the transaction.

"It all fell out as the stockholders had anticipated; a very considerable sum of money was realized. I am afraid to speak upon report, but it was a very large sum. When the day of settlement arrived, the party in the losing house was punctual in waiting on the Jew, but when he called at his house, he was shown into a back room, where he saw several persons transacting business, upon which he said, 'I see, sir, you are engaged; I will call again.' 'Vot should you call again for?' said the Jew; 'you can tell your businish now:—you may speak out;—I never have businish vich I am ashamed of;' addressing the party as if he had never before seen him. Thunderstruck, and afraid of showing how much he was disconcerted at the reception, he again said, 'No, sir, I will call to-morrow; perhaps you will be alone.' 'Me alone,—I don't know ven that vill be,' roughly answered the Jew: 'I do my businish all openly; I have no secrets with nobody.' Upon the second and third call he experienced the same treatment, and it was very apparent that the Jew had, from the beginning, contemplated a cheat; but the impudent manner in which he treated the question exceeded all parallel in the history of knavery.

"At length, when the certainty of the loss was established beyond a doubt, the swindled man became so enraged with the swindler, that he determined, at least, in revenge, to expose the affair; but the more frequently the Jew was told of it, the more he enjoyed and laughed at it. One day, however, when the Jew had a party at his private house to dinner, among the visitors being several great personages from the west end of the town, the dupe thought he would take a signal revenge, by forcing his way up stairs, and relating before the company how he had been served by their host. With this view he arrived at the Jew's door, accompanied by a friend, just as the party had seated themselves to eat their dinner: instead, however, of meeting with any difficulty, on his name being announced by the servant, he and his friend were desired to walk up into the dinner-room, where sate the Jew at the head of the table with his knife and fork in hand.

"When this consummate and hardened rogue saw his opponent at

the door, he coolly laid down his knife and fork, and exclaimed, '*Vot*, you come to tell me something, hey! *vot* everybody knows. I got the *monish*, and you a great fool. *Vell*, you are to be pitied:—you come to call me something,—some bad names: *vell*, go on,—*ve* can *vait* dinner a little;—come, go on! Come, say, you rogue, you cheat, you villain, and Jew, and dog, and all that, then spit in my face:—I shall not be angry, because I have got *de monish*,' placing his hand upon his thigh, 'and you, poor fellow, have lost yours. *Vell*, *vy* are you not quick? the good peoples here *vont* their dinner—as I told you at first, I have no secrets.' 'You hardened, you infernal villain,' exclaimed the visitor, biting his lips with vexation, while as he left the room, the Jew broke out into a coarse, vulgar laugh of exultation, at the end of which he called out, 'Poor gentleman!—Aaron, see that he don't commit suicide on the premises.' "

"Such a man ought not to be suffered to live," said the young countryman when the story was finished. "Live," answered the citizen, "why, he is the greatest man in the nation; all this, and much more is known; and yet he is honoured, nay, worshipped by some persons; to such a sordid state of mind are the people of England brought, that they can see no other object than money."

After many thanks on the part of the young man, saying his brother would call also to make his acknowledgments, and congratulation, on the part of the worthy citizen, they took a farewell of each other.

The case of Hunton demands a preliminary consideration.

The French revolutionary war effected as great a change in society in England as it did in France. Very soon after it broke out, the value of money was altered, from which cause a train of events arose, and passed away in succession so rapid, that the historian can scarcely now snatch anything regarding them to record but the dates of their occurrence.

The revolution in British commerce was as complete as in French politics; for a time, trade appeared as if run mad; fresh channels were opened for commerce, and it altogether assumed a new face. Regular and steady pursuits were abandoned; all men of a sudden rushed into the market of speculation, and were anxious to stake their all upon some adventure.

No young tradesman, born into the world in more quiet times, can form a conception of the state of London trade thirty or thirty-five years ago. Tradesmen were bankrupts one day, and in the field of commerce the next, or, rather, they did not quit the field; all insolvencies were considered temporary, and no man felt ashamed when unable to pay the demands upon him; numbers kept him in countenance. Deficiencies, whether occasioned by fraud or otherwise, were all deemed the result of speculation; and it was a common thing to see three or four petitioning creditors under bankrupts' estates one day attending Guildhall as creditors, and a few days subsequently as bankrupts. Even the seats of justice (if such a term may be applied to the commissioners of bankrupts in those days) drank of the madness of the times, and fell into confusion, from which they never recovered; hence the necessity for the recent remodelling of that court, and the establishment of the present system under the Lord Chancellor.

On the other hand, fortunes were as rapidly made as lost; some men realized immense sums in a few months, nay, a few days; the change of property from hand to hand, in those times, can only be compared to the manner in which it passes from hand to hand at a hazard table; neither the overthrow of the government, or an entire revolution of its form, could have worked so great a moral change in the people. Mr. Pitt laboured to counteract the democratic spirit of the times, and to preserve aristocratical wealth; in other words, to prevent a revolution; but the very measures he adopted to carry his purpose, brought about, in the end, the greatest of all revolutions—a change in the habits, manners, and principles of the people—effected the transfer of more wealth into the hands of a few than all the previous aristocracy, for whom he professed to labour, possessed; in short, he created a new aristocracy; he borrowed wealth, and brought in East Indians and other rich *parvenus* by shoals, to supersede the ancient nobility.

The change in society was sudden, but it shook the foundation of principle in the people to its base. Pitt set up the idol of wealth as the only object worthy of adoration; he gave it place, power, titles, and honours; changing in a few short years the character of English society; he occasioned the change of the currency at home as frequently as the value of exchange varies abroad; he burdened the people with a debt, from which they never can rise; he loaded the rich with titles, which would be their disgrace were the means by which the fortunes were made, appended to their names in the red book. He thought not of the happiness of the people, he considered only the wealth of the nation, and this he was contented to purchase at the expense of its misery; to him we owe the erasure of all the natural impressions from the Englishman's heart. These opinions are not the result of fancy, or a passion for exaggerated, coloured declamation; for they relate to events which have happened in our own land,—have been seen and known to thousands, who at one time would not, or could not, penetrate the mischievous politics of a ministry misled by a boy. But to our subject.

The recollection of the days, in which Hunton passed his life in trade, calls up a thousand feelings which cannot be understood by those who did not live in them. The case, however, now before us, that of Hunton's, is so closely identified and mixed up with the times in which he lived, that they imperatively demand some consideration, more especially as I have never seen, in any work hitherto published, an account of the true causes which led to the commission of so many forgeries at that period. The twenty years that elapsed between the years 1794 and 1814, may be termed an era of general public gaming in this country; a system of trading upon bills was introduced, which was carried to an extent before unknown at any period of our history. It was true that trade had received a new impulse, still it had its fits and starts, and occasional interruptions, placing many solvent tradesmen in temporary difficulties, and furnishing many more insolvents with excuses for not fulfilling their engagements. At the period when all payments were made in bank notes, the Bank of England had an interest in issuing their promises to pay, and in up-

holding the credit of the country, and they were in the habit of granting very considerable discounts upon accepted bills payable in London. Only those who have previously, on application, been allowed to open a discount at the bank, can receive the accommodation, and now they must be merchants or wholesale dealers: at the time I speak of, retail tradesmen were permitted to have discounts, when the large sums of money which were weekly drawn out by comparatively a few individuals, were again used for discounting bills, and spread among the many. The cashing bills was no longer a trade confined to bankers, or within a circle of merchants round the Exchange; it spread over the entire metropolis, everybody carried a bundle of bills about their person, which, even without money, they would exhibit as valuable property. Those who were without *bonâ fide* bills would make fictitious ones to put in their pocket-book, without any intention of using them, but merely to exhibit as so many instruments by which their hands were tied for want of money, &c. &c. The largest issues made by the bank upon bills was, perhaps, during the first seven or eight years of the present century: at this period, the bankers emulated each other, and contended for the fame of liberality in discounting. Many bankers opened their houses entirely on the principle of advancing money upon bills, hanging out, as it used to be said, the flag of discount at their door. The governor and company of the Bank of England obtained their five per cent. interest for discount, and, at the same time, issued their own promises to pay; the government deriving an immense revenue for the stamps on which the bills were drawn. While this state of things lasted in the commercial world, more than one half of the tradesmen in the metropolis might, and probably were, not worth half a crown in the pound upon the amount of their debts, and yet carried on an extensive business, giving credit, and supporting all the appearances of being possessed of wealth; and this, in fact, was the real financial condition in which at least one-third of the London tradesmen stood. Persons of adventure, and desperate men, being without capital, dashed recklessly into the bill system, and raised fictitious funds for speculating in trade, regardless of consequences; a practice which very soon pervaded the whole country, and gave a wrong bias to all the affairs of life. To trace all the ills which have befallen society from the once indiscriminate manner in which the Bank of England issued their notes in exchange for bills, and the turn of thinking which society took, arising from the new circumstances of the times, occasioned by the false impetus given to trade, would be to write a history of all the insolvencies, bankruptcies, forgeries, and hangings which have occurred within the last thirty-five years—also a history of most of the vices extant in the year 1834.

No man possessed of any moral sense, or knowledge, or who comprehends what are the true interests of society, will defend crime, or in any way advocate the cause of criminality, but it should nevertheless be borne in mind, that all criminals and their cases are good subjects for study, and so are the causes which lead to crime, or error of any kind.

At the present time, no greater boon could be thrown to society than

a good history of crime, emanating from an able pen, philosophically and metaphysically treated. Such a history should embrace the several species of crime which prevailed at different periods of time, the class of society in which the offenders moved, before they lapsed into crime, the various modes of committing offences, likewise the punishments awarded by the law, and those actually carried into effect; that is to say, what punishments were fashionable in each particular age. This is the more necessary, as it does not appear that the penal laws in this country were ever regularly or steadily executed. In every age the legislative body have encouraged the executive to modify their own laws. It seems as if they were always aware, that the penal laws have been constructed upon the principle on which the fisherman makes his net, saying to himself, "I will have it large enough to take in all, and the meshes small enough to contain all, so that when the draught is made, I will use my own discretion as to which I shall spare, and which I shall keep." We want a history of crime which should also contain an account of the various modes of trial, especially the law of evidence, and the interest the people took in the fate of the culprits. In the present day, the world understand the effect of hanging a man by the neck to be the dissolution of the corporeal existence, and the cause which led to the hanging, the commission of crime, and there the inquiry ends, after having once been inserted in the newspapers. The causes which lead to the commission of offences is rarely sought for, or any useful inference drawn therefrom.

"Oh! perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or reproof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws."

*(To be continued.)*

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## ON BEING ASKED TO REMEMBER.

Yes, I'll remember thee, my love,
As through the world I joyless stray;
This faithful heart to thee will rove,
And long for thee when far away.

When Cynthia sheds her pensive light,
And stars illume the azure sky,
Oft will I steal from mortal sight,
For thee to breathe the tender sigh.

When at the throne of grace I bend
In fervent prayer the suppliant knee,—
Yes! when my thoughts to heaven ascend,
Oh! dearest, I'll remember thee.

# ON THE JUSTICE AND EXPEDIENCY OF ESTABLISHING AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

The scale that marks most accurately the progress of civilisation, is that degree of protection that in any particular country or empire is afforded to property. Even in those communities where refinement has advanced but tardily, the husbandman is permitted to reap what he sows, the artificer to sell what he has produced, protected by his neighbours, as well as by the laws, and, excepting in the case of a national war, of all things fearing the least plunder at the hands of aliens and of foreigners.

This is true in all communities, of all descriptions of property, save one, and that one the most imperishable, and the most valuable, to every one but the producer. The fabrics of cotton, or of leather, or of iron, have but a limited duration, a very circumscribed utility; the same articles must be continually manufactured by the same workman, and, for every separate manufacture that he produces, whether the purchaser be his own countryman or a foreigner, he gets his remunerating price, or ceases to produce at all. But the man who writes a book, a work that perhaps shall teach a thousand of manufacturers how to improve, and multiply, and perfect those necessaries and luxuries that refine and elevate the human race, this general benefactor sees the invaluable, the almost eternal property that he has created, at the mercy of the unprincipled and rapacious of every petty foreign state, who can produce sufficient capital to set up a printing press, and thus rob with impunity a man of genius, defraud his children, and nullify the vested rights of his consignee, the bookseller.

Now, had the writer of this work, by which millions are to profit, but sent out a paltry bale of cotton to this hypothetical state, he would have found for the consignment all the respect due to property, and all the protection of national and international law. But there is still a greater aggravation of the injury upon the poor author, for he had no intention of sending his property to this state at all; but the purloiners—our indignation will not permit us a gentler term—the purloiners of it actually come, or send over and filch it away from him, and he has not only hitherto had no redress, but we are sorry to add, no compassion shown him, and, as yet, but little attention.

We have thus far treated the subject only on the broad basis of common justice, upon that universal and unchangeable principle, that the absolute security of the property of the individual is the most stable foundation, not for the prosperity only, but, positively, for the existence of communities. Even in the most barbarous age, international laws have existed, and had they not, the spirit of chivalry and the sense of honour would have supplied the want.

Let us now go a little more into detail, and see, firstly, who are

most injured, and who are most benefited by the existing international practice of literary piracy.

In this consideration there are three parties involved, the rightful owners of the property, the nefarious seizer of it, and the public at large—and a large public it is, for it includes under that denomination every one on the face of the earth, who can profit by or read a book. Of these three parties, the first is wronged and robbed; the second, a sordid few, and of consequence only in the extent of the mischief that they produce, are but little benefited; whilst the greatest sufferers by this state of things is the public, and we might say without exaggeration, the whole human race.

Firstly, as to the body of authors—from time immemorial a needy and ill-paid, and consequently a querulous generation; to whose tombs the great of grateful nations come to pay homage, and to laud to the skies those dead, whom living they would have jostled off the pavement if they had presumed to come in contact with their "nobilities," or stared out of countenance if they had presumed to have tendered them the hand of fellowship. We know that there have been some exceptions, but those geniuses who have not been thrust aside with neglect, have had, for the most part, their independence crushed, whilst their reputations have been raised by the degrading pomp of *individual* patronage—to some minds, a state of existence more disgustful than that of penury and rags. Genius lubricating his tongue with sycophancy, and acting the parasite to one, in order that he may gain the means of being the instructor of many, is a picture more revolting than the sordidness of the garret, or the flutter of honest though dirt-encumbered rags could produce. That this is anything but declamation, let the fulsome dedications of this and of the two last centuries testify, to say nothing of the wriggling obsequiousness of men of talent of the present day, to crawl into the saloons of the rich man, to feed on the crumbs that fall from his table, to be smiled on by a lord, or to be seen arm-in-arm with one who may, by his position, be thought to be the dispenser of public patronage.

But who, with one drop of unsoured milk of human kindness in his bosom, shall blame either the flatterers or the flattered? The former are too often not respectable, and it would be too much to ask the latter for respect for them. The author, whatever may be his capabilities of creating, has no means of protecting his property; consequently, when produced, it is of little worth; for his agent, the publisher, cannot afford to give for it a remunerating price. The bookseller says, and says truly, "My dear sir, I know the value of this work, but, for want of an international law of copyright, I cannot afford to give you, by any means, a price adequate to its merits. I am placed, and that very awkwardly too, on the horns of a dilemma; if the work succeed in London, it will be immediately reprinted in Paris, and sold at one-third of the English price—these copies will inundate the English markets, and drive ours completely out of it; and if it do not succeed here, where then, my good friend, am I? No, two or three hundred pounds are the most that I, as a prudent tradesman, can afford to risk on this speculation."

"Two hundred pounds!" replies the astonished author. "My

dear Mr. ——, it has occupied my mind and my time for nearly a year. I will say nothing of the books that I have been forced to borrow, and even to buy; and you allow that the work has great merit."

"I will allow everything but the possibility of my buying an unprotected property."

"I think," soliloquizes the mortified author, as he leaves that temple in which Fortune ought to preside equally with Fame—"I think, that if my honoured father, instead of spending such vast sums of money on my education, had first brought me up in the hosiery line, and then bought a good business for me with the cash, I should have been much nearer than I am now of acquiring the golden fleece."

That the publisher is perfectly correct in the view of the case that he took in this—we wish that we could say imaginary dialogue—we will exemplify in a fact, to the accuracy of which we pledge ourselves. The "Rienzi" of that most successful and accomplished author, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, and for the copyright of which a very large sum was very justly paid by the English publishers, whom to indemnify, every copy of which should cost the purchaser a guinea and a half, is now actually selling in New York, in a single volume, for the paltry sum of two shillings. We trust that very effective means will be employed to prevent this spurious, and dreadfully incorrect edition from spreading in this country.

As the case now stands, it seems quite apparent, that publishers should buy only such works that are just sufficiently good to circulate in the home market, without exciting the attention of foreigners, and thus feed the public to satiety with the dulness of mediocrity, than which no greater impediment to the progress of the human mind can well be imagined.

It is this that deteriorates the general character of authors, crushes young genius ere it has the power to display the first buds of its incipient greatness, and perpetuates on the nation, and on the world, the decent reign of a well-sustained *juste milieu*, in all that concerns the highest order of literature.

Let us look round upon those who lately did, and at present do occupy most prominently the first rank of authors. Is there one among them who depends solely on his pen for subsistence—one whom his pen would respectably subsist? Saving the mere journalists, the hacks, clever men indeed they are, but who avowedly write to meet the demand of the day, we think not one. We do not like to mention names. But we think we are perfectly safe in saying that all who have become popular, did not write their *first* works when their subsistence depended upon literary success, and that all who did so write lived wretchedly, and died miserably. The expediency of possessing an independence before authorship can be begun,—of how many brilliant works has it deprived the world, how many fine spirits has it broken prematurely, how many unforgotten graves has it caused to be too early tenanted!

It is this insecurity of literary property that has made authors too generally what they are. On the one hand, if patronized, sycophants, pensioners, and apostates; on the other, if neglected, mental gla-

diators, hireling scribes, and assassins of character, for the poor privilege of wearing a decent coat, and of calling themselves *litteraires*, the former not always so certain as the latter. We always except that class of writers who are independent of their writings, and the other, no less respectable, whose task of writing is one of periodical occurrence.

We have now fearlessly,—perhaps, for the squeamish taste of the day, too fearlessly,—stated the effect that the present order of affairs has upon authors generally as a class. We have shown the disadvantages under which they labour, and how that, though they are greatly to be pitied, until the evils by which they are oppressed be removed, they will never be greatly respected until they be dead—a consummation of glory the most ambitious of them, we believe, would defer as long as they could. We now proceed to examine what real advantages the very few pirates gain by thus plundering the many aggrieved.

Do they gain anything? We almost think, in the long run, not. Fair play is the best play *all the world over*. Of all those engaged in the instance of the shabby reprint of "Rienzi," how much did each gain by this job of so shamefully underselling? Averaging them together, they did not gain five pounds a man: but for this act they have their plea:—let us listen to it by all means. "Certainly, we have not behaved quite nobly in this affair, but, as philanthropists, we have done a violence to our generous natures in order to serve the world at large. We wish the spread of cheap knowledge. Hundreds of thousands will read the ill-printed, badly got-up, cheap edition, that never could have afforded to have paid the value of the handsome and fairly-priced ones. Observe, what benefactors we are! Who would not, to produce a good so great and so extensive, scruple a little to do violence to our conscience, and somewhat outrage the principles of fair trading?" But this plea of the public good, specious as it may at the first glance appear, will not avail them. For when authors like those whose works are of sufficient value to be piratically printed, find that they can be done so with impunity, will cease to write, because the unprotected purchaser of their works will cease to offer them a remunerating price, and thus many glorious books will never delight that public, for the instruction of which the surreptitious printers are so zealous. But this class, though the immediate instruments of the evil, are scarcely deserving of a thought. Roguery—and smooth down the matter as you will, the printing another man's works against his consent *is* a species of roguery—roguery will always find abettors as well as apologists, whilst it can be made profitable with impunity.

But the public, the last clause on which we intend to touch; yes, that public, for whose welfare so much wickedness has been perpetrated, is perpetrating, and always will be perpetrated, that public, which is such a ready, and so ample a cover for our private vices, and the name of which is not always a transparent cloke to cover every species of injustice, we will now take under our protection, and show how much it is abused, wronged, and cheated, by those who wish to

extend and perpetuate the impression that this undue and unjust multiplication of the best works is a thing so greatly to its advantage.

We will, for the sake of the argument, allow that a very great evil may be done to a few for the sake of the good of the many. We will allow, for the same laudable purpose, that authors may be ruined, and publishers, the respectable ones, beggared; yet still we deny, when all this crying injustice has been committed, that the public are benefited.

In matters of literary production, reputation is the one thing needful. No doubt, talent, or whimsicality, or position, or accident of some sort, must, in the first instance, have acquired for the author this reputation, and when once acquired, he must most assiduously and carefully apply himself to write himself down before he can divest himself of it. Who will deny this to be the case? The mass of readers cannot judge for themselves: they think themselves, and perhaps they are, better employed: consequently, they call for what others have pronounced to be the best, and it is supplied to them in the utmost profusion at the very lowest possible rate, and at a price infinitely lower than that at which they can purchase what they may suppose to be the worst. Who, among the majority of readers, would not rather buy one of Mr. Bulwer's or Captain Marryat's novels, printed in France and America for five shillings, than expend a guinea and a half upon the almost unknown production of a totally unknown author? Is not the thing apparent? There is no room, no opportunity given, for rising talent. It requires, in the first instance, an independence to become an author, in the next, an accident of some sort, (and great talent is one,) to become popular; and, lastly, even these will not secure to the lucky individual a liberal or a fair return for his labours.

None are more ready than ourselves to do honour to the writers who now possess the *pavé* of literature; but, for the respect we have for our common nature, we must affirm that, though they are the best that have appeared, we do not think they are the best that exist. That they should be the best, even in a numerical point of view, the chances are infinitely against them. Thus young and aspiring genius is overlaid and crushed, not by a monopoly, but by something, though the very reverse, more cruel, and more oppressively efficacious. Reputation, for the time being, thrusts aside merit of all kinds, and thus the world is defrauded of some of the finest monuments which the human mind could raise, and raise with it the intellectual glories of the race.

The operation of this cause is most prejudicial in America: there, the influx of English works of notoriety is so great, that native talent actually has hardly a chance of being heard. An American, conscious of a superior mind, consequently, comes over to England and publishes there in the first instance.

Our beloved brother Jonathan, (and, notwithstanding a few peculiarities he possesses, to which we are not yet reconciled, we love him dearly,) is not so soft as to buy a copyright of his own countryman, when he can publish the best works of the English press without handing out the dollars for that exacting fellow, the author. We really believe, though we are not quite certain as to the American law upon the case, but we really believe that our brother contrives to make

John Bull pay for the copyright of American authors, which he reprints in the United States, as the vulgar have it, gratis, free, and for nothing. Of this we are certain, that the gentlemen who published Cooper's novels, and Willis's "Pencillings," did not acquire the right to do so merely for the trouble of doing it.

The American public, however, is one, let its worst enemies say what they will, that has always its eyes open. They are more alive to the importance of this subject than ourselves. Already do they talk of bringing out a law of international copyright. We rejoice at this, but feel a little shame that this boon, or rather this justice, should not have originated with the parent country. However, as a very able writer has expressed himself, though we do but follow in the path, "Our transatlantic brethren will do themselves honour by such an act of justice to the commonwealth of literature."* They will do more—they will do themselves great good—they will foster the latent genius of their fine country—they will excite among themselves that best of all ambitions, the intellectual—they will cultivate their taste, refine their manners, and ornament their wealth and their worth by those graces that make the one valuable and the other dignified.

If we cordially unite with America in achieving this great good, its effect upon the world at large will be incalculable. Our glorious language will then become the depôt of all the treasures of the human mind, and thus gradually encroaching upon the use of the others, finally become the universal organ of civilisation—more general than ever was the boasted Latin, even when at its zenith. This will be the sooner effected if other European nations are slow to enter into this benign compact.

We think that France is too liberal, and much too alive to her own interests, to be long before she follows the example that England and America will give her so speedily. We well know, that while the instances are but few in which we reprint a French work, the publishers of that nation are daily re-issuing cheap English editions, and, therefore, that as the case now stands, the advantages are all their own; but if their rulers will but think a little, they will discover that they are employing unjustly an engine that will itself avenge the injustice, by wounding that tenderest of all tender things, their national pride, in thus widely extending the use of a rival language that they, at least, wish never to see, or will never acknowledge to be universal.

If but the three great nations of the civilised world, England, France, and America, will but cordially unite in establishing a just, efficient, and comprehensive law of international copyright, other states must inevitably follow the example, and writers may then hope to possess the property which they have with so much labour created, and publishers feel no hesitation in purchasing it.

But, as the case now stands, for the want of an international law on this momentous subject, robbery of the worst description, and the most extensive in its ramifications, is committed not only with impunity, but without even the visitation of shame on the heads of the perpetrators; and the fact may be familiarly, perhaps a little coarsely, illustrated as follows.

* Vide the voluminous works of Mr. Saunders.

Between the author and the publisher, the selling and the buying of a book, is, up to one point, exactly similar to the selling and the buying of a horse. The horse necessarily is taken, like the book, with all faults; you can warrant the horse, of course, but the publisher takes, instead of a warrant for his book, the author's previous success, the nature of the work, and his own very fallible judgment. The horse may die in a week, or may live and work well till a good old age. The book may never live at all, but fall still-born from the press. These are all fair matters of speculation; the thing is done with open eyes, and the buyer generally employs them with tolerable success. But—and in this lies the gist of the question—who would buy a horse, when it was understood that if the animal turned out an uncommon good 'un to go, any blackguard that was worth (worthy?) a halter, might fling it over the head of the steed, and ride him to the devil? Such a contingency, however, the publisher is forced to take into consideration when he purchases a work. But he is still worse off than the hypothetical purchaser of the horse; for it is not his own countryman that does him the injury, but an alien, a foreigner, and perhaps an enemy; and the gain of the nefarious transaction circulates, not in his own country, but in that of a jealous rival of our trade, and of a bitter enemy to our commercial welfare.

We fear that we have a little too much elaborated this part of our subject; but we felt it a duty imperative upon us to show the distressing nature of the evil under which the author, the publisher, and the public labour, through the existing state of things. We will now say a few words upon the nature of the remedy, and, first, suggest what it is that the author should demand.

He has, at present, by the law of England, the right in his work secured to him and to his assignees, for a certain number of years. We think that the term should have been longer—we cannot see why the descendants or assignees of Shakspeare should not now enjoy the mental and eternal estate that he created, as well as the descendants and assignees of any other man who made a fortune at the same time, or had acquired a patrimony by public services, should now enjoy his; but we suppose that houses and lands are of so much less value than epics and plays, that we can afford to abstract the former for ever from the use of the public, whilst the latter is much too precious to be private preperty for more than twenty-eight years. The legislature, who are composed by-the-bye of more landholders than authors, have, in their wisdom, thought otherwise. As good subjects ought, we bow to their decision, and now only ask them to secure to us by treaty the boon that they have vouchsafed to us. Is it asking too much, if the American law should grant us poor authors a longer right in our properties, that we also might be permitted to partake of the same advantage? We also think that, in case of war between the contracting countries, this treaty, or international law, should still be held inviolable; for even in invasions, private property is always respected.

We are also of opinion, that were this law established, it would be an infringement of it, without the author's permission, or that of his assignee, to translate his work into another language. The thoughts and the material of the work will always be that, if properly ren-

dered, of the original author. As, of course, there would be considerable time and trouble expended on the part of the translator, we think that the author or assignee should not be empowered to ask more than half the price for the permission to translate, of that sum which was originally paid for the copyright. But of this we have no doubt, that those in whom the copyright was vested, should have a veto in the case; for what author of talent could patiently suffer himself to be misrepresented or travestied by any blundering dunce who fancied that he understood his original?

There is also, in this matter, another question that requires a serious consideration; it is, whether the holder of the copyright should possess the right to withhold it from the public altogether. Though, hitherto, it may have appeared that we have been pleading, and perhaps too specially, for the authors and their agents, the booksellers, we assure the public, that we have their interests more at heart than that of any individual class whatever. We will suppose that an international copyright law between ourselves and America was fully ratified and in active and beneficial operation, and that Mr. A., the author, has sold to Mr. B., the publisher, his entire copyright of a work,—of course at an advanced price, for now Mr. B. would have the supply of the whole world:—the work has a great success, and the American public are athirst for it, and, consequently, the American publishers are eager to purchase the privilege of printing and publishing; but, Mr. B. either asking too high a price for it, or withholding the permission altogether, should he not be compellable to come to reasonable terms? It may be replied, that Mr. B. will undertake to furnish the whole of America with exported copies; but, we think, that this would never be endured, because the same book then would be dearer in America than in England, by all the charges of agency, custom-house duties, and freight; and it would be a great solecism in political economy, as well as an absolute loss and injury to the American public at large, by enforcing upon them all that is odious in a foreign monopoly. The same, *vice versâ*, would apply to England. It was never our intention, in vindicating the rights of authors, to create a scarcity of books, or a denial of instruction and amusement to extensive classes of society. It therefore would seem advisable, that if the publishers of a foreign state did not choose to import the finished book of the country of the author, that it might be permitted to them to compel the author or his assignee to sell them the privilege of printing and publishing any work in their own country. Indeed, as regards America and ourselves, if the international copyright law made it imperative on them to take our ready-finished books or none, untaxed Jonathan would have to pay, as far as the imported book was concerned, on that book all the taxes of over-taxed England; for in the producing of a volume every tax that bears upon our industry, bears upon the volume also.

What to us appears fair, is this: let the author or his consignee, the bookseller, say to the foreigner, "If the demand for this work be but small in your country, of course it would answer your purpose much better to take an assignment of the ready-made books; but if large, you must purchase of me the right to print and publish yourselves,

at the exact proportion for the number of copies wanted, that I, myself, paid for the copyright." Nor ought the law to permit him to ask for more.

The consignee ought also to have some guarantee that the work in question should be brought out so as not to injure the reputation of the author, or deteriorate from the value of the production. However, the two booksellers would perhaps best manage their affairs together by themselves, without any legal intervention, saving this, that the possessor of the copyright should not have it in his power to suppress the work abroad; and this we insist upon for the sake of the public good.

We fervently trust that this all-important question will be taken up warmly and early in the next session of Parliament, and the public voice would point out Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer as the fittest organ by which this matter should be brought to a happy consummation. An elegant author himself, he has already, by his exertions, proved himself the friend of authors. This cannot possibly (though party *can* do strange things) be made a party question; and we trust that no latent and lurking enmity to America will be the cause of throwing unjust and ungenerous impediments in the way of this international arrangement.

Of this act we hope that no lawyer by profession will have the wording. The matter seems to us so simple, that we can well dispense with any legal learning upon the subject. As an international law of this description must partake of the nature of a treaty, we trust that it will partake of its language also. Treaties, in their clauses, though continually violated, are hardly ever misunderstood; whilst, on the contrary, laws, made by lawyers, are more misunderstood than violated. We have not professed to go into detail; we have treated only on the principle. We think that, before any enactment be made, there should be a general meeting of authors, publishers, and the influential patrons of literature. Were such a meeting speedily convened, it would do more to forward the desired object, than all the articles that could be written in all the magazines and reviews. Each party would come to a clear understanding as to its wants, and the best means of remedying them.

We have only to remark, in conclusion, that, when authors by profession see the rights of their painfully-created property secured, their numbers will not be increased, but their excellence will. Many more will enter into the field of literary composition; but it is—though a field so wide—one upon which are erected not many seats of distinction, and scarcely any thrones. The deserving only will acquire these; and their elevation be consequently the more high, and the envy that they excite will be less, the admiration more. In this elevation the public at large will participate—it will summon before its tribunal the noblest spirits, and, becoming the only and the best patron of genius, amply repay itself by extended enlightenment, and literary pleasures, and that by only doing a simple act of justice to a class that have been generally too little wise in knowing how to do justice to themselves.

## SUMMER-NIGHT THOUGHTS.

How timidly from out the neighbouring copse
The crowing pheasant peeps, and disappears;
How yet more timidly the hare, erect,
Looks round, and starts, and vanishes again!
The deer go bounding down the distant slopes:
The noisy rooks grow silent, one by one;
As soothingly the mingled light and dark
Steals o'er the senses, with oblivion soft;
With grateful coolness, and refreshing shade.
Out from his ruin comes the dusky bat,
And from his hollow oak, the stealthy owl;
Shaking dull sleep from out his feathers thick:
Then, as on downy-pinioned silence moving,
From hedge to hedge he glides, unheard, unseen.
How full of dreaminess these antique shades—
The hush of slumber, and the soul of rest,—
A tranquil folding of gigantic wings!
The winds, as on a pillow, lay them down.
Soft as the feet of infancy the dews
Around me fall; and twanged along the dusk,
As from an archer's bow, the beetle drones,—
Happy disturber of the quietude;
Most pleasant ruffler of the waveless air.
Each tree is now a stately tent, broad-roofed,
All underlaid with twinkling ears, now still,
And antlers, fix'd as if from earth they grew.
One hour ago what mirth was in the woods,
What madness of sweet song, what heart delight!
Now the sole singer is a rivulet,
That all the way chatters of one still nook,
Where it shall lay its head on a green bank,
A silent water!
From the distant grange,
Pleasantly pastoral, comes the sheep-dog's bark;
The unseen grange made visible by that sound,
Which, but for that, had no identity,
Brushed by the darkness from the unnoting mind.
High in the heavens what hosts of burning stars!
Deep on the earth how dense the slumbering dark!
Yet in this sleep of things the mind awakes
More clear, more wakeful for the general sleep.
No more compressed within this bodily frame,
The world is now the temple of the soul,
The soul the centre of the universe,
A god in its own sphere, like God in heaven.

RICHARD HOWITT.

# SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

## AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

### BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

### CHAPTER XXI.

In which are narrated the adventures which took place in the corporal's cruise in the jolly boat.

Corporal Van Spitter, as soon as he had expended all his breath in shouting for help, sat down with such a flop of despair on the thwart of the boat, as very nearly to swamp it. As it was, the water poured in over the starboard-gunnel, until the boat was filled up to his ancles. This alarmed him still more, and he remained mute as a stockfish for a quarter of an hour, during which he was swept away by the tide until he was unable to discover the lights on shore. The wind freshened, and the water became more rough; the night was dark as pitch, and the corporal skimmed along before the wind and tide. "A tousand tyfels!" at last muttered the corporal, as the searching blast crept round his fat sides, and made him shiver. Gust succeeded gust, and, at last, the corporal's teeth chattered with the cold: he raised his feet out of the water at the bottom of the boat, for his feet were like ice, but in so doing, the weight of his body being above the centre of gravity, the boat careened over, and with a "Mein Gott!" he hastily replaced them in the cold water. And now a shower of rain and sleet came down upon the unprotected body of the corporal, which added to his misery, to his fear, and to his despair.

"Where am I?" muttered he; "what will become of me? Ah, mein Gott! twenty tousand tyfels—what had I to do in a boat—I, Corporal Van Spitter?" and then he was again silent for nearly half an hour. The wind shifted to the northward, and the rain cleared up, but it was only to make the corporal suffer more, for the freezing blast poured upon his wet clothes, and he felt chilled to the very centre of his vitals. His whole body trembled convulsively, he was frozen to the thwart, yet there was no appearance of daylight coming, and the corporal now abandoned himself to utter hopelessness and desperation, and commenced praying. He attempted the Lord's Prayer in Dutch, but could get no further than "art in heaven," for the rest, from disuse, had quite escaped the corporal's memory. He tried to recollect something else, but was equally unsuccessful; at last he made up a sad mixture of swearing and praying.

"Mein Gott—a hundred tousand tyfels—gut Gott—twenty hundred tousand tyfels! Ah, Gott of mercy—million of tyfels! holy Gott Jesus!—twenty million of tyfels—Gott for dam, I die of cold!" Such were the ejaculations of the corporal, allowing about ten minutes

[1] Continued from page 241.

to intervene between each, during which the wind blew fresher, the waves rose, and the boat was whirled away.

But the corporal's miseries were to be prolonged; the flood of water was now spent, and the ebb commenced flowing against the wind and sea. This created what is called boiling water, that is, a contest between the wind forcing the waves one way, and the water checking them the other, which makes the waves to lose their run, and they rise, and dance, and bubble into points. The consequence was, that the boat, as she was borne down by the tide against them, shipped a sea every moment, which the wind threw against the carcase of the corporal, who was now quite exhausted with more than four hours exposure to a wintry night, the temperature being nearly down to zero. All the corporal's stoicism was gone; he talked wildly, crouched and gibbered in his fear, when he was suddenly roused by a heavy shock. He raised his head, which had sunk upon his chest, and beheld something close to him, close to the gunnel of the boat. It was a thin, tall figure, holding out his two arms at right angles, and apparently stooping over him. It was just in the position that Smallbones lay on the forecastle of the cutter on that day morning, when he was about to keelhaul him, and the corporal, in his state of mental and bodily depression, was certain that it was the ghost of the poor lad whom he had so often tortured. Terror raised his hair erect—his mouth was wide open—he could not speak—he tried to analyze it, but a wave dashed in his face—his eyes and mouth were filled with salt water, and the corporal threw himself down on the thwarts of the boat, quite regardless whether it went to the bottom or not; there he lay, half groaning, half praying, with his hands to his eyes, and his huge nether proportion raised in the air, every limb trembling with blended cold and fright. One hour more, and there would have been nothing but corporal parts left of Corporal Spitter.

The reason why the last movement of the corporal did not swamp the boat, was simply that it was aground on one of the flats; and the figure which had alarmed the conscience-stricken corporal, was nothing more than the outside beacon of a weir for catching fish, being a thin post with a cross bar to it, certainly not unlike Smallbones in figure, supposing him to have put his arms in that position.

For upwards of an hour did the corporal lie reversed, when the day dawned, and the boat had been left high and dry upon the flat. The fishermen came down to examine their weir, and see what was their success, when they discovered the boat with its contents. At first they could not imagine what it was, for they could perceive nothing but the capacious round of the corporal, which rosé up in the air, but, by degrees, they made out that there was a head and feet attached to it, and they contrived, with the united efforts of four men, to raise him up, and discovered that life was not yet extinct. They poured a little schnappes into his mouth, and he recovered so far as to open his eyes, and they having brought down with them two little carts drawn by dogs, they put the corporal into one, covered him up, and yoking all the dogs to the one cart, for the usual train could not move so heavy a weight, two of them escorted him up to their huts, while the others threw the fish caught into the cart which remained, and

took possession of the boat. The fishermen's wives, perceiving the cart so heavily laden, imagined, as it approached the huts, that there had been unusual success, and were not a little disappointed when they found that instead of several bushels of fine fish, they had only caught a corporal of marines; but they were kind-hearted, for they had known misery, and Van Spitter was put into a bed, and covered up with all the blankets they could collect, and very soon was able to drink some warm soup offered to him. It was not, however, till long past noon, that the corporal was able to narrate what had taken place.

"Will your lieutenant pay us for saving you, and bringing him his boat?" demanded the men.

Now, it must be observed, that a great revolution had taken place in the corporal's feelings since the horror and sufferings of the night. He felt hatred towards Vanslyperken, and good-will towards those whom he had treated unkindly. The supernatural appearance of Small-bones, which he still believed in, and which appeared to him as a warning—what he had suffered from cold and exhaustion, which by him was considered as a punishment for his treatment of the poor lad but the morning before, had changed the heart of Corporal Van Spitter, so he replied in Dutch.

"He will give you nothing, good people, not even a glass of schnappes, I tell you candidly—so keep the boat if you wish—I will not say a word about it, except that it is lost. He is not likely to see it again. Besides, you can alter it, and paint it."

This very generous present of his Majesty's property by the corporal, was very agreeable to the fishermen, as it amply repaid them for all their trouble. The corporal put on his clothes, and ate a hearty meal, was freely supplied with spirits, and went to bed quite recovered. The next morning, the fishermen took him down to Amsterdam in their own boat, when Van Spitter discovered that the Yungfrau had sailed; this was very puzzling, and Corporal Van Spitter did not know what to do. After some cogitation, it occurred to him that, for Vanslyperken's sake, he might be well received at the Lust Haus by widow Vandersloosh, little imagining how much at a discount was his lieutenant in that quarter.

To the Frau Vandersloosh accordingly he repaired, and the first person he met was Babette, who finding that the corporal was a Dutchman, and belonging to the Yungfrau, and who presumed that he had always felt the same ill-will towards Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow, as did the rest of the ship's company, immediately entered into a narrative of the conduct of Snarleyyow on the preceding night, the anger of her mistress, and every other circumstance with which the reader is already acquainted. Corporal Van Spitter thus fortunately found out how matters stood previous to his introduction to the widow. He expatiated upon his sufferings, upon the indifference of his lieutenant in sailing without caring what had become of him, and fully persuaded Babette not only that he was inimical, which now certainly he was, but that he always had been so, to Mr. Vanslyperken. Babette, who was always ready to retail news, went up to the widow, and amused her, as she dressed her, with the corporal's adventures,

and the widow felt an interest in, before she had seen, Corporal Van Spitter, from the account of his "moving accidents by flood and field."

But if prepossessed in his favour before she saw him, what did she feel when she first beheld the substantial proportions of Corporal Van Spitter! There she beheld the beau ideal of her imagination—the very object of her widow's dreams—the antipodes of Vanslyperken, and as superior as "Hyperion to a Satyr." He had all the personal advantages, with none of the defects, of her late husband; he was quite as fleshy, but had at least six inches more in height, and in the eyes of the widow the Corporal Van Spitter was the finest man she ever had beheld, and she mentally exclaimed, "There is the man for my money;" and, at the same time, resolved that she would win him. Alas! how short-sighted are mortals; little did the corporal imagine that the most untoward event in his life would be the cause of his being possessed of ease and competence. The widow received him most graciously, spoke in no measured terms against Vanslyperken, at which the corporal raised his huge shoulders, as much as to say, "He is even worse than you think him," was very violent against Snarleyyow, whom the corporal, aware that it was no mutiny, made no ceremony in "damning in heaps," as the saying is.

The widow begged that he would feel no uneasiness, as he should remain with her till the cutter returned; and an hour after the first introduction, Corporal Van Spitter had breakfasted with, and was actually sitting, by her request, on the fubsy little sofa, in the very place of Vanslyperken, with Frau Vandersloosh by his side.

We must pass over the few days during which the cutter was away. Widows have not that maiden modesty to thwart their wishes, which so often prevents a true love tale from being told. And all that the widow could not tell, Babette, duly instructed, told for her, and it was understood, before the cutter's arrival, that Corporal Van Spitter was the accepted lover of the Frau Vandersloosh. But still it was necessary that there should be secrecy, not only on account of the corporal's being under the command of the lieutenant, who, of course, would not allow himself to be crossed in his love without resenting it, but also, because it was not advisable that the crew of the Yungfrau should not be permitted to spend their money at the Lust Haus. It was, therefore, agreed that the lieutenant should be blinded as to the real nature of the intimacy, and that nothing should take place until the cutter was paid off, and Corporal Van Spitter should be a gentleman at large.

Independent of the wisdom of the above proceedings, there was a secret pleasure to all parties in deceiving the deceiver Vanslyperken. But something else occurred which we must now refer to. The corporal's residence at the widow's house had not been unobserved by the Jesuit, who was the French agent in the house opposite, and it appeared to him, after the inquiries he had made, that Corporal Van Spitter might be made serviceable. He had been sent for and sounded, and it was canvassed with the widow whether he should accept the offers or not, and finally it was agreed that he should, as there would be little or no risk. Now it so happened that the cor-

poral had gone over to the Jesuit's house to agree to the proposals, and was actually in the house conversing with him, when Vanslyperken arrived and knocked at the door. The corporal ascertaining who it was by a small clear spot left in the painted window for scrutiny, begged that he might be concealed, and was immediately shown into the next room by a door, which was hid behind a screen. The Jesuit did not exactly shut the door, as he supposed he did, and the corporal, who wondered what could have brought Vanslyperken there, kept it ajar during the whole of the interview and the counting out of the money. Vanslyperken left, and as he shut the other door the corporal did the same with the one he held ajar, and took a seat at the other end of the room, that the Jesuit might not suspect his having overheard all that had passed.

Now the Jesuit had made up his mind that it was better to treat with the principal than with a second, and therefore did not further require the services of Corporal Van Spitter. He told him that the lieutenant having received private information that one of the people of the cutter had been seen at his house, and knowing that he was the French agent, had come to inform him that if he attempted to employ any of his men in carrying letters, that he would inform against him to the authorities. That he was very sorry, but that after such a notice he was afraid that the arrangements could not proceed. The corporal appeared to be satisfied, and took his final leave. No wonder, therefore, that the widow and Babette were on the watch, when they saw Vanslyperken enter the house, at the very time the corporal was there also.

The corporal went over to the widow's, and narrated all that he had heard and seen.

"Why, the traitor!" exclaimed the widow.

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"The villain, to sell his country for gold."

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"Fifty guineas, did you say, Mynheer Van Spitter?"

"Yes, mein Gott!" repeated the corporal.

"Oh, the wretch!—well," continued the widow, "at all events he is in your power."

"Yes, mein Gott!"

"You can hang him any day in the week."

"Yes, mein Gott!"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Vanslyperken:—well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see," continued the widow, indignant at the lieutenant receiving so large a sum, which would otherwise have been, in all probability, made over to Corporal Van Spitter, with whom she now felt that their interests were in common.

"Tousand tyfels!" roared the corporal, dashing his foot upon one of the flaps of the little table before them with so much force, that it was broken short off and fell down on the floor.

"Hundred tousand tyfels!" continued the corporal, when he witnessed the effects of his violence.

Although the widow lamented her table, she forgave the corporal with a smile; she liked such proofs of strength in her intended, and

she, moreover, knew that the accident was occasioned by indignation at Vanslyperken.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, you'll pay me for that," exclaimed she; "I prophecy that before long you and your nasty cur will both swing together."

The corporal now walked across the little parlour and back again, then turned to the widow Vandersloosh, and with a most expressive look slowly muttered,

"Yes, mein Gott!"

After which he sat down again by the side of the widow, and they had a short consultation; before it was over, Corporal Van Spitter declared himself the deadly enemy of Lieutenant Vanslyperken; swore that he would be his ruin, and ratified the oath upon the widow's lips. Alas! what changes there are in this world!

After which solemn compact the corporal rose, took his leave, went on board, and reported himself, as we have stated in the preceding chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE SOUTH BREEZE.

"Piangendo il dico; o tu piangendo scrivi."—Petraca.

"Speak to me, breeze of the southern sky,
Passing like light o'er earth.
Of thy wanderings tell me, stranger bright,
In the distant land of thy birth.

I fancy thee spirit! beautiful—
With thoughtful and deep soft eyes,
With tresses gleaming like streams of gold,
With a voice like Love's first sighs.

I image thee with a pale broad brow,
And a smile most sadly sweet;
With a form like the moonlight silver shroud,
And a foot as the roebuck fleet."

A voice from the depth of the south breeze broke,
Like the sound of the distant wave:
Yet musical as the wind-woke harp,
And sad, as from young Hope's grave.

"Ah! would'st thou ask me from whence I come?
From the groves of yon radiant sky,
I was sent by the 'hest of immortal Love,
To this world where all things die!

I have wandered amid those starry spheres,
Where the holy dead await,
In a dream of rapture, the trumpet-dirge
That shall burst heaven's jasper gate.

I have traversed the wilds of the mighty sea,
I have passed thro' the glad green earth;
I have breathed a smile on the barren land,
And beauty I've called into birth.

I have scattered fragrance and life around,
But youth from my soul has fled;
The lustre hath passed from my weary eyes,
For I have gazed on the loved and dead.

I joyed to flit through the woodlands green,
Where the lambs and the light fawns play:
But with man I have found such misery,
That from his haunts I passed away.

Yet I lingered awhile in the beauty's bower,
'Mid the waves of her raven hair;
For I thought, if peace in this world may rest,
'Tis sure in a shrine so fair!

I showered my sweets on her bridal morn,
As she passed with an ardent lover;
But I saw by her tearful eye, what her heart,
Though broken, dare not discover.

I passed through a city's crowded ways,
And I heard of victorious fight,
The conquerors bore on a brazen shield,
A laurell'd and steel-clad knight.

But I saw on the vaunted battle-field
Young hearts that at morn beat high
Dead and forgotten—so soon, so soon,
Do love and remembrance die?

I paused to hark to the poet's lyre—
His soul like the glowworm's light
Flings a glory around its darksomeness,
But it warms not, that halo bright.

There are clouds I find on the disk of love,
E'en hatred hath learned to smile;
The lip and eye to the heart are false,
And nature seems wed with guile.

I loathe this earth for its earthliness,
And though I am homeward bound,
I blush to breathe to Eternal Love,
Of the sinful world I have found.

Yet still I have one bright offering
At the mercy seat to lay:
One gem for my Sovereign's coronal
One hope I have borne away.

'Tis the tear of a lowly penitent,
The prayer of a contrite heart;
Farewell, farewell! till for ever we meet
In my land—where no friends shall part.

H. E. H.

## STRAY LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A COURTIER.

* * * * * *

SURELY I may number among the brightest years of my existence, the time I spent at the court of our well-beloved sovereign, the Elector of ———. Small as was the portion that he owned of the German soil, he had invested his little court with a dignity that would have shamed that of Berlin, or even of Vienna. True, the excellent man had his eccentricities, but his heart was a good honest heart, after all; and, if he was a little severe to-day, he would make it up the next by some pension or some privilege, when one least expected it. He had a taste for surprising people in this way, and found an innocent pleasure in it. At any rate, I am sure that when the great reckoning of our sins and virtues comes to be made, the balance of the latter will be decidedly in his favour. But I never moralized in this or any other way at the time I speak of; for a colonel of thirty-two, as I then was, with a tolerably handsome figure, (and one that he perhaps values more than its due,) is not much given to philosophy. I took things as they were, and enjoyed myself accordingly.

* * * * * *

My memory still retraces, with the most vivid exactness, all the little events and feelings I experienced at the first ball I went to at court, after the close of a successful campaign, which had bestowed upon me the title I was so proud of bearing. To find oneself thus suddenly, after the toils of war, beneath the gilded roof of a palace, with no other enemy before one than the beautiful eyes that flashed fire from the greatest quantity of lovely women I had ever seen assembled, together with the intoxicating effects of the music, and the powerful charm of novelty, mixed with the consciousness that I was myself looked upon with some degree of interest,—each and all of these circumstances were calculated to turn a stronger head than mine. At first, the lights seemed to dance before me, as if they partook of the general hilarity, and I advanced into the room like a man under the influence of a pleasant dream, half reeling, half groping his way. By-and-by, the elector called me to him, asked with concern if I still felt any effects from my wound, if I was ill, and so forth. I hastily recomposed myself, assured him I was not, and after he had graciously bid me take out the princess to dance, when the present waltz should be over, I moved onwards, the circle about him respectfully making way for me on account of the favour I had received, and proceeded to ask the first acquaintance I met, to point out the princess, alleging, as an excuse for my ignorance, that, for the last seven or eight years, I had been garrisoned in the provinces, and that she had, in the mean time, grown up from a child to a woman. After he had given me the necessary information, I waited in a corner of the room till she flitted past me in the waltz, endeavouring

each time, as she passed, to catch a more perfect view of her face. At last she stopped for a moment's rest, still leaning on her partner, who was certainly the finest young man in the room; and truly a prettier group could not have been imagined than they presented at that moment, with their arms still entwined, their faces flushed with exercise and innocent gaiety, and each looking at the other with a smile, as if to inquire how soon the other would be ready to dart off again into the delightful mazes of the waltz. After admiring them thus collectively, for a moment, of course my attention was directed towards the princess. The fair Leopoldine had grown into the most bewitching woman. Her eyes were the sweetest blue eyes in the world, and her feet might have been envied by the graces. But though I thus involuntarily roam from top to toe, let it not be thought that the above-mentioned charms were the only ones possessed by this lovely princess. Her hands, her arms, her figure, would have defied the most fastidious criticism—the whiteness of her complexion would have shamed even alabaster, and the sweet smile of her rosy lips would have presented a fitting representation of the eastern poet's simile, namely, "a row of pearls in a coral case."

I was still gazing in timid and respectful admiration, when again the handsome couple darted off with increased alacrity. My eyes followed, and followed again, till the princess stopped once more, just as a butterfly pauses a moment on a flower, exciting our attention, and urging us to pursue the brilliant capricious thing. At this moment I ventured to approach, and on the strength of her father's permission to claim her as my partner for the following dance. But it was plain I came at an unlucky moment; either I had disturbed some little scheme, or my person did not seem acceptable, for she only gave me a very cold assent, and looked disappointed at being under the necessity of complying with my request. But the transient cloud passed away before she had taken three more turns of the waltz. The elector now stepped up to her, said a few words, and the musicians were told to cease, and to strike up a dance. The young officer let go his partner with a low bow, I was signed to approach, and the elector said good-humouredly to his daughter, "I have so many brave men to present to you, that I protest against the lieutenant's monopolizing you for all the waltzes. This is Colonel Heldenstein—in a few years more, no doubt, General Heldenstein."

"General Heldenstein," said she, still looking in the direction that her father and the young officer had taken, "I am most happy to dance with you."

"Alas! I am only a colonel as yet," said I, in a low, respectful tone, "and scarcely worthy the honour now done me."

Instantly she turned round, and fixing her blue eyes on mine, she said, with some *naïveté*, "What matters the rank to me?" Then, as if wishing to efface any little mortification I might have felt, she entered into conversation in the most affable and unaffected manner. Even had I previously thought that any sarcasm was intended by the unmerited appellation of *general*, her perfectly natural tone and manner, and child-like simplicity, would have shown me my error. Her attention was evidently very much taken up by her father's proceed-

ings, who was now taking the young officer to present him as a partner to a lady of high rank, and one of the finest women at court, and though she kept answering me, and even addressing me constantly, her eyes invariably wandered to the same part of the room, while her artless countenance depicted various gradations of interest, uneasiness, or pleasure, which sensation evidently triumphed over the others, as, from a distance, we could see that the lady, with millions of bows and excuses to the elector, was obliged to confess that she was already engaged, and must decline obeying him.

"Defeated!" said I in an audible whisper, "and obliged to sound the retreat."

She looked at me half-ashamed that I had been observing the same little scene as herself, yet half delighted at the quickness with which I had taken up the thread of her thoughts. After that, however, she was more cautious, and only now and then directed her eyes towards the spot where the young man, now provided with a very pretty partner, was, like ourselves, standing up to dance.

I did my best to acquit myself of my part with becoming dignity and grace, and, stimulated to the utmost exertions by the sight of the zephyr-like motions of my fair companion, it was, I believe, allowed that Colonel Heldenstein was one of the best dancers that night. And, if I might trust to the parting smile that the princess vouchsafed to give me, I had reason to think that she had been as satisfied with my conversation, as my vanity convinced me she had been with my dancing. The moment I had led her to her seat and quitted her, I went to inquire who the graceful officer was, whose person had attracted so large a share of my notice. I was told he was a young soldier of fortune, Ernest von Hohenfels by name, who possessed nothing further than his handsome person and his commission. That he was the best rider, the best fencer, and the finest dancer amongst all the officers, whether in the elector's guards, or in any other regiment. And that, in the three months he had been at court, more hearts had been broken, duels fought, and families set together by the ears, than had ever occurred in so short a time within the memory of man. Happy fellow! his was the sovereignty of universal approbation; and a far more enviable one it is than that which is conferred by hereditary rank! All the rest of the night I was in great request as one who had had the honour of the princess's hand, and I danced with all the prettiest girls in happy oblivion of the flight of time, till at length the departure of the guests warned me likewise to retire, and to seek rest after so exciting a scene.

"What a pity," thought I, when alone in my chamber, "that so lovely a creature as Leopoldine should be doomed by the decrees of fate to pass through life unloving and unloved!—unloved at least by her future husband, some cold-hearted and stately king—and if loving, obliged to conceal every movement of her soul, to stifle all those natural emotions in which others may indulge. . . . . O! wretched the destiny of this fairest flower of earth, if such is to be the history of her life. Alas! the struggles of men and of heroes

are recorded in pompous annals; but who ever notes down the silent tears of these poor victims of political measures, who are bartered and sold without the power of resistance and denial?"

And so saying, in the honest fervor of my indignation, I flung off, in all directions, the different component parts of my uniform, and jumped into the bed in a paroxysm of rage, which, however, very quickly yielded to sleep. It must not be inferred from this that I was already deeply in love with the charming Leopoldine; but this train of thoughts had imperceptibly formed one long chain in my mind, the first link of which might be traced back to Ernest. On the other hand, I do not pretend that I was wholly insensible to so beautiful a woman. All the young men about court were more or less in love with her, and I should have made myself ridiculous, had I affected a prudery on this head which I did not feel. But a love of this nature, which dwelt in the imagination entirely, left no bitter traces in my heart; and though I can still cry, "God bless the daughter of my good sovereign," no alloy of fond regrets is mixed up in my mind with the memory of this fair being, other than the natural sorrows we all feel about the youthful days that are past, and the bright visions that are gone with them.

It was my wish to cultivate the acquaintance of this fortunate Ernest, who stood so high in every one's good graces; and, as a senior officer, I considered it my part to make the first advances of civility towards a young man to whom the notice of one of superior rank could but be flattering. I frequently invited him to my table, and our intimacy very soon ripened into friendship. I found him as agreeable as his exterior was prepossessing, yet without any of the arrogance that his brilliant abilities might, in a degree, have almost excused. I frequently recurred to the day I had first seen him dancing with the princess; but somehow the subject seemed an awkward one, and I used to fancy he was never quite at ease when her name was mentioned, for he always dismissed it so soon, that I found myself talking alone, and was consequently forced to drop it likewise. This seemed so singular, that I was led to reflect upon it, and to draw many conclusions, which I became eager to verify, though I had the discretion to keep the subject entirely to myself, making only a lawful use of my eyes and ears to confirm or reject the suspicions I had formed. The principal field for my observations was the Sunday evening, when the elector delighted to collect around him a few choice friends, and to indulge in the recreation of listening to the music of Mozart, most ably performed by his chamber musicians. Between whiles conversation succeeded to music; and prints and valuable works, which were generally lying about on the table, furnished topics of interest for some to discuss; for here might be seen all sorts of literati, and learned and scientific men, mixed with gay officers and elegant courtiers, to all of whom the good elector was like a friend and host, without showing any of the pomp of state occasions to spoil the amusements of a day which he considered as peculiarly his own. Leopoldine appeared, on these occasions, to even greater advantage than when decked in all the jewels of the crown. There was no stateliness about her, all was nature, heart, and youthful gaiety. What-

ever she did or said, pleased; and, without any affectation of condescension, you were instantly set at your ease when addressing her. Ernest frequently approached her, and talked a long while with her, and then he would start up as if aware he had been a little indiscreet in detaining her attention so long, and would walk to the other side of the room, and begin talking to some old and grave politician, or else seem immersed in looking at some book, although by his manner of turning the leaves, I could plainly discern that he was not attending to what he pretended to be about. One evening that I was standing near the table, the princess approached me, and said with the sweetest smile imaginable, "Colonel Heldenstein, my father tells me you are an excellent draughtsman. Might I beg a favour of you? It would be to draw me something for my album."

Pleased and flattered, I extended my hand to receive the book, and assuring her in somewhat hurried accents that I would do my best, I made her a low bow, and retreated to reflect on the favour I had received. I was certainly highly delighted that she should have heard of any little talent of mine, and wished to put it to the test; but, perhaps, my greatest pleasure consisted in this having been done before Ernest, who was himself no contemptible draughtsman, but to whom no similar request was addressed. I took the book home and laid it ostentatiously on my table, that all my friends might see it when they came to visit me, and I was very busy all the week considering what subject I should choose, and making all kinds of little sketches. Sometimes I thought of making some allegorical compliment, but there is a *fadeur* about those things which was always very disgusting to my feelings. Why should I bring in Teutonia, or introduce Hope, Peace and Plenty into a lady's album? She might see things of this kind at any public fête in transparencies as large as life; therefore that idea was laid aside. Then I thought of the whole tribe of Cupids, Graces, and even of Venus herself; but Cupids might be deemed presumptuous, and the Goddess of Love might imply too direct a meaning. At last, however, it struck me, that by representing Venus in her capacity of Goddess of Beauty only, standing before Paris with her two rivals, and giving her the features of Leopoldine, it would be a delicate manner of expressing that she herself was the fairest among the fair. I therefore resolved upon the judgment of Paris, and began to try my hand upon it. Ernest, who ever since I had the album had come in twenty times a day to inspect my work, and volunteer his advice, now highly approved of my design, and advised me to use all the diligence I could to finish it. Still I was determined to take my time, to do it well, notwithstanding he was perpetually teazing me. I had a very good engraving which represented the princess, and was faithful enough as a likeness to afford me an original, and I kept working from this, adding out of my own head wherever I saw any little deficiency that I thought I could remedy. At last I succeeded in imparting a good deal of her look and expression to my Venus, and I felt sinfully tempted to take down Ernest's profile for my Paris. And there he was, sitting in so tempting a position, as if he had meant to invite me to do it. My good sense, however, triumphed at last—or rather, I should say, my good-nature, for I felt how pained I should be, if I

caused my charming princess the least embarassment; and who knows but what the elector might be seriously angry at the joke, should it ever meet his eye? Throughout my career I have always known how to *refrain*, and this no doubt is the secret of the great advances that I have made in life, and especially at court. I felt more relieved than the occasion warranted, when once I had taken my resolution, and drawn irrevocably a set of smooth unintellectual features for Paris, instead of the fine, bold, and expressive profile of my young military friend. On Sunday evening, as my drawing was not finished, I did not like to appear in the elector's circle. I desired Ernest to be the bearer of my excuses to the princess, if she did me the honour to remember my existence, while I staid at home hoping that my absence might cause some little sensation in the royal party, for we have always the weakness to fancy that we are missed when away, though the neglect we often experience when present ought to convince us of the contrary. The next day the fat old General B———, whose breast, broad as it is, is covered with orders, called at my lodgings. "You are a most lucky fellow," said he; "the princess was out of humour the whole of yesterday evening, because Colonel Heldenstein and the album did not make their appearance. Only think of that! I, who am a general, never obtained as much in the whole course of my life."

So saying, he made a low bow to me, as to the rising star of the day, and left me to pay some other diplomatic visits, while I remained lost in wonder why he had honoured me with a call, and quite intoxicated with delight at the impression I had made. The old general, who had forgotten his snuff-box, waddled back into the room to fetch it, and tapping me on the shoulder said, "But though your success has been complete this time, believe me, don't push things too far. Mind the drawing is ready next Sunday, if not sooner, or ten to one it will be forgotten altogether, and you will miss your point." And he laughed all the way down stairs to think how he saw through my manœuvre, as he thought, and had hit the very nail on the head.

Ernest came in later, and without attributing to me any secret motive, which I had not, like the old general, urged me to make what haste I conveniently could, as the princess much wished to have back the book. I therefore worked at the drawing with great diligence, and in two days more I completed it. As I was going to have an interview with the elector that morning, I determined to take the album with me, and ask leave to present it to the princess. It was lying on the table while I was dressing myself in full uniform, when Ernest, as usual, dropped in. He sat down to examine the drawing, which he commended very highly, and as I was busy dressing, and in rather a hurry, I took no further notice of his presence, as he seemed fully occupied in looking over the book. When my toilet was completed I approached the table, and furled over the pages to show him a view near Osnaburg, which I thought was beautifully touched off, and in so doing, I perceived what I had never before observed, namely, that two of the leaves were stuck together by wafers.

"I wonder what this can be?" said I; "if I were indiscreet, I might take a peep at it."

"But as you are not," said Ernest, slightly colouring, and in rather an abrupt tone, "I imagine that my presence is not wanting to restrain you."

"Most undoubtedly," I replied, carelessly; "and I wonder you think it necessary to take up a joke so seriously."

I said nothing further, although I perceived that there was half a lilac wafer in my standish, and that by some strange coincidence, there was a corresponding half in the album—but appearances are deceitful; and it looked freshly done too—but no matter for that. We walked down stairs in silence, and when we parted, each to go our own way, I thought Ernest shook me more cordially by the hand than he ever had done before. My business was quickly dispatched with the elector, and I obtained permission to pass through the inner apartments to pay my respects to his daughter. After I had been duly announced, and had waited a few minutes, I was shown in. The princess was seated in her boudoir, surrounded by several of her ladies. On all sides vases of flowers were prettily distributed, with a due regard to suit the complexion of the fair Leopoldine. A more charming sight could not meet the eye than was formed by these lovely dames, each occupied with some delicate ornamental work, while the princess, gracefully lolling on her sofa, was looking over different beautiful specimens of art, that were heaped on the little table before her. I felt afraid to advance and speak, lest the vision should dissolve before me, and should have remained much longer at the respectful distance of the threshold, had not the princess bid me welcome in her most amiable manner. Thus encouraged, I came forward, and was desired to sit, and I forthwith produced the long-wished-for album. Leopoldine made an exclamation of delight, which was faintly and respectfully echoed by her train of nymphs; but when one of the ladies drew her attention to the likeness, she coloured, and professed herself unworthy of the compliment, at the same time loading me with thanks and encomiums on my skill. By-and-by she rose and walked to the window, with the book in her hand, to view it nearer the light, and she remained some time, lost either in contemplation or reflection. During this interval I talked with the ladies, and, elated as I was by the approbation that had been bestowed upon me, I naturally fell into my best vein of light conversation. Anecdotes succeeded each other, and the princess occasionally, during her fit of abstraction, turned round on hearing my fair audience laugh, to inquire what that witty thing was which Colonel Heldenstein had said. All this was very flattering to one of my disposition, and I felt exceedingly happy for the time being, notwithstanding all the prudent advice I had received from my father. He had given me lectures innumerable on the danger of presuming too much on slight grounds, and, above all, had warned me against pleasing, or trying to please, handsome princesses. He had been in foreign service at one time of his life, and he had left it, as he often declared, because the queen had smiled at him three distinct times. My scruples, however, did not go so far; besides, I thought, if princesses will be pleased with me, it is not my fault. While I was thus talking to the ladies, and stimulated to fresh exertions by the applause with which my sallies were received, at the

conclusion of a bon-mot I happened involuntarily to cast my eyes in the direction where the princess stood, when I saw her busily employed in pulling a leaf out of her album with as little noise as possible, and having slowly deposited it in her work-bag, she proceeded to tear out all the little fragments of paper, and throw them out of window, so that no appearance might remain in the book of what had been done. When this object had been attained, she came back to the sofa, and put the book down open at the place of my drawing; her eyes were sparkling, and her cheek a little flushed, and she again repeated her thanks in a way to deprive me of what little philosophy I might possess, and I went away completely charmed with her cordiality and kindness. All the way home I seemed to be treading on air, and I longed to meet some one to talk over the events of the morning with, and fortunately for me I met a young aide-de-camp, who was walking arm-in-arm with Ernest. I instantly invited them both to dinner. This was a real windfall, for the aide-de-camp was as curious as I could have wished, and he asked me the minutest questions, even down to the colour of the curtains, and coverings of the chairs. I had to repeat every word and action of the princess, all of which I faithfully did, except the circumstance of the leaves of the album, which I did not mention, not so much, perhaps, from discretion, as out of real pity for Ernest, who was listening attentively, though he said very little.

After we had drunk a few glasses of wine, the aide-de-camp, who was a gay, light-hearted (and I may say light-*headed*) young man, began to compliment me in a burlesque style, and to insist, from what he had heard, that Leopoldine must be in love with me. "For," said he, "to give albums to young colonels in that way, must mean something beyond a mere wish to have a drawing. If you had had two grains —nay, half a grain of sense, you would have answered not by *lines* but by *words*." And then he laughed with a little shrill ridiculous laugh, at his own intended wit. Ernest, whose countenance I had watched, grew very serious, and was evidently displeased. He seemed almost debating whether he should box the aide-de-camp's ears, in order to obtain the privilege of shooting him, or whether he should let it pass, as the mere extravagant folly of a man whose head was a little discomposed by the exhilarating fumes of the wine. He seemingly resolved on the latter interpretation of the case, for shortly after he took his hat and bade me excuse him, as his duty called him elsewhere. I begged him to suit his own convenience, but the aide-de-camp filled him a glass, and told him he should not stir till he had drunk to the happy marriage of Leopoldine and Colonel Heldenstein. Ernest stopped and turned round, seemed strongly tempted to throw the luckless glass in the offender's face to punish him for his impudence, and then casting a look of such contempt on him, as to abash even the effrontery of the aide-de-camp, he said, "For your sake, Heldenstein, I desist:" and with that he was out of the room in an instant, though my boisterous friend, rendered bolder by his disappearance, kept calling out to him to stay and join a few toasts more.

The next day, when Ernest and I met, he never mentioned the aide-de-camp's name, or alluded in any way to the scene that had

taken place. And there was something in his manner, junior officer though he was, that overawed me, and I felt unable to broach a topic that I saw he studiously avoided. Yet, after all, if he had been guilty of the presumption of committing to paper "words instead of lines," as I suspected so strongly, I did not see what business he had to lord it over me, and to disapprove of a joke that had joined my name and that of the princess. I stood higher in my profession, and whatever his pretensions were, they must necessarily be inferior to mine. If he ventured to harbour so ambitious, so daring a hope, why might not I? And the more he persisted in his silence on the subject, the more I thought with complacent vanity of all the foolish things the aide-de-camp had said, and even General B——, the day he had called on me.

About this time our good elector gratified me by an appointment to a place at court, that I might not, as he said, be entirely idle in times of peace. The place, in fact, was not much more than an honorary one, but it brought me nearer his person, and gave me my *entrée* at the palace. Very soon after I was installed in my new office, the annual fête for the princess's birthday was celebrated. In the morning there was a mock fight on the water, which was chiefly superintended by me, and in the evening there was a ball. All the foreign ambassadors and people of distinction were present. Besides many handsome presents that were offered to the princess, there were innumerable nosegays elegantly tied up, many of which contained laudatory verses and compliments for the occasion, from the stilted ode down to the humble sonnet. But there was one nosegay amongst them humbler than all the rest, composed only of forget-me-nots and scabiuses; the latter, as the adepts in flowers well know, being the symbol of mystery,—the former need no explanation,—and this nosegay, which was offered by Ernest, and which was rather too pointed, as I thought, in its meaning, was the one that the princess chose to wear in her sash all day long, and when evening came and she changed her dress, again the favoured flower, having had a temporary refreshment in water, appeared as her only ornament. Before dancing commenced, there was a superb display of fireworks, and everybody went to the windows, which were all open on account of the warmth of the weather, and I was standing looking in the last room of the suite where there was the least crowd, when I heard the elector and his daughter walk up to the neighbouring window, which was instantly cleared by its occupants who respectfully left them to themselves. The depth of the embrasure hindered them seeing me at the time, and I heard the elector say, "Leopoldine, I must request you to lay aside those flowers. It is highly offensive to the ambassador who presented you with a nosegay to see his gift neglected for that of a young subaltern. Slighter causes have sufficed to produce a war: you should remember that people of our rank have all eyes upon them, and I beg you will act accordingly."

"That fat ambassador's peonies made my head ache," said Leopoldine mournfully, at the same time slowly drawing the offending flowers from her belt.

The elector laid them on a marble slab between the windows, say-

ing, "Let him who had the triumph, now have the mortification of seeing his nosegay neglected. It will serve to convince everybody no undue preference was intended."

I felt for the princess and pitied Ernest also, that he should see his flowers thrown away; so I advanced, and taking them up from the slab put the guilty nosegay into my pocket. The elector saw my action. I quickly said, "When the gods refuse the offerings that are made them, it is a very bad sign."

"What, colonel!" said he, "was it your nosegay after all?"

I bowed an assent, thinking it wisest to father it.

"Well, Leopoldine," continued he, "you were not so much out, for he is decidedly the hero of the day;" (alluding to the mock fight;) "I really thought I had seen the flowers in the hands of that little Lieutenant Hohenfels."

"We all know your highness is short-sighted," said I.

The princess thanked me with a look I shall never forget. The band now struck up for dancing, and we repaired to the scene of action. I had the honour of figuring once with Leopoldine. She said in a quick low tone, "Colonel Heldenstein, I cannot express——," but here the exigencies of the figure separated us, and I waited vainly for the other half of the phrase; but I fancied that a slight pressure of the hand had accompanied the words, and I was a happier man than if she had concluded the sentence, because left at liberty to make up the rest as I pleased.

All the rest of the evening, and all the way home, did I repeat to myself—"What can't she express? There is only one thing which a young lady of her age can't express, and that must be love." Then I thought again of the aide-de-camp's words, and the fat old General B——, and I felt not at all inclined to follow my father's prudential advice. In the midst of my pleasant reflections I fell asleep, still muttering—"What the deuce can't she express?" Now it must not be thought that I had the folly or mad vanity to go and talk all over the town of this circumstance which delighted me so much: far from it; I thought it indiscreet to publish a lady's weakness, if such it was, in my favour, and I determined, at any rate, not to act the part of the milk-maid in the fable. It is always time to sound the trumpet when circumstances begin to take a tangible form; and it is well I did not make myself ridiculous on this head, as I had ample reason to know a few days afterwards. I happened one morning to indulge myself with a stroll through the beautiful garden of the palace, and was walking behind a high-cut hedge, when I suddenly perceived the figure of the princess advancing in the direction where I was standing, but on the other side of the wall of verdure which concealed me from her sight. I had stopped involuntarily on perceiving her, doubting whether I should retire or not, whether I should show myself and bow, or conceal myself altogether, when I perceived that she was not alone, and that my friend Ernest von Hohenfels was close behind her. My embarrassment now became painful: I feared to stir lest my movements should be heard, and I be thought guilty of listening, and it was scarcely possible, placed as I was, to move without giving them the alarm; so what between doubt, fear, and irresolution I committed

the very indiscretion I so feared to be suspected of. I remained rivetted to the spot, scarcely daring to draw my breath; and, in truth, my agitation hardly allowed me to hear, except at broken intervals, what passed between them. What I *did* hear, however, was enough to enable me to fill up the rest of the outlines with tolerable certainty. It was Ernest that first began to speak within my hearing; he seemed urging his point most passionately to know if his love was returned by the princess. He then—impudent fellow that he was—fell on his knee before her, declaring he would not rise till she had answered him. I could see between the leaves his gestures and action, and that, as is well known, always helps one to guess the purport of the words, even at a greater distance than I stood. Then I could perceive the agony of alarm of the fair Leopoldine as she intreated him to rise, hurriedly giving him the answer he requested, to induce him to obey her the sooner. I could hear her—"Yes, Ernest,"—with her look of tender appeal to heaven as a witness of the truth of her assertion. How beautiful, how angelic did she appear at that moment! I forgot, at once, all my foolish ideas about a prepossession in my favour: all selfish thoughts vanished before the fervid love that I saw depicted in her countenance; I felt they were worthy of one another; I looked on with emotion, and could have knelt beside Ernest to worship her as a being of a superior order. While immersed in this trance, I was suddenly roused by seeing from afar the elector issuing forth from the palace into the great alley to take his morning walk. What was to be done? Could I suffer them to be surprised for want of a friendly warning? I preferred letting them think what they liked as to *how* I came there, for they would thank me in their hearts for averting the danger, at any price whatever. I therefore called out, not too loud, the names of two of my friends, saying, "Major S—— or Lieutenant N——, if you are there, turn to the right about, for the elector is coming down the great walk." The effect was instantaneous. Leopoldine rushed out towards the alley; Ernest retired with more composure than I should have expected. I walked off in a third direction, and we cleared the stage as rapidly as any opera dancers would in a ballet. It was either a mistake in the princess caused by her extreme confusion and alarm, to run to meet the elector, or else she trusted too much to her power of concealing her agitation; for if she *could* have concealed it, it would have been the very best and safest measure.

"Good morning, Leopoldine," said he as soon as he perceived her.

She could only faintly murmur an answer, and her face was glowing with the deepest crimson.

"What is the matter, princess?" said he; "you seem strangely agitated to-day."

The princess endeavoured to deny it. It was the wind, it was the exercise, it was walking too fast, as she always did when alone; but every word she uttered increased her confusion; and then, as her back was turned to the hedge and his face towards it, she kept dreading that he would espy the retreating uniform through the leaves and branches.

"You had better take some rest in your apartment," said he, as she seemed about to accompany him; and this proposal needed not to be repeated twice, for off she flew to hide herself from his inquiring looks, glad to have escaped as she had done.

The next time I was alone with Ernest I thought it my duty as a friend, and one that was a few years older than himself, to remonstrate with him on the extreme imprudence of his conduct: I even represented to him how cruel it was to seek to obtain her preference when she had not the free disposal of her hand; but he only answered me by saying he had as good a chance as another, and that he should do as he pleased on the subject; in short, he showed me so evidently that my interference was distasteful to him, that I determined to say no more, and leave him to his fate.

The following day the princess received notice that her father desired to see her alone in his cabinet. If she had felt alarmed before, the terror of her present situation baffled all description. She jumped at once to the conclusion that he must have seen Ernest, and that she was going to be reprimanded, he perhaps thrown into prison, and who knows what endless woes might be reserved for them both? "What can the elector want?" said she to Röschen, her favourite companion; "it must be something solemn and important, for never before has he summoned me at this hour of the day:—he is usually with the ministers, you know;" and her heart almost died within her as she walked through the long corridors towards the most dreaded door. Loth was she to dismiss her attendant, but there was no help for it, and with the fictitious boldness of despair she hastily opened the door and went in prepared for the worst. The elector was sitting at a table covered with papers.

"Sit down, Leopoldine," said he; "I wished to see you alone; it is unnecessary that all our feelings and weaknesses should be exposed to our attendants; and I have to speak to you about an affair of great importance."

Leopoldine took her seat with feelings very nearly allied to those of a criminal at the bar, with this only difference, that she felt the certainty of being condemned.

"I see you are agitated," said the elector; "you must have expected, however, my child, that sooner or later some such summons would come."

He said these words in a grave but kind tone, and if Leopoldine had had the courage to look her father in the face, she might have seen that, though serious, he was not angry.

"To be brief, therefore," continued he, "you have come to the age when your hand has become a desirable object to most of the neighbouring princes as a bond of alliance with my estates, and after due consideration I have decided in favour of the reigning Prince of ——."

The princess was annihilated. The idea of a marriage being settled and agreed upon for her had never entered her head till the present moment. In the distance, perhaps, she might have foreseen such a possibility, but till now it had never been brought home to her conviction as the inevitable and painful tribute that is required of all

those sharing the same rank as herself. How paltry now did all her fears appear in her own eyes compared with this new misfortune! In vain she wished to reply or to remonstrate; the words died on her lips; she covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

"I see how it is," said the elector with some emotion, "and I expected it. You are loath to leave the home of your childhood, and I, alas! am still more loath to part with you. I did right to see you in private—but pray, my dear child, dry those tears; let it not be thought you go unwillingly to meet your future husband. You must remember that in our rank of life we are not permitted to consult our inclinations:—it is a painful but necessary duty."

"And is there no hope for me?" faintly murmured Leopoldine.

"Every hope, I trust, my child," said the elector with solemnity, "if you do not give way to useless grief."

Leopoldine rose from her seat: a momentary struggle took place in her mind whether she should throw herself at the elector's feet, confess all and implore a repeal before it was too late, but her timidity prevailed, and she slowly walked to the door. The elector took her hand, and then kissing her forehead, added in a soothing tone, "If it would be any consolation to you, my dear Leopoldine, to take with you some of those whom you are accustomed to have about you and feel the most regard for, you have only to mention your wishes, and they shall be attended to. Make me a list, if you like, and bring it me the day after to-morrow." The princess eagerly accepted the offer, and pressing her father's hand departed. Nothing seemed more natural than her emotion at such a moment. Who would not have felt as she did, independently of the circumstances which she still hoped were unknown to the elector?

No sooner had she returned to her apartment, than dismissing every one but Röschen, she gave way to the most uncontrollable bursts of grief, and forgetting the reserve she had hitherto maintained, made a complete and entire confession of her love to her young companion. But her confidence was not ill-placed. The kind-hearted, amiable girl was as ready to serve as to console, and proposed a thousand plans to her mistress to divert her attention from her all-absorbing grief. Still the facts remained the same, and there was the sad necessity staring her in the face, of setting off with the ambassador extraordinary who was to come to fetch her within the next fortnight. The day after the interview with her father, I was sketching in the picture-gallery of the palace from a battle-scene, when a little door that led to the *petits appartemens* suddenly opened, and Leopoldine stood before me. She was as pale as my sheet of paper, and trembling from head to foot. I rose instantly, and would have retired; but she made me a sign to stay, and leaning against the wall for support, she said, "Colonel Heldenstein, my gratitude towards you will never depart from my heart as long as life remains there. You twice have saved me from my father's resentment——but O! will you serve me once more? only once."

I was wondering what would be required of me, when in tones scarcely audible from fear and emotion, she told me she must see Ernest as soon as possible, and would I bring him through the palace

into the garden just under her windows, as I had my *entreé*, and could manage these things. I promised compliance. It was no doubt to bid him an eternal farewell, and my heart was so touched for these poor lovers, that I should have agreed to almost anything. When evening came, I managed so adroitly, that no one saw Ernest as we passed through the palace; he went up to the window, a very low first floor, and I stood keeping guard while they talked much longer certainly than the time they had bargained for; but it was natural, as it might be their last interview. At length the window closed, and Ernest came away; but considering he had parted, perhaps, for ever from his mistress, there was a levity about him which grated on my feelings, after the deep affliction I had beheld in her. He, however, thanked me cordially for my compliance, and I covered his retreat, as I thought, most effectually. The next day the princess passed the morning in consulting and agreeing with Röschen, as to whom she should put on her list. Her dearly-loved Röschen was placed first of all, without any consideration being wanted, and then followed two or three ladies, whose society was agreeable to her. But the difficulty was about the men. It would seem too marked almost, the princess thought, to distinguish any gentleman by so great a favour. Röschen advised mixing them indiscriminately with the ladies, as that would fix the elector's attention much less, and this plan was adopted. I had the honour of being set down. Several other men's names appeared in the list, but they were all older than I.

"And why not put down Lieutenant Ernest von Hohenfels?" said Röschen.

Leopoldine did not dare. She thought, besides, it would be wrong to continue any intimacy with him; and indeed she had bid him farewell, with the magnanimous intention of not seeking to speak to him again. In vain Röschen remonstrated and persuaded, the princess did not give way; but after the list was made out, she took up a pen as soon as Leopoldine's attention was diverted, and added at the bottom of the list, Lieutenant Ernest von Hohenfels. She then carefully folded it up, resolved that her mistress should not see it again before it was delivered into the hands of the elector. At the appointed hour Leopoldone went with Röschen to her father's cabinet. The princess, in as calm a voice as she could command, told him she had profited by his kind offer, and came to claim his ratification of it. The elector took her hand affectionately, led her to a seat, and told her in the kindest manner possible, that in this as in all other things that he *could* control, she should always find him ready to accede to her wishes.

Röschen slightly touched her elbow, saying, "Why don't you speak now?" But the princess, who knew it was of no use, preserved the silence she had determined to maintain on the subject, and merely gave her a look of denial.

On reading the name of Röschen the elector smiled and said, "I was certain of that. You have plucked the fairest flower in my garden, but I will not complain." This compliment, which made Röschen blush, inspired her at the same time with a double degree of that

playful assurance which she sometimes gave way to, even towards the good elector himself.

"Colonel Heldenstein!—that must only be a loan. I cannot give away my soldiers. However, he shall accompany you there." So he proceeded reading till he came to the end, when he burst out a laughing, seeing Röschen's little hand-writing, and exclaimed, "This, I see, is my friend Röschen all over. She must needs put in a word for her favourite." So saying, he showed the paper to the princess, who leaned forward to know the occasion of his laughter, and pointed to the name of Ernest von Hohenfels. She looked petrified, and directed an angry glance to Röschen for having exposed her to this awkward position.

"Well," said the elector, "do not be angry with Röschen; her request is quite natural. I am only sorry that her first and only request should be the only one I cannot grant."

"Why, my dear elector," said Röschen, "surely you do not mean that Ernest von Hohenfels must not go with us?"

"I do, indeed, my pretty Röschen," said the elector, more seriously. Lieutenant Hohenfels was seen yesterday morning walking on the tulip beds under the princess's window. He has since received an intimation to leave my estates within the four-and-twenty hours.

The feelings of the princess may be imagined. "I am sorry for you, Röschen," continued the elector, "but you should tell your lovers another time to use a little more discretion, and not compromise the reputation of princesses in their courtship to yourself."

Röschen was too generous a friend, and perhaps too much of a little coquette at heart, to wish to deny the imputation. So she let it pass, but she looked really mortified, as she was, at the non-success of her kind intentions.

"However," said the elector, "I hear there are very handsome officers at the court of ———; I have no doubt you may find some one who will console you for this little disappointment."

"I should be sorry," said the princess, as soon as she could bring herself to say the name, "I should be sorry that Lieutenant Hohenfels were disgraced on my account. The tulips are of little value comparatively—alas! they will never bloom for me again." And as she spoke tears trembled in her eyes.

"My dear Leopoldine," said the elector, "the lesson will be a very good one for him. So don't grieve for your friend's disappointment—he will grow wiser as he grows older, and then we shall see." And as some one was watching to speak to him on more important affairs, he bid them good morning, assuring Leopoldine that she should be satisfied as to *all* her demands. Her father's very marked manner about the tulips made Leopoldine almost fear that he suspected something, and took this means of expressing his disapprobation in an indirect manner, but she was unable to clear up her doubts, and she never dared recur to the subject in his presence, nor would she ever have ventured to inquire after Ernest, deeply as she felt the pang of having contributed to his disgrace, had not Röschen undertaken to act for her in this emergency. A note from the latter reached me a few hours after the conversation between the elector and his daughter,

entreating me to see after Ernest. I instantly repaired to his lodgings, but I found he had departed, taking with him the few things he possessed, and that no one knew whither he was gone. My endeavours to track him were completely fruitless, and I was reluctantly obliged to acquaint my pretty correspondent that our good intentions were of no avail. Röschen was disappointed, and so no doubt was Leopoldine, though she had given herself over to that sullen sort of despair that seems to refuse all attempts at resisting one's fate. Röschen, who from a more active temperament, and the vivacity usually attributed to brunettes, could never remain wholly idle while she thought fate might be averted, kept scheming in her own head to the very last day, long after the now passive and wholly unresisting Leopoldine had sunk into a mere automaton, that performed its duty of state by the force of mechanical construction, and not the agency of volition. Still, when that last day came, and the parting of the elector and the princess took place, and she was given over to the ambassador extraordinary who was to escort her, the reality fell coldly on Röschen's heart, and she saw that all was now hopeless and vain. The princess was placed in the carriage she hardly knew how, the elector in faltering accents uttered his farewell and parting blessing, the impatient horses dashed off at a rapid pace, and the tears and sighs of both parties were lost in the noise of the cavalcade that followed, and the loud hurras of the people, which seemed to me, as I felt that moment, like the triumphant yells of a set of fiends over the agonies of a broken heart. Yet it was meant as good honest loyalty after all, though it was not clear why they should hurra at the departure of a beloved and amiable princess.

The ambassadress, somewhat put out by this want of decorum and etiquette, dared not however interfere or remonstrate with her future sovereign. She wished she could have ventured to pull up the glass, that her tears might be concealed from the mob, but still she hesitated. Perhaps a word of comfort would have been still better, but she was a woman of etiquette more than feeling, albeit, good-natured enough when that was not infringed upon, and could not understand how the removal to a superior court, as she considered hers to be, could possibly be a matter of affliction to any high-born lady.

As soon as Leopoldine could command her feelings, she turned to the ambassadress and said something in her sweet affable manner that would have conciliated anybody, and was received as a token of great favour by her companion, who lived but in the smiles of the great. Induced by this condescension, the ambassadress at once launched forth into the display of all her talents for dishing up court anecdotes, and certainly they were not without their *sauce piquante*, although the flavour was anything but palatable to the person they were intended to delight. But the good lady, quite satisfied with the privilege of having obtained a royal ear wherein to pour these overflowings, (not of the heart, but of the head,) did not stop to examine how reluctant that ear might be to listen, being ever and anon induced to proceed by the assenting smiles, or affected interest, of the two ladies opposite her.

When we reached the frontiers of the elector's states, part of the

cavalcade bid adieu to the princess, and returned home. Some ladies, too, who were only to go thus far, likewise took their leave. All this tended to open the wounds of Leopoldine's poor little heart. She watched with sorrow the departing set, though most of them were people utterly indifferent to her, and now followed the congratulatory speeches and presentations of the retinue that had been sent forward to meet her; alterations were made in the interior arrangements of the carriages, and we proceeded on our journey.

The weather was so fine, that the princess preferred one of the open carriages; into it she was therefore handed, with the ambassadress and a stately duchess of the new set—the fourth place she wished to have given to Röschen, but *precedence*, and not *preference*, was to be attended to, and another courtly dame claimed the privilege of making up the number. I pitied Leopoldine for the isolation of heart which she seemed to suffer in this stately thraldom, and occasionally when she looked round to see if any of her friends were near her, I rode close up to the carriage, and took some trifling message from her to Röschen, and then I again fell back in the rear, and enjoyed some flying gossip with the ladies in the hindmost carriages, who, though not possessing so many quarters of nobility, were prettier, more agreeable, and infinitely gayer than those more honoured by their nearer approximation to the princess.

On my return from one of my *escapades*, towards Röschen's party, I saw that Leopoldine was talking to the duchess, and as there could be no secrets between them, I thought there was no indiscretion in listening, the power of doing so being favoured at that moment by our ascending a high hill, and the consequent slow motion of the carriage. She seemed to be asking a few questions relative to her future husband.

"Is the king good-looking?" at length hazarded Leopoldine.

"Very," was the reply.

"But he is no longer young?" urged the princess, timidly.

"Nor is he old," replied the duchess, jesuitically attempting to conceal the fact of the good man being far on his way towards sixty.

"Does he look as old as Major R———?" said Leopoldine, with the greatest *naïveté*.

The ladies required all their fortitude to be brought into play not to smile at this question, but the duchess kept a perfect composure of manner as she answered, "He does not show his age any more than your highness's honoured father."

There was very little consolation for the poor girl in this. Much as she loved and revered the good old elector, it was no pleasant prospect to hear that her future husband looked about on a par with him for age. Whether or not the displeasing intelligence was mixed up with some fond recollections of Ernest, and some painful comparisons of past times and disagreeable anticipations, certain it was, that part of her feelings depicted themselves strongly enough on her face to excite the compassion of the fat, good-natured baroness who sat opposite, and who, for the first time, ventured on a remark, which was to the effect, that "The king does not look more than forty, after all."

"His manners afford the most perfect specimen of a gentleman," resumed the duchess, with the most frigid gravity.

"He is the most amiable of men," said the baroness.

"The greatest wit at court," cried the ambassadress.

And so they went on for about a quarter of a mile, tossing about the shuttlecock of flattery to a most ludicrous degree, without observing that she for whom the game was kept up, had long ago sunk back into her former apathy and listlessness.

The nearer we approached to the end of our journey, the more Leopoldine's spirits sank. This was what one might have expected; yet at times there seemed such an apathetic resignation about her, that I could scarcely tell whether it proceeded from hopeless despair, or from some internal determination to save herself from a marriage she abhorred, and a husband whom she, of course, hated in anticipation. What she could do to avoid it was to me a problem—and then I shuddered, as I thought of the one frightful escape from human ills, and prayed in my heart that this alternative might never have occurred to her young and gentle mind. I felt so oppressed with these ideas, that when we came in sight of the capital, and I beheld all the festive preparations for her reception—the triumphal arches, the garlands of flowers, the bands of music, with waving banners, and the shouts of welcome which rent the air for miles round—my heart seemed absolutely cramped; and sickening at the sight of all these rejoicings, I thought of the sacrifices of ancient times, when the victim was led to the altar crowned with flowers.

But my train of reflections was suddenly broken in upon by the necessity of reining in my horse, who began prancing wildly at the sound of a most brilliant flourish of trumpets, broken at intervals by a discharge of cannon, which recalled the exciting sensations of a battle-field. Just at this moment, like some fleeting vision, a young rider, mounted on a coal-black charger, whose speed and beauty declared its Arab origin, dashed through one of the intersecting streets; but not before Leopoldine had caught a glimpse of his face, and her quick sight and still quicker feelings had told her it was Ernest von Hohenfels. A sudden flush covered her hitherto pale cheeks, and so heightened her beauty, that the crowd, in admiration and amazement, nearly deafened us with their vivats; while the princess, inspired with a temporary excitement, answered by the most graceful bows to the repeated greetings of her subjects, and got through the entry much better than could have been anticipated. Of course a reaction followed, and by the time she had changed her dress, and reappeared covered with the costliest jewels of the crown, her face was whiter than the white robe that she was attired in, her eyes were red, and the conflicting passions of her bosom were painfully manifested by the short quick sighs that escaped her. How she would ever get through the first interview, was the subject of all my apprehensions; and how much the imprudent cruelty of Ernest, in following her to this place, had increased the difficulty of maintaining her composure, was one which I could scarcely think of without a wish to chastise the amorous and ill-advised lieutenant. And when I called to mind the sort of levity I had remarked in him on the day of their

parting, I could but view the step he had taken as that of a man of disappointed ambition, who was led on by mere personal vanity to exercise his power, and that in the basest and most unjustifiable manner. When, at last, the long apprehended moment came, and the King of ——— advanced from the other end of the room with his nobles to meet the princess and her retinue, I identified my feelings to such a degree with her's, that I half closed my eyes from dread of looking at him. When I opened them, however, I discovered a portly, good-natured looking man, with grey hair, dressed in full uniform, with some remains of a martial air; but not as the baroness had said, looking about forty, for the lines of age were very plainly marked upon his brow. His appearance was rather pleasing than otherwise, and he had a peculiarly agreeable voice. I felt disposed to love him for the soothing and courteous manner in which he spoke to the suffering Leopoldine. Far from seeming surprised or offended at her evident emotion, he only sought to relieve it by his own ease and apparent unconsciousness of the cause of it. The royal pair now walked towards the large folding door that led to the chapel; my eyes happened to meet those of Rose; they spoke as plainly as words could have done, "Now all hope is over." The temporary office I held gave me the right of standing near the princess, and I took my station very close to the altar. She trembled violently as she kneeled down, and when I looked on that delicate frame sinking under the conflicting emotions that raged within, like a fair lily bending beneath some rude blast, it seemed to me almost impossible that her soul should not break through its earthly tenement, so much did the struggle appear to exceed her physical strength. It was a moment of painful suspense, which even now, after the long lapse of years, almost takes my breath away to think of; my eyes were rivetted upon her with an increasing anxiety, as she leaned her head upon her breast, and the death-like paleness of her face surpassed in whiteness even the white hand that hid her eyes. After a moment had been given her to compose herself, the king gently touched her arm, saying in that pleasant voice which had struck me so agreeably, "My dear Leopoldine, do look at your husband, I intreat you;" (and then in a lower voice, he added,) "in a short time you will love me as much as you now hate me." Without understanding this reasoning exactly, I turned round, as did the princess, and if astonishment could turn people to stone, I should have been long ago a statue, so great was my surprise at seeing my friend, Ernest von Hohenfels, kneeling beside the princess at the altar.

"Good God, Ernest!" said she, in the utmost alarm, "what do I behold?"

"No, not Ernest any longer, but Prince Albert von ———," said our lieutenant, with a look of transport, "and here is my good father ready to give us his blessing."

Love, joy, surprise, and all their delightful train of tender emotions, seized on the heart of the fair princess in this one happy moment. She rubbed her eyes to convince herself it was not a dream; but, no, there was Ernest, handsomer and tenderer than ever, before her enchanted sight, and that king, whom she had so dreaded, was

smiling upon her with the most benevolent look possible. Ah! moments such as these occur but once in one's life; they are too tumultuous in their nature to admit of repetition, and happy are those who once have been permitted to taste them!

The ceremony now proceeded, and after its conclusion, as the exact march of events was not known to all those who did not immediately belong to the court, and who, from forming the outer circles, could hear nothing, the change in the princess's looks, as she walked out of the chapel, appeared truly miraculous. Those who before had whispered, "Handsome, but too pale," now gazed on her radiant countenance with the exclamation of "Beautiful! surpassingly beautiful!" And though no fairy had touched her with her wand, was it not the work of magic that had thus transformed her, through the agency of that great enchanter of all that we have surnamed Love? The good king embraced his daughter-in-law, tenderly saying, "Did I not promise you should cease to hate me?"

"Hate you!" cried Leopoldine; "your majesty could never believe me so perverse. Hate one so good—so generous!"

"Ay, so you say now that it is too late for me to profit by your kind intentions," rejoined the king smiling; "but my son has informed me to what a degree of animosity you carried your hatred. But, my dear Leopoldine, that is all as it should be, so do not look grave. I should have thought but poorly of your love for my Albert, had you come with a willing hand. Who knows if the provocation of such a proceeding might not have led me even to marry you, as punishment for such indifference?"

Leopoldine, anxious to obtain an insight into the events that seemed to her so little short of marvellous, now addressed some questions to the king, to the end of knowing by whose agency they had been brought about. Then followed the explanation that I was so anxious to learn. The marriage between Leopoldine and the young Prince Albert had, it seems, long been determined upon by their respective parents as a prudent measure of state. The elector had a tender, sensitive, and timid daughter, of a character eminently calculated to be easily overruled and rendered miserable. The king of ——— had a son very difficult to curb, and not at all of a disposition to allow himself to be made unhappy. What was to be done? Why, to conciliate all interests, the king proposed to his son a plan by which he might see his future bride and win her affections without discovering himself. The little plot had a romantic turn about it that was sure to please Albert; the disguise was resolved upon, and he assumed the name and title of Lieutenant Ernest von Hohenfels, having first obtained from his father the assurance, that if the lady charmed him not, it would still be at his option to break off the match. The king, however, felt tolerably secure that he would not be called upon to fulfil this last-mentioned article of the treaty, as the fame of Leopoldine's beauty and accomplishments had long ago reached his ears. The elector being, of course, secretly apprised of the whole plan, left the young people to manage their affairs their own way, and affected to treat the pretended lieutenant in a manner suited to the character he had assumed, lest the refractory young prince should

deem his adventure quite spoiled by its having been intrusted to his future father-in-law. It was with pleasure that he perceived their growing attachment, although with a knowledge of the world which his *bonhommie* hardly made one give him credit for, he took care to thwart the lovers most adroitly by some one word or look which amused Albert and terrified poor Leopoldine. He has often since confessed to me that he had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from telling the whole history when he saw Leopoldine's despair at the projected marriage. He had promised, however, to let things go their own way, and certainly the success of the whole scheme was complete. Albert could but fall in love with the fairest and loveliest of her sex when left quite free to retreat at his will, and was besides flattered by obtaining her affections in his humble disguise; while Leopoldine loved the lieutenant with a far more genuine affection than she could ever have entertained for the prince, had she first seen him as such, and viewed him in the light of the husband that she was compelled to accept. And when the good elector embraced his daughter for the last time, if he felt distressed at her grief, he was consoled at any rate by the idea that the little drama was drawing to its close, and would end to the satisfaction of all parties. Nor were his intentions frustrated, for the prince and princess promise to continue throughout their lives most tenderly attached, and present that rare phenomenon,—a happy royal couple.

As soon as Röschen and I found means to escape from our several duties, we hastened each to *congratulate* the other upon the princess's happiness; for Röschen, the most unselfish of all friends, felt her heart so full of joy at the unexpected event, that, as she said, she wanted some friend with whom she could share it. And I, too, was in such buoyant spirits that in our dear princess's name I embraced Röschen in a transport of loyalty. To say the truth, ever since the princess had been promised to the king of ———, I had begun to think that hazel eyes were the prettiest in the world, and my admiration for fair skins and light hair had, during our journey, given way to a more serious one for the sparkling vivacity of darker beauties. And here we seemed naturally thrown together, as the two people on earth, perhaps, who had taken the most lively interest in Leopoldine's sorrows, and who, now that the lovers were made happy, had nothing left to contrive except to begin the first volume of their own little romance. So throughout all the fêtes and amusements that took place in honour of the princess's nuptials, I was secretly paying my court to Röschen, although we artfully concealed it, no doubt in imitation of our royal mistress and her lover. When, however, the expiration of my leave of absence drew nigh there was a mutual uneasiness visible, that did not escape Leopoldine's penetration, and when she had learned the secret of our hearts by repeatedly questioning her young companion, she promised that nothing on her part should remain undone to forward my wishes. As Röschen was an orphan, there was no consent necessary but her own for the disposal of her hand; but the princess could not resolve, as she said, to part with all her friends at once; besides, as she kindly expressed it, she was determined to keep a hostage that would ensure my return. It is rare that even

great services obtain the reward that my very small ones met with from this amiable woman. She never could look on a forget-me-not without being forcibly reminded of all the circumstances in which we had both taken a part, and frequently did she like to dwell on past events, and recall all the delightful alarms that she had suffered on her dear Albert's account, whom, by-the-bye, she invariably called Ernest on those occasions. Nor did the prince himself forget his former friend; indeed, he was more cordial and open than I ever had found him as the lieutenant; and how I blessed my prudence in never having let him suspect my incipient fancy to the lovely Leopoldine! Certainly, if I had not known how to hold my own tongue, I should not have risen to the rank of general, nor have retired with an ample pension, and have been gratified with a beautiful estate on the bank of one of Germany's most lovely rivers. For, although as long as my good elector lived, I never left him except on occasional furloughs, for the purpose of visiting my royal patrons, at his death I was induced to enter a regiment formed by Prince Albert, to whom I, from thenceforward, transferred my services, and I may add, my loyalty and devotion.

"You were prophetic!" said I the day after I was invested with my new title, to Leopoldine, now become queen, "when your majesty was pleased to call me General Heldenstein on the first day of our acquaintance."

"I am truly glad," said she graciously, "that what I said *par distraction* should really have come to pass."

"Confess the truth," said I; "at the moment you were so liberal in your military promotions, you wished me—anywhere rather than where I was."

"At this distance of time," replied Leopoldine, slightly colouring, "it would be perhaps difficult to recall my actual sentiments with regard to you. That all that has followed since has been decidedly favourable to you, I can safely vouch for."

I made a respectful bow.

"Do you know, general," continued she, "that the three most agreeable recollections I have, are all directly or indirectly connected with yourself? And let me tell you, that they have probably all, in some degree, conduced to your advancement. For little as you men are willing to admit our influence in the world of politics, how many are there who have made their way solely and entirely through men? To return to my proposition, the first cause is a certain album, which you no doubt recollect; the second, a little nosegay, which you well remember; and the third, let me see—"

"The tulips!" cried Albert, entering the room, having overheard the latter part of our conversation. "And he shall henceforth have one in his armorial bearings; but, Leopoldinchen, how you have *arrangé* our poor general:—pray admit a fourth cause, his valour, of which you think nothing, but which I highly prize."

And I murmured to myself, let the fifth cause be my discretion, but I only bowed very low, and knowing this to be the hour of relaxation, which the king generally devoted to his dear Leopoldine, I obeyed the dictates of that valuable quality, and leaving the room, gently closed the door on the royal pair.

## RICH RELATIONS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Ye, who are haunted by a band
  Of kinsmen poor and needy,
Still fostering with reluctant hand
  The thankless and the greedy;
How will ye smile when I complain,
  How mock my lamentations—
Alas! my every care and pain
  Arise from rich relations!

When first I entered life's career,
  Thus spoke my wary mother—
"Son, you'll inherit, never fear,
  The riches of my brother;
He occupies, the wise ones say,
  A little Rothschild's station,
Be prudent, saving, try each way
  To please your rich relation.

"Your father's aunt declines apace,
  She owns five thousands yearly,
Deems perjured men a worthless race,
  And loves dumb creatures merely;
Her squirrel coax—aspire to fix
  Her poodle's approbation,
Don't mind her monkey's playful tricks,
  But court your rich relation."

My uncle's slightest hints I heed,
  His taste I please completely,
His correspondent's letters read,
  And write his answers neatly;
I wield a slate, profusely scrawled
  With many a calculation,
In all (save payment) I'm installed
  Clerk to my rich relation.

I say and do whate'er I'm told,
  My time ne'er idly lingers,
Thick clumsy shoes my feet enfold,
  And worsted gloves my fingers;
I vote gay waistcoats, seals, and rings,
  Mere useless decoration,
"Young men should wear plain, homely things,"
  Thus says my rich relation.

He "hates to see a rhyming book
  A stripling's table cumber;"
Since then I've locked up Lalla Rookh,
  And let Childe Harold slumber:
Marmion lies torn, and Christabel
  Takes on the shelf her station,
I even shun sweet L. E. L.
  To please my rich relation.

My great aunt's pet menagerie,
  Around me daily capers,
And once a week I go to tea,
  Read through two penny papers,
And then a hand of cribbage take,
  By way of recreation,
Three games for twopence is the stake,
  Fixed by my rich relation!

Though often she contrives to cheat,
I never dare to wrangle;
Meanwhile her monkey climbs my seat,
My hair to twist and tangle;
One night he tightened my cravat,
Almost to strangulation,
And but received a smile and pat,
From my kind rich relation!

I'm sent about from dawn to dark
On some absurd commission,
I never stroll across the Park,
Nor see the Exhibition;
My friends begin to pout and lower,
And cease their invitations;
He cannot boast one leisure hour,
Who owns two rich relations.

This mode of life I loathe and fear,
Would I could try some other,
Would I could fly—hold! what is here?
A letter from my mother!
I guess the reason why she writes,
Some precious accusations,
A lecture for some fancied slights
Shown to my rich relations.

Stay—"All our hopes, dear boy, are fled,
Prepare for grief and pity,
The fall of Spanish Bonds has spread
A panic through the city:
Your uncle's all he rashly set
On one vast speculation,
We fear next Saturday's Gazette
Will see our rich relation!

"Your aunt, you know, for flying gout,
Last month, to Bath resorted,
A foreign count her wealth found out,
Herself and poodle courted;
His sable whiskers, sallow cheek,
And lengthy appellation,
Have turned her head—next Friday week,
He'll wed our rich relation!"

Huzza! my raptures will not brook
The labour of concealing,
Henceforth I'll think, read, dress, and look,
With independent feeling!
Like Sinbad, I'm at last set free,
For brisk perambulations,
I've dropped my Old Man of the Sea,
I've lost my rich relations!

Emancipators—see me stand
In liberty's possession,
Senates, without your helping hand,
I'm rescued from oppression;
Match me the triumph if ye can,
Surrounding lands and nations,
Felt by a free-born Englishman,
Released from rich relations.

# MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY.

**We have it in our power to favour our readers with a specimen of the forthcoming new novel, by Captain Marryat, which holds out the promise of excelling all his hitherto excellent naval novels.**

## CHAPTER I.

**Which the reader will find very easy to read.**

Mr. Nicodemus Easy was a gentleman who lived down in Hampshire; he was a married man, and in very easy circumstances. Most couples find it very easy to have a family, but not always quite so easy to maintain them. Mr. Easy was not at all uneasy on the latter score, as he had no children; but he was anxious to have them, as most people covet what they cannot obtain. After ten years, Mr. Easy gave it up as a bad job. Philosophy is said to console a man under disappointment, although Shakspeare asserts that it is no remedy for tooth-ache; so Mr. Easy turned philosopher, the very best profession a man can take up, when he is fit for nothing else; he must be a very incapable person indeed who cannot talk nonsense. For some time, Mr. Easy could not decide upon what description his nonsense should consist of; at last he fixed upon the rights of man, equality, and all that: how every person was born to inherit his share of the earth, a right at present only admitted to a certain length; that is, about six feet, for we all inherit our graves, and are allowed to take possession without dispute. But no one would listen to Mr. Easy's philosophy. The women would not acknowledge the rights of men, whom they declared always to be in the wrong; and, as the gentlemen who visited Mr. Easy were all men of property, they could not perceive the advantages of sharing with those who had none. However, they allowed him to discuss the question, while they discussed his port wine. The wine was good if the arguments were not, and we must take things as we find them in this world.

While Mr. Easy talked philosophy, Mrs. Easy played patience, and they were a very happy couple, riding side by side on their hobbies, and never interfering with each other. Mr. Easy knew his wife could not understand him, and therefore did not expect her to listen very attentively; and Mrs. Easy did not care how much her husband talked provided she was not put out in her game. Mutual forbearance will always ensure domestic felicity.

There was another cause for their agreeing so well. Upon any disputed question Mr. Easy invariably gave it up to Mrs. Easy, telling her that she should have her own way—and this pleased his wife; but, as Mr. Easy always took care, when it came to the point, to have his way, he was pleased as well. It is true that Mrs. Easy had long found out that she did not have her own way long; but she was of an easy disposition, and as, in nine cases out of ten, it was of very little

consequence how things were done, she was quite satisfied with his submission during the heat of the argument. Mr. Easy had admitted that she was right, and if, like all men, he would do wrong, why what could a poor woman do? With a lady of such a quiet disposition, it is easy to imagine that the domestic felicity of Mr. Easy was not easily disturbed. But, as people have observed before, there is a mutability in human affairs. It was at the finale of the eleventh year of their marriage that Mrs. Easy at first complained that she could not enjoy her breakfast. Mrs. Easy had her own suspicions, everybody else considered it past doubt, all except Mr. Easy; he little "thought, good easy man, that his greatness was repining;" he had decided that to have an heir was no Easy task, and it never came into his calculations, that there could be a change in his wife's figure. You might have added to it, subtracted from it, divided it, multiplied it, but as it was a zero, the result would be always the same. Mrs. Easy also was not quite sure—she believed it might be the case, there was no saying; it might be a mistake, like that of Mrs. Trunnion's in the novel, and therefore she said nothing to her husband about the matter. At last Mr. Easy opened his eyes, and when, upon interrogating his wife, he found out the astounding truth, he opened his eyes still wider, and then he snapped his fingers, and danced, like a bear upon hot plates, with delight, thereby proving that different causes may produce similar effects in two instances at one and the same time. The bear dances from pain, Mr. Easy from pleasure; and again, when we are indifferent, or do not care for any thing, we snap our fingers at it, and when we are overjoyed and obtain what we most care for, we also snap our fingers. Two months after Mr. Easy snapped his fingers, Mrs. Easy felt no inclination to snap hers, either from indifference or pleasure. The fact was, that Mrs. Easy's time was come, to undergo what Shakspeare pronounces, "the pleasing punishment that women bear," but Mrs. Easy, like the rest of the sex, declared, "that all men were liars," and most particularly poets.

But while Mrs. Easy was suffering, Mr. Easy was in ecstacies. He laughed at pain, as all philosophers do when it is suffered by other people, and not by themselves.

In due course of time, Mrs. Easy presented her husband with a fine boy, whom we present to the public as our hero.

## CHAPTER II.

### In which Mrs. Easy, as usual, has her own way.

It was the fourth day after Mrs. Easy's confinement that Mr. Easy, who was sitting by her bedside in an easy chair, commenced as follows: "I have been thinking, my dear Mrs. Easy, about the name I shall give this child."

"Name, Mr. Easy! why, what name should you give it but your own?"

"Not so, my dear," replied Mr. Easy; "they call all names proper names, but I think that mine is not. It is the very worst name in the calendar."

"Why, what's the matter with it, Mr. Easy?"

"The matter affects me as well as the boy. Nicodemus is a long name to write at full length, and Nick is vulgar. Besides, as there will be two Nicks, they will naturally call my boy young Nick, and of course I shall be styled old Nick, which will be diabolical."

"Well, Mr. Easy, at all events then let me choose the name."

"That you shall, my dear, and it was with this view that I have mentioned the subject so early."

"I think, Mr. Easy, I will call the boy after my poor father—his name shall be Robert."

"Very well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be Robert. You shall have your own way. But I think, my dear, upon a little consideration, you will acknowledge that there is a decided objection."

"An objection, Mr. Easy?"

"Yes, my dear; Robert may be very well, but you must reflect upon the consequences; he is certain to be called Bob."

"Well, my dear, and suppose they do call him Bob?"

"I cannot bear even the supposition, my dear. You forget the county in which we are residing, the downs covered with sheep."

"Why, Mr. Easy, what can sheep have to do with a christian name?"

"There it is; women never look to consequences. My dear, they have a great deal to do with the name of Bob. I will appeal to any farmer in the county, if ninety-nine shepherds' dogs out of one hundred are not called Bob. Now observe, your child is out of doors somewhere in the fields or plantations; you want and you call him. Instead of your child, what do you find? Why, a dozen curs at least who come running up to you, all answering to the name of Bob, and wagging their stumps of tails. You see, Mrs. Easy, it is a dilemma not to be got over. You level your only son to the brute creation, by giving him a christian name which, from its peculiar brevity, has been monopolized by all the dogs in the county. Any other name you please, my dear, but in this one instance you must allow me to lay my positive veto."

"Well, then, let me see—but I'll think of it, Mr. Easy; my head aches very much just now."

"I will think for you, my dear. What do you say to John?"

"O no! Mr. Easy, such a common name."

"A proof of its popularity, my dear. It is scriptural—we have the apostle and the baptist—we have a dozen popes who were all Johns. It is royal—we have plenty of kings who were Johns—and moreover, it is short, and sounds honest and manly."

"Yes, very true, my dear; but they will call him Jack."

"Well, we have had several celebrated characters who were Jacks. There was—let me see—Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack of the Bean Stalk—and Jack—Jack—"

"Jack Spratt," replied Mrs. Easy.

"And Jack Cade, Mrs. Easy, the great rebel—and Three-fingered Jack, Mrs. Easy, the celebrated negro—and, above all, Jack Falstaff, ma'am, Jack Falstaff,—honest Jack Falstaff,—witty Jack Falstaff—"

"I thought, Mr. Easy, that I was to be permitted to choose the name."

"Well, so you shall, my dear; I give it up to you. Do just as you please; but depend upon it John is the right name. Is it not now, my dear?"

"It's the way you always treat me, Mr. Easy; you say that you give it up, and that I shall have my own way, but I never do have it. I am sure that the child will be christened John."

"Nay, my dear, it shall be just what you please. Now I recollect it, there were several Greek emperors who were Johns; but decide for yourself, my dear."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Easy, who was ill, and unable to contend any longer, "I give it up, Mr. Easy. I know how it will be, as it always is, you give me my own way as people give pieces of gold to children, it's their own money, but they must not spend it. Pray call him John."

"There, my dear, did not I tell you, you would be of my opinion upon reflection? I knew you would. I have given you your own way, and you tell me to call him John; so now we're both of the same mind, and that point is settled."

"I should like to go to sleep, Mr. Easy; I feel far from well."

"You shall always do just as you like, my dear," replied the husband, "and have your own way in every thing. It is the greatest pleasure I have when I yield to your wishes. I will walk in the garden. Good-bye, my dear."

Mrs. Easy made no reply, and the philosopher quitted the room. As may easily be imagined, on the following day the boy was christened John.

## CHAPTER III.

In which our hero has to wait the issue of an argument.

The reader may observe that, in general, all my first chapters are very short, and increase in length as the work advances. I mention this as a proof of my modesty and diffidence. At first, I am like a young bird just out of its mother's nest, pluming my little feathers and taking short flights. By degrees, I obtain more confidence, and wing my course over hill and dale.

It is very difficult to throw any interest into a chapter on childhood. There is the same uniformity in all children until they develope. We cannot, therefore, say much relative to Jack Easy's earliest days; he sucked and threw up his milk, while the nurse blessed it for a pretty dear, slept, and sucked again. He crowed in the morning like a cock, screamed when he was washed, stared at the candle, and made wry faces with the wind. Six months passed in these innocent amusements, and then he was put into shorts. But I ought here to have remarked that Mrs. Easy did not find herself equal to nursing her own infant, and it was necessary to look out for a substitute.

Now a common-place person would have been satisfied with the recommendation of the medical man, who looks but to the one thing

needful, which is a sufficient and wholesome supply of nourishment for the child; but Mr. Easy was a philosopher, and had latterly taken to craniology, and he descanted very learnedly with the doctor upon the effect of his only son obtaining his nutriment from an unknown source. "Who knows," observed Mr. Easy, "but that my son may not imbibe with his milk the very worst passions of human nature?"

"I have examined her," replied the doctor, "and can safely recommend her."

"That examination is only preliminary to one more important," replied Mr. Easy. "I must examine her."

"Examine who, Mr. Easy?" exclaimed his wife, who had laid down again on the bed.

"The nurse, my dear."

"Examine what, Mr. Easy?" continued the lady.

"Her head, my dear," replied the husband. "I must ascertain what her propensities are."

"I think you had better leave her alone, Mr. Easy. She comes this evening, and I shall question her pretty severely. Doctor Middleton, what do you know about this young person?"

"I know, madam, that she is very healthy and strong, or I should not have selected her."

"But is her character good?"

"Really, madam, I know little about her character; but you can make any inquiries you please. At the same time I ought to observe, that if you are too particular in that point, you will have some difficulty in providing yourself."

"Well, I shall see," replied Mrs. Easy.

"And I shall feel," rejoined the husband.

This parleying was interrupted by the arrival of the very person in question, who was announced by the housemaid, and was ushered in. She was a handsome, florid, healthy-looking girl, awkward and naive in her manner, and apparently not over wise; there was more of the dove than of the serpent in her composition.

Mr. Easy, who was very anxious to make his own discoveries, was the first who spoke. "Young woman, come this way, I wish to examine your head."

"Oh! dear me, sir, it's quite clean, I assure you," cried the girl, dropping a curtsey.

Doctor Middleton, who sat between the bed and Mr. Easy's chair, rubbed his hands and laughed.

In the mean time, Mr. Easy had untied the string and taken off the cap of the young woman, and was very busy putting his fingers through her hair, during which the face of the young woman expressed fear and astonishment.

"I am very glad to perceive that you have a large portion of benevolence."

"Yes," replied the young woman, dropping a curtsey.

"And veneration also."

"Thanky, sir."

"And the organ of modesty is strongly developed."

"Yes, sir," replied the girl with a smile.

"That's quite a new organ," thought Dr. Middleton.

"Philo-progenitiveness very powerful."

"If you please, sir, I don't know what that is," answered Sarah with a curtsey.

"Nevertheless you have given us a practical illustration. Mrs. Easy, I am satisfied. Have you any questions to ask? But it is quite unnecessary."

"To be sure I have, Mr. Easy. Pray, young woman, what is your name?"

"Sarah, if you please, ma'am."

"How long have you been married?"

"Married, ma'am!"

"Yes, married?"

"If you please, ma'am, I had a misfortune, ma'am," replied the girl, casting down her eyes.

"What, have you not been married?"

"No, ma'am, not yet."

"Good heavens! Dr. Middleton, what can you mean by bringing this person here?" exclaimed Mrs. Easy. "Not a married woman, and she has a child!"

"If you please, ma'am," interrupted the young woman, dropping a curtsey, "it was a very little one."

"A very little one!" exclaimed Mrs. Easy.

"Yes, ma'am, very small indeed, and died soon after it was born."

"Oh, Doctor Middleton!— what could you mean, Doctor Middleton?"

"My dear madam," exclaimed the Doctor, rising from his chair, "this is the only person that I could find suited to the wants of your child, and if you do not take her, I cannot answer for its life. It is true that a married woman might be procured; but married women who have a proper feeling, will not desert their own children; and as Mr. Easy asserts, and you appear to imagine, the temper and disposition of your child may be affected by the nourishment it receives, I think it more likely to be injured by the milk of a married woman, who will desert her own child for the sake of gain. The misfortune which has happened to this young woman is not always a proof of a bad heart, but of strong attachment, and the overweening confidence of simplicity."

"You are correct, Doctor," replied Mr. Easy, "and her head proves that she is a modest young woman, with strong religious feelings, kindness of disposition, and every other requisite."

"The head may prove it all for what I know, Mr. Easy, but her conduct tells another tale."

"She is well fitted for the situation, ma'am," continued the Doctor.

"And if you please, ma'am," rejoined Sarah, "it was *such a little one.*"

"Shall I try the baby, ma'am?" said the monthly nurse, who had listened in silence. "It is fretting so, poor thing, and has its dear little fist right down its throat."

Dr. Middleton gave the signal of assent, and in a few seconds Master John Easy was fixed to Sarah as tight as a leech.

"Lord love it, how hungry it is!—there, there, stop it a moment, it's choking, poor thing!"

Mrs. Easy, who was lying on her bed, rose up, and went to the child. Her first feeling was that of envy, that another should have such a pleasure which was denied to herself; the next that of delight, at the satisfaction expressed by the infant. In a few minutes the child fell back in a deep sleep. Mrs. Easy was satisfied; maternal feelings conquered all others, and Sarah was duly installed.

To make short work of it, we have said that Jack Easy in six months was in shorts. He soon afterwards began to crawl and show his legs; indeed so indecorously, that it was evident that he had imbibed no modesty with Sarah's milk, neither did he appear to have gained veneration or benevolence, for he snatched at everything, squeezed the kitten to death, scratched his mother, and pulled his father by the hair: notwithstanding all which, both his father and mother and the whole household declared him to be the finest and sweetest child in the universe. But if we were to narrate all the wonderful events of Jack's childhood from the time of his birth up to the age of seven years, as chronicled by Sarah, who continued his dry nurse after he had been weaned, it would take at least three volumes folio. Jack was brought up in the way that every only child usually is,—that is, he was allowed to have his own way.

## CHAPTER IV.

In which the Doctor prescribes going to school as a remedy for a cut finger.

"Have you no idea of putting the boy to school, Mrs. Easy?" said Dr. Middleton, who had been summoned by a groom with his horse in a foam to attend immediately at Forest Hill, the name of Mr. Easy's mansion, and who, upon his arrival, had found that Master Easy had cut his thumb. One would have thought that he had cut his head off by the agitation pervading the whole household,—Mr. Easy walking up and down very uneasy, Mrs. Easy with great difficulty prevented from syncope, and all the maids bustling and passing round Mrs. Easy's chair. Everybody appeared excited except Master Jack Easy himself, who, with a rag round his finger, and his pinafore spotted with blood, was playing at bob-cherry, and cared nothing about the matter.

"Well, what's the matter, my little man?" said Dr. Middleton, on entering, addressing himself to Jack, as the most sensible of the whole party.

"Oh, Dr. Middleton," interrupted Mrs. Easy, "he has cut his hand; I'm sure that a nerve is divided, and then the lockjaw——"

The Doctor made no reply, but examined the finger: Jack Easy continued to play bob-cherry with his right hand.

"Have you such a thing as a piece of sticking-plaster in the house, madam?" observed the Doctor, after examination.

"O yes:—run, Mary—run, Sarah!" In a few seconds the maids appeared, Sarah bringing the sticking-plaster, and Mary following with the scissors.

"Make yourself quite easy, madam," said Dr. Middleton, after he put on the plaster, "I will answer for no evil consequences."

"Had I not better take him up stairs, and let him lie down a little?" replied Mrs. Easy, slipping a guinea into the Doctor's hand.

"It is not absolutely requisite, madam," said the Doctor; "but at all events he will be kept out of more mischief."

"Come, my dear, you hear what Dr. Middleton says."

"Yes, I heard," replied Jack; "but I sha'n't go."

"My dear Johnny—come, love—now do, my dear Johnny."

Johnny played bob-cherry, and made no answer.

"Come, Master Johnny," said Sarah.

"Go away, Sarah," said Johnny, with a back-hander.

"Oh! fie, Master Johnny," said Mary.

"Johnny, my love," said Mrs. Easy in a coaxing tone, "come now —will you go?"

"I'll go in the garden and get some more cherries," replied Master Johnny.

"Come, then, love, we will go into the garden."

Master Johnny jumped off his chair, and took his mamma by the hand.

"What a dear, good, obedient child it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Easy: "you may lead him with a thread."

"Yes, to pick cherries," thought Dr. Middleton.

Mrs. Easy, and Johnny, and Sarah, and Mary, went into the garden, leaving Dr. Middleton alone with Mr. Easy, who had been silent during this scene. Now Dr. Middleton was a clever, sensible man, who had no wish to impose upon any one. As for his taking a guinea for putting on a piece of sticking-plaster, his conscience was very easy on that score. His time was equally valuable, whether he were employed for something or nothing; and moreover he attended the poor gratis. Constantly in the house, he had seen much of Mr. John Easy, and perceived that he was a courageous, decided boy, of a naturally good disposition; but from the idiosyncracy of the father, and the doting folly of the mother, in a sure way of being spoiled. As soon, therefore, as the lady was out of hearing, he took a chair, and made the query at the commencement of the chapter, which we shall now repeat.

"Have you no idea of putting the boy to school, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy crossed his legs, and clasped his hands together over his knees, as he always did when he was about to commence an argument.

"The great objection that I have to sending a boy to school, Dr. Middleton, is, that I conceive that the discipline enforced is not only contrary to the rights of man, but also in opposition to all sound sense and common judgment. Not content with punishment, which is in itself erroneous and an infringement of social justice, they even degrade the minds of the boys still more by applying punishment to the most degraded part, adding contumely to tyranny. Of course, it is intended that a boy who is sent to school should gain by precept and example; but is he to learn benevolence by the angry look and the flourish of the vindictive birch,—or forbearance by the cruelty of the

ushers,—or patience, when the masters over him are out of all patience,—or modesty, when his nether parts are exposed to general examination? Is he not daily reading a lesson at variance with that equality which we all possess, but of which we are unjustly deprived? Why should there be a distinction between the flogger and the floggee? Are they not both fashioned alike after God's image, endowed with the same reason, having an equal right to what the world offers, and which was intended by Providence to be equally distributed? Is not that the sacred inheritance of all, which has tyrannously and impiously been ravished from the many for the benefit of the few, and which ravishment, from long custom of iniquity and inculcation of false precepts, has too long been basely submitted to? Is it not the duty of a father to preserve his only son from imbibing these dangerous and debasing errors, which will render him only one of a vile herd who are content to suffer, provided that they live? And yet are not these very errors inculcated at school, and impressed upon their mind inversely by the birch? Do not they there receive their first lesson in slavery with the first lesson in A B C; and are not their minds thereby prostrated, so as never to rise again, but ever to bow to despotism, to cringe to rank, to think and act by the precepts of others, and to tacitly disavow that sacred equality which is our birthright? No, sir, without they can teach without resorting to such a fundamental error as flogging, my boy shall never go to school."

And Mr. Easy threw himself back in his chair, imagining, like all philosophers, that he had said something very clever.

Dr. Middleton knew his man, and therefore patiently waited until he had exhausted his oratory.

"I will grant," said the Doctor at last, "that all you say may have great truth in it; but, Mr. Easy, do you not think that by not permitting a boy to be educated, you allow him to remain more open to that very error of which you speak? It is only education which will conquer prejudice, and enable a man to break through the trammels of custom. Now, allowing that the birch is used, yet it is at a period when the young mind is so elastic as to soon become indifferent; and after he has attained the usual rudiments of education, you will then find him prepared to receive those lessons which you can yourself instil."

"I will teach him everything myself," replied Mr. Easy, folding his arms consequentially and determinedly.

"I do not doubt your capability, Mr. Easy; but, unfortunately, you will always have a difficulty which you never can get over. Excuse me, I know what you are capable of, and the boy would indeed be happy with such a preceptor, but—if I must speak plain—you must be aware, as well as I am, that the maternal fondness of Mrs. Easy will always be a bar to your intention. He is already so spoiled by her that he will not obey; and without obedience you cannot inculcate."

"I grant, my dear sir, that there is a difficulty on that point; but maternal weakness must then be overcome by parental severity."

"May I ask how, Mr. Easy? for it appears to me impossible."

"Impossible! By heavens, I'll make him obey, or I'll ——."

Here Mr. Easy stopped before the word "flog" was fairly out of his mouth,—"I'll know the reason why, Dr. Middleton."

Dr. Middleton checked his inclination to laugh, and replied, "That you would hit upon some scheme, by which you would obtain the necessary power over him, I have no doubt; but what will be the consequence? The boy will consider his mother as a protector, and you as a tyrant. He will have an aversion to you, and with that aversion he will never pay respect and attention to your valuable precepts when he arrives at an age to understand them. Now it appears to me that this difficulty which you have raised may be got over. I know a very worthy clergyman who does not use the birch; but I will write, and put the direct question to him, and then if your boy is removed from the danger arising from Mrs. Easy's over-indulgence, in a short time he will be ready for your more important tuition."

"I think," replied Mr. Easy, after a pause, "that what you say merits consideration. I acknowledge that in consequence of Mrs. Easy's nonsensical indulgence, the boy is unruly, and will not obey me at present; and if your friend does not apply the rod, I will think seriously of sending my son John to him to learn the elements."

The doctor had gained his point by flattering the philosopher.

In a day he returned with a letter from the pedagogue in answer to one supposed to be sent to him, in which the use of the birch was indignantly disclaimed, and Mr. Easy announced to his wife, when they met that day at tea-time, his intentions with regard to his son John.

"To school, Mr. Easy! what, send Johnny to school! a mere infant to school!"

"Surely, my dear, you must be aware that at nine years it is high time that he learnt to read."

"Why he almost reads already, Mr. Easy; surely I can teach him that. Does he not, Sarah?"

"Lord bless him, yes, ma'am, he was saying his letters yesterday."

"Oh, Mr. Easy, what can have put this in your head? Johnny, dear, come here—tell me now what's the letter A? You were singing it in the garden this morning."

"I want some sugar," replied Johnny, stretching his arm over the table to the sugar-basin, which was out of his reach.

"Well, my love, you shall have a great lump if you will tell me what's the letter A."

"A was an archer, and shot at a frog," replied Johnny in a surly tone.

"There now, Mr. Easy; and he can go through the whole alphabet—can't he, Sarah?"

"That he can, the dear—can't you, Johnny dear?"

"No," replied Johnny.

"Yes, you can, my love, you know what's the letter B. Now don't you?"

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"There, Mr. Easy, you see what the boy knows, and how obedient he is too. Come, Johnny dear, tell us what was B?"

"No, I won't," replied Johnny, "I want some more sugar;" and

Johnny, who had climbed on a chair, spread himself over the table to reach it.

"Mercy! Sarah, pull him off—he'll upset the urn," screamed Mrs. Easy. Sarah caught hold of Johnny by the loins to pull him back, but Johnny, resisting the interference, turned round on his back as he lay on the table, and kicked Sarah in the face, just as she made another desperate grasp at him. The rebound from the kick, given as he lay on a smooth mahogany table, brought Johnny's head in contact with the urn, which was upset in the opposite direction, and, notwithstanding a rapid movement on the part of Mr. Easy, he received a sufficient portion of boiling liquid on his legs to scald him severely, and induce him to stamp and swear in a very unphilosophical way. In the mean time Sarah and Mrs. Easy had caught up Johnny, and were both holding him at the same time, exclaiming and lamenting. The pain of the scald, and the indifference shown towards him were too much for Mr. Easy's temper to put up with. He snatched Johnny out of their arms, and, quite forgetting his equality and rights of man, belaboured him without mercy. Sarah flew in to interfere, and received a blow which not only made her see a thousand stars, but sent her reeling on the floor. Mrs. Easy went off into hysterics, and Johnny howled so as to be heard at a quarter of a mile.

How long Mr. Easy would have continued it is impossible to say; but the door opened, and Mr. Easy looked up while still administering the punishment, and perceived Dr. Middleton in mute astonishment. He had promised to come in to tea, and enforce Mr. Easy's arguments, if it were necessary; but it certainly appeared to him, that in the argument which Mr. Easy was then enforcing, he required no assistance. However, at the entrance of Dr. Middleton, Johnny was dropped, and lay roaring on the floor; Sarah, too, remained where she had been floored, Mrs. Easy had rolled on the floor, the urn was also on the floor, and Mr. Easy, although not floored, had not a leg to stand upon.

Never did a medical man look in more opportunely. Mr. Easy at first was not certainly of that opinion, but his legs became so painful that he soon became a convert.

Dr. Middleton, as in duty bound, first picked up Mrs. Easy, and laid her on the sofa. Sarah rose, picked up Johnny, and carried him kicking and roaring out of the room; in return for which attention she received sundry bites. The footman, who had announced the doctor, picked up the urn, that being all that was in his department. Mr. Easy threw himself panting and in agony on the other sofa, and Dr. Middleton was excessively embarrassed how to act: he perceived that Mr. Easy required his assistance, and that Mrs. Easy could do without it; but how to leave a lady who was half really and half pretendedly in hysterics, was difficult; for if he attempted to leave her, she kicked and flounced, and burst out the more. At last Dr. Middleton rang the bell, which brought the footman, who summoned all the maids, who carried Mrs. Easy up stairs, and then the doctor was able to attend to the only patient who really required his assistance. Mr. Easy explained the affair in few words, broken into ejaculations from pain, as the doctor removed his stockings. From

the applications of Dr. Middleton, Mr. Easy soon obtained bodily relief; but what annoyed him still more than his scalded legs, was the doctor having been a witness to his infringement of the equality and rights of man. Dr. Middleton perceived this, and he knew also how to pour balm into that wound.

"My dear Mr. Easy, I am very sorry that you have had this accident, for which you are indebted to Mrs. Easy's foolish indulgence of the boy, but I am glad to perceive that you have taken up those parental duties which are inculcated by the Scriptures. Solomon says, 'that he who spares the rod, spoils the child,' thereby implying that it is the duty of a father to correct his children, and in a father, the so doing does not interfere with the rights of man, or any natural equality, for the son being a part or portion of the father, he only is correcting his own self, and the proof of it is, that a father, in punishing his own son, feels as much pain in so doing as if he were himself punished. It is therefore nothing but self-discipline, which is strictly enjoined us by the Scriptures."

"That is exactly my opinion," replied Mr. Easy, comforted at the doctor having so logically got him out of the scrape. "But—he shall go to school to-morrow, that I'm determined on."

"He will have to thank Mrs. Easy for that," replied the doctor.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Easy. "Doctor, my legs are getting very hot again."

"Continue to bathe them with the vinegar and water, Mr. Easy, until I send you an embrocation, which will give you immediate relief. I will call to-morrow. By-the-bye, I am to see a little patient at Mr. Bonnycastle's, if it is any accommodation, I will take your son with me."

"It will be a great accommodation, doctor," replied Mr. Easy.

"Then, my dear sir, I will just go up and see how Mrs. Easy is, and to-morrow I will call at ten. I can wait an hour. Good night."

"Good night, doctor."

The doctor had his game to play with Mrs. Easy. He magnified her husband's accident—he magnified his wrath, and advised her by no means to say one word, until he was well, and more pacified. The next day he repeated this dose, and, in spite of the ejaculations of Sarah, and the tears of Mrs. Easy, who dared not venture to plead her cause, and the violent resistance of Master Johnny, who appeared to have a presentiment of what was to come, our hero was put into Doctor Middleton's chariot, and with the exception of one plate of glass which he kicked out of the window with his feet, and for which feat, the doctor, now that he had him all to himself, boxed his ears till he was nearly blind, he was without any further eventful occurrence, carried by the doctor's footman into the parlour of Mr. Bonnycastle.

## O'DONNELL'S* FAREWELL TO ERIN!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Land of beauty, land of sorrow,
Must I bid thee then farewell?
Dark will rise the coming morrow,
Breaking every wreathed spell.
Friends that love me! ties that bind me!
Though I never meet ye more,
Distant days and years shall find me
Pining for my native shore.

Wert thou all my prayers would have thee,
Beauteous Erin, wert thou free,
I should sorrow less to leave thee,
Thou who art the world to me.
But to leave thee in thy sadness,
Ill becomes a son of thine;
Yet, 'tis not for scenes of gladness,
I thy long-loved shores resign.

Thou who wert the queen of nations,
Second Athens† of the world!
True in all the heart's relations,
Yet 'gainst thee the bolt was hurled:
Hurled by those whom thou had'st trusted,
Those that pledged the cup with thee,
Oh! that Erin's sword had rusted,
England, ere 'twas drawn for thee!

But 'tis vain to look behind us,
When the prospect lies in gloom,
Memory comes in chains to bind us,
Hope alone can pierce the tomb.
Come, thou smiling form of beauty,
Gaily wreath'd with summer flowers,
Lead me on my path of duty,
Far from Erin's lovely bowers.

* "Red Hugh" O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnel, one of the greatest patriots unhappy Ireland ever produced; and consequently, one of a very different grade to the modern champion of that ill-fated country.

† Dr. Johnson observes, that "Ireland was anciently the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning. In ages when other European nations were immersed in a state of comparative ignorance, Ireland was the land of light." The Saxon princes and nobles were sent to Ireland, to receive the benefit of a liberal education, and the most eminent teachers of northern and southern Britain received their instruction, gratuitously, in the Irish schools of learning. The most gifted of the Welsh minstrels, also, went to Ireland to improve themselves in bardic craft; and the skill of harp-playing.

# A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

" Post equitem sedit atra cura."—Horace.

In foreign wars victory terminates the contest, and no deadly feud or rancorous hatred survives; but in civil war, where the virulence of party spirit is substituted for feelings of national honour, the hour of triumph is often but the commencement of persecution and cruelty. Never, perhaps, was the power of oppression lodged in such merciless hands as when, in 1798, the Catholic peasantry of Ireland were placed under the military rule of the yeomanry corps; a force composed of persons chosen from the opposition of their political and religious opinions to the mass of the population, and of others, who, tempted by the impunity of military licence, deserted the cause and the religion which they believed to be right, when they saw it environed with dangers. To troops thus formed of private enemies and unprincipled renegadoes was the purification of Ireland committed; and many a deed of blood, and lust, and wanton cruelty, was sanctioned by authority and protected by the law.

After the isolated and unsupported rising in the county of Wexford, in the autumn of 1798, the insurgents had been defeated, and the county was again reduced under the iron rule of the English government. Parties of yeomanry were moving about in various directions, for the purpose of overawing the population, seeking victims among those who had lately been arrayed against them, and judging their prisoners according to the dictates of their passions or caprice. One of these detachments had taken up their quarters in a building, from which its persecuted inhabitants had been recently driven. It was situated on a peninsula, or, rather, island, joined to the mainland by a narrow causeway, which afforded the only access to the building. An archway passing through the building communicated with a small chapel and burial-ground, dedicated to the Virgin, which, together with a small garden, occupied the remainder of this little island. But the garden was now neglected and trampled down, and the walls of the chapel were seared with fire, and its roof-trees and rafters were a heap of cinders. But its two pointed gables, one of them surmounted by a small picturesque belfry, still formed prominent features in the landscape as they showed in dark relief against the evening sky. Around the Lady's Island, for by that name it was and is still known, the quiet lake rippled its mimic waves, and farther back the green hills sloped gently down to its margin. One would have imagined that such a spot had been formed by nature for peaceful seclusion and religious contemplation, and that the storms of war and the tumults of faction would have swept by and left the holy island unharmed, untouched, unnoticed; or that the very beauty of the scene would have quenched the torch and stayed the hand of the destroyer. We strike the prepared foe with clenched teeth and nerved arm, but the suppliant's form of beauty will often arrest the blow that would have

crushed the strong, the resisting, and the brave. But civil war knows no pity, religious fanaticism feels no remorse. This little island, sacred in the estimation of the neighbouring population, whom its bell had tolled to church, and whose forefathers had been one by one quietly entombed within its cemetery, was now in the occupation of the bitterest enemies of their religion.

The officer commanding these troops was sitting in a room over the archway, sipping his wine and looking at the fire, when a sergeant knocked at the door.

"What now, Dennis?" said the officer.

"Plase yer honor, we've taken Patrick O'Darcy: I have ordered a file of men to load, and I just called in to take yer honour's orders before I had him shot."

"Have we got the law on our side, do you think, Dennis?"

"Just as your honour plases about the law: it's only just shooting a man that is both a rebel and a papist. If your honour likes to have him put out of the way, it is not he that will trouble you again:—besides, he slept away from home last night, and that's crime enough anyhow."

"Do you know where he slept?" asked the officer.

"Why, for the matter of that, I hear that he went to see his twin brother that's a sailor, and just come home in a ship to Wexford;—but that ar'n't giving a satisfactory account of himself—unless your honour plases. Will I have him shot, your honour?"

"Why, Dennis, I think as we have got him, we had better put him out of the way."

"I shall see," said the sergeant, and withdrew.

When the officer was left to himself, unpleasant thoughts came creeping over his mind, at having thus doomed an innocent man to an ignominious death merely to gratify a private pique. After hesitating for some time, he went out with the intention of stopping the execution. But just as he had crossed the causeway and had set his foot upon the mainland, the report of musketry fell upon his ear, followed by a faint shriek from some of the peasantry who had been looking on in the distance. A few yards farther brought him within view of the executioners and the body of the unfortunate victim. It was that of a tall young man, and had on one of those loose great-coats so much worn by the lower orders of the Irish. As he lay extended on his back, a certain rigidity and slight distortion of feature showed that life had not parted from him without a pang. The officer gazed on the body for a few seconds, and then retired, not with the satisfied feelings of gratified revenge, but overcome with remorse and with the fear of the consequences that might be entailed upon him; for cruelty and fear are ever nearly allied.

Among the more remote spectators of this brutal tragedy was the twin brother, with whom Patrick O'Darcy had spent the preceding evening. After the fatal shot had been fired, he turned his steps towards the cottage where his brother's widow lived, muttering vows of vengeance against the murderers of his brother,—dooming their houses to the flames, their properties to destruction, and themselves to death,—threats that in Ireland are not always empty words.

He had not long arrived there before a gentle knock and a low voice were heard at the door.

"It's the priest," said one of the children, and instantly he was admitted. The interior of the cottage presented a singular scene. The brother of the deceased was trying to mend the lock of an old rusty pistol, while two of the elder children were melting lead in a ladle over the fire. The unfortunate widow sat in the arm-chair by their side in a state of mental paralysis, her grief too deep to find relief in tears, too intense to vent itself in exclamation. The man of peace cast a look of horror round the room when he saw the deadly preparations that were carrying on. "Is it a murder that you are going to commit?" said he to the brother of the deceased.

"It's my brother that they have basely murthered, innocent, and in cold blood," replied the sailor, and he again continued hammering the old pistol-lock. The priest then entered into a long exhortation upon the heinousness of shedding blood, and the unchristian spirit of revenge, and intreated him to leave the avenging of his wrongs to the Almighty Power above, promising him, that the yeomanry officer would continue a constant prey to his conscience, which, while he lived, would not suffer him to rest in quiet either by day or by night, and that when he died he would suffer eternal torments. The sailor replied, sometimes by shaking his head, sometimes by a short observation, and then recommenced perversely hammering the old pistol-lock. At length, after pausing for some time, as if in deep thought, he said, "I believe you are right; it's his conscience that shall do it. I will promise you that I will not raise my hand against him:" and thus ended the conversation.

In the evening, the officer was sitting brooding over his recent crime, when the sergeant rushed into the room,—his face pale as death, and his hair standing on end. He laid a letter upon the table; it was directed in a scarcely legible hand, and was sealed with black wax, the impression appearing as if made by a human thumb. The letter contained the following words:—

"Patrick O'Darcy, died the 1st of October, 1798.
Captain O'Gunnell, dies the 1st of October, 1799.
Twelve Months!"

Here followed a signature totally illegible, and apparently not written in Christian characters.

"Who brought this letter?" said the officer.

"Patrick O'Darcy *himself*, your honour," said the sergeant with great emphasis.

"Patrick O'Darcy is dead, you fool," was the reply.

"Myself saw him shot and his body sunk into the lake," said the sergeant; "but if it was the last word I had to speak, I swear it was *himself* brought the letter."

O'Gunnell tried to calm his superstitious fears by persuading himself that it was merely a trick played off upon him, and after a week or two had passed, he had ceased to think much about it: but on the 1st of November the landlady of his lodgings in Dublin, where he was then residing, brought him up a letter which, she said, had been left

at the door by a tall Irishman in a grey frieze great-coat. The letter was in all respects similar to the one he had received at the Lady's Island, with the exception that the words "eleven months" were substituted for "twelve months." All his superstitious fears now returned; his evil conscience again preyed on his mind. The scene of blood was never absent from his thoughts; and in addition to his other horrors, came the fear of death thus twice mysteriously threatened him. How could any human being have discovered his residence? He had arrived from Wexford only the day before. He had told no one of his intended journey. His servant boy had only had sufficient notice to enable him to pack up his clothes. If the communication was not from man, it was evident that it was not from Heaven, and he shuddered to think of the other place. He lost his spirits, his appetite forsook him: he grew pale and emaciated. He tried to obtain relief by engaging in a variety of pursuits, by seeking society, and joining in convivial parties: but his mortal enemy was within him, and followed him through all his turnings.

On the first of December he was at a large Orange dinner, and was in the act of proposing the toast of the "Glorious and immortal memory," in what he considered to be a highly eloquent and loyal speech, when the waiter put a letter into his hand: it was sealed, apparently, with the impression of a thumb or finger. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth—he sank back speechless into his chair. His companions stared at one another in astonishment, then looked at him, then at the letter. Could it contain the announcement of the death of a near relation; but it was evident that this was not the case, for he had not seen the contents. It could not be a writ to arrest him, for there was no bailiff; besides, the paper did not look like a writ. It was evident that it could not be a challenge that so affected him, for no Irishman cares more for a pistol-shot than he does for a pinch of snuff. It looked more like a tailor's bill than any thing else, but nobody cares about bills over a bowl of punch; besides, he showed more feeling than a thing of that sort could possibly occasion. At length O'Gunnell left the room under the plea of illness, leaving the curiosity of his friends altogether unsatisfied. The mysterious letter became, for a time, a common topic of conversation among his acquaintance. Some even attempted to draw his secret from him, while others remarked his pale looks and melancholy air. To support life in his present miserable condition, was sufficiently hard; but to have his secret grief become the remark of all who met him, was more than he could bear. He left Dublin under the pretence of a shooting expedition into the mountains of Wicklow, accompanied alone by his servant boy.

Many occupy themselves with sports and pastime, with an eagerness and perseverance that occasions surprise to the rest of the world: but it is not always the pursuit of pleasure that leads them on; there is oftentimes behind and unseen a fear of ennui, unpleasant thoughts, or a bad conscience, which persecute them in their hours of repose, and goad them on to occupation and excitement. No thoughts of pleasure, amusement, or relaxation, tempted O'Gunnell into the glens of Wicklow. Happiness of every shade and in every form he looked

upon as a dream of time gone by, which could never again cheer his withered heart. The recollection of the Lady's Island, like a bloody phantom, stood present to his view, while the mysterious monthly letter, with the dread of approaching death, cast a horrid gloom over the future: an occasional release, or only partial release, from corroding thoughts, was all that his most sanguine hopes pointed to. The porter toiling under his burden was to him an object of envy. The husbandman whistling at his plough was a picture of simple happiness, which, forcing upon his mind a comparison with his own intolerable existence, threw a darker shade over his reflections. For however pleasing the contemplation of the happiness of others may be to a mind at ease, to the truly miserable, much as they may wish to conceal the fact, it adds but additional pain.

Day after day O'Gunnell toiled after the wild fowl on the moors, courting fatigue, and hoping for sleep: for night was the time that he dreaded most, and forgetfulness of the present was the highest object of his desire. At length, the monthly period expired, and the fearful day came round again. He was returning from the hills, and was passing along a narrow footway by the side of a brook, when suddenly he saw the figure of a tall man in a grey frieze coat, standing on a steep eminence immediately above him, its countenance was turned towards him, and its hand appeared to point to a broad flat stone that lay immediately before him by the side of the brook. O'Gunnell looked steadfastly at the figure. It was O'Darcy! He turned pale and trembled, and scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust his hand into his bosom and drew out a pistol, which he discharged at it. A contemptuous smile appeared, for a moment, to rest upon the countenance of this phantom in the grey frieze coat. It did not flinch, or turn, or move, but stood for a few seconds longer pointing at the broad flat stone, and then disappeared either behind, or into the hill, for O'Gunnell could not tell which. Upon the broad flat stone was found a letter, similar to the preceding ones, but which informed him that his time was reduced to nine months. This was the severest blow that he had yet received, for he now felt convinced that these letters were not sent him by any living being, and that the illegible characters were evidently the name of a certain personage, who, when he does pay a visit to this world, is reported to take as much pains to conceal his real name, as he does to hide his cloven foot. Now this conviction was the occasion of bitter reflections to O'Gunnell, for he thought, and naturally enough, that if that personage had such power of tormenting him in this world, what a terrible condition he would be in when he got into his clutches in the next. It was quite clear that his power would be infinitely greater then, or why should he take such trouble to pursue him, and keep dunning him month after month like a creditor, impatient for the settlement of his account. O'Gunnell thought, that though he certainly had sinned, this was a most unfair mode of proceeding, and altogether different from the usual practice.

Shooting was now no longer supportable to him. Upon every eminence he fancied he saw the figure in a grey frieze coat, and on every broad flat stone he expected to find a letter. But although shooting

no longer afforded him an occupation, he dared not return to society: he dreaded the curiosity of his friends on the subject of the mysterious letter delivered to him at the dinner: he feared the observations that might be made on his altered appearance; for in his present state of mind, he imagined that every one who saw him perceived the traces of conscious guilt graven in his features.

At length, the dreaded first of the month came round again, and evening overtook him in a wild and uninhabited part of the country: he was on foot, and had some distance to go to reach the place where he was then residing. The fated hour had arrived; he had seen no man in a grey frieze coat; he had received no letter: he began to entertain a distant hope that the charm was at length broken. Such happiness, however, was not in store for him. He presently arrived at a small bridge that crossed a brook of some magnitude, and which it was necessary for him to pass to return home. On the other side of it was a gate, over which a man was leaning, looking at the ground, apparently in deep meditation, or else asleep, for he allowed O'Gunnell to walk close to him without looking up. But from this man he was under no apprehension, for he was short and stout, and wore a broad-brimmed hat, and a brown coat. O'Gunnell told him to move out of the way, as he wished to pass through the gate. The stranger, however, did not stir, but looked him full in the face, and said, in a low, quiet tone of voice, "I have been waiting for you."

O'Gunnell knew the countenance. It was that of a Roman Catholic gentleman of small property, whose house he, with a party of soldiers, had burnt during the rebellion in Wexford: he had seen the house in flames, and had heard the shrieks of some of its inmates, whom he knew had no means of escaping from the fire. He had thought that the whole family had perished. But now that his whole fears were centered in the grey-frieze-coated apparition, he felt as if he cared not for any man, living or dead, that did not appear in that dreaded form. "Waiting for me!" said O'Gunnell; "I hold no communion with rebels or papists."

"Villain!" said the other, in the same low, quiet tone, looking him full in the face.

O'Gunnell's blood rushed to his face. His pale cheeks instantly changed to crimson. "No man ever insulted me with impunity. Here, take your choice:" and he drew two pistols from his bosom.

"I once," said the other, in the same low, searching tone, "had a wife and children—I once was happy; but though death were a relief to me, I scorn to take an unfair advantage over you—a murderer's hand always trembles."

"Does my hand tremble?" said O'Gunnell, in the extremity of rage; for there is nothing that adds fuel to anger so much as a calm manner in an opponent.

"Does your hand tremble!" said the other, with an ironical smile. "I have been requested to give you this letter."

O'Gunnell knew the seal—he fell back senseless to the ground. When he came to himself the other had gone; but in the distance, leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon him, he saw a tall figure in a grey frieze coat.

It were tedious to recount the various wanderings, and the different occupations by which O'Gunnell vainly endeavoured to afford his mind a partial relief from the corroding thoughts that were gradually wasting him away. Month after month passed, and each morning brought him nearer to his fated end. How little do we in general appreciate the blessing we enjoy in our ignorance of the future; for though the days of all are numbered, how miserable is the lot of him who knows the exact amount that are allotted to him! His existence may be considered rather as death delayed, than as life enjoyed. O'Gunnell felt like a condemned felon, who had been apprized of the hour of his execution.

At length, he determined upon quitting Ireland, and trying the bustle and dissipation of the British metropolis. The strong contrast between the loneliness of the wild regions he had left, and that restless activity, that noise, and hurry, and turmoil, that strike so forcibly upon the attention of a stranger visiting London, for the first few days drew his attention in some degree to surrounding objects: but the charm of novelty rapidly wore away, and left him again a prey to his thoughts. The less absorbing and more innocent amusements first palled upon his mind. Yet, for a time, one miserable resource yet remained to him, which was the gaming-table.

That agony of intense interest which, by an irresistible fascination, leads the gambler on to his destruction, though he sees ruin at the end of the vista, and is conscious that he is continually approaching it, produced in O'Gunnell a temporary oblivion of his dreaded reflections. He clung to the gaming-table as a drowning man clings to a sinking boat, as a temporary reprieve from a darker fate. Here for some hours in the day he was able to shake off the bitter recollections that preyed upon his peace. The first few days he neither won nor lost considerably: but at length he had what is called a run of luck, and came home laden with spoil. Not only were his cares banished, but his spirits were high, and these, indeed, were the only few moments of pleasurable existence that he had enjoyed since the commencement of his misfortunes. It is probable that his success would have redoubled his ardour for play, and would soon have accomplished his ruin. From this he was however saved, by the following occurrence. When he reached the door of his hotel, the waiter informed him that a person had called and inquired for him, but said that he could not wait, as he had a long way to go, and must be home before twelve o'clock, but that he had left a letter containing his business, and went away.

"What time did he call?"

"About five o'clock."

"What sort of looking person was he?"

"He was a tall man, dressed in a grey great-coat; he believed he was an Irishman."

It was enough. The blood rushed back to his heart. It was the first day of the month. He felt sick and faint, and clung to the railing for support. He was unable to proceed, without assistance, and was with some difficulty supported to his room. On the table lay a letter sealed with a black seal, and the impression of a human thumb. He

sank back in a chair, and wished that his time was come, and that he was dead: life was too great a burden for him.

We are told that persons looking over a fearful precipice are sometimes tempted by a maddening impulse to cast themselves headlong down. With a similar feeling O'Gunnell saw the razors that lay upon his table, but shuddered at the thought of another murder: besides, when he began to reflect more calmly upon the matter, it was not worth the while, as the letter upon the table informed him that he had only two months more to run.

London and the gaming-table now became rife with the figure in the grey frieze coat: every cast of the dice brought to recollection the letter and its mysterious writer.

After wandering about different country towns and watering-places in England, he at length determined to go abroad, and visit a cousin who had settled as a merchant at Amsterdam. To be sure, there was some risk of the vessel he sailed in being taken by a French cruiser, but to him the thoughts of a French prison brought no terrors.

It is indeed a dreadful thing to spend two or three years of one's life in a prison. But here he had the melancholy satisfaction that this could not be his case, as he had less than two months left him to find employment for: and he entertained, besides, a kind of desperate hope that the grey frieze coat might still retain the same antipathy to the interior of a prison, that he had in his lifetime.

At length, his passage was taken in a small sailing vessel bound to Rotterdam. Among the passengers there was one singular personage that particularly attracted his attention: it was an old woman, apparently of enormous stature, who was squatted in a corner upon the deck, with her body bent nearly double, and her face muffled up in a handkerchief. She was constantly calling for spirits, which she said was the only thing that did her face-ache any good.

At night there came on a violent gale, and considerable apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the vessel. O'Gunnell was standing upon the deck, looking up at some sailors, who were endeavouring to take in one of the sails, when a bright flash of lightning illuminated everything on board; his eye fell on one of the men—his features exactly resembled those of the murdered O'Darcy. O'Gunnell fell senseless upon the deck, and remained in that condition until he was revived by the coldness of a sea breaking over him. He then went below: and to his horror, by the light of the cabin lamp, he saw a letter with a black seal lying on his berth. The rest of the voyage he remained rather dead than alive—perfectly indifferent to the safety of the vessel. At length, however, she reached her destined port: and another day brought him to the residence of his relation at Amsterdam.

His cousin was astonished at his unexpected arrival, and still more at his altered appearance and manner. When he last saw him, he was a stout, hearty, red-faced man, who would ride, hunt, or drink claret with any man in Ireland. He was now pale and emaciated, spoke but seldom, and was never seen to smile. Day after day passed, and his cousin in vain attempted to cheer him, or elicit from him the cause of the change. He had had a fever, which had left him weak

and low-spirited. He did not know what was the matter with him. At other times he would stoutly deny that there was any alteration either in his health or his spirits.

Thus time wore on. They were one day walking together, along the Heeren Graat, one of the principal streets in Amsterdam, with a canal running down the middle, O'Gunnell leaning upon the other's arm, for he was too weak to walk without assistance: at length the merchant said to O'Gunnell, "I am afraid that there is something upon your mind. Have you ever done anything that preys upon your conscience?"

O'Gunnell was silent. The merchant then recommended him to try the consolation of religion.

"No, no, no!" said O'Gunnell, "I can't pray—I can't pray—I have often wished that I could. This is the last day that I have left me in this world, and yet—I can't pray. My tormentor is within me, drying up my life-blood drop by drop. By five o'clock this evening I shall be a cold corpse—and yet I can't pray. Look! look! look! there he walks," said he, with a convulsive shudder, while he pointed to a tall figure in a loose grey coat, that was slowly moving along the other side of the canal.

The merchant darted from him in pursuit of the man in the grey great-coat; but before he could reach the nearest bridge the figure in the grey great-coat had disappeared up a narrow alley, and the merchant was unable to obtain any further tidings of him.

O'Gunnell was carried home and put to bed; and the merchant, justly supposing that his illness had much to do with the imagination, ordered a clock, set half an hour in advance, to be placed in his bed-room. O'Gunnell grew rapidly weaker, occasionally shuddering, and sometimes giving a convulsive start; but after the clock had struck the hour of five, and they shewed him the time upon the dial, which had been before concealed from him, they endeavoured to assure him that his apprehensions were imaginary. They thought that the patient had begun to rally a little, and were in hopes that he might yet live, when a loud altercation was heard in the outer chamber. A man had forced himself up stairs, and insisted upon having an immediate interview with Captain O'Gunnell. He was told that Captain O'Gunnell was dangerously ill, and could see nobody. "Sure, it's just his life or death that depends upon his seeing me," was the reply.

The door of the bed-room then opened, and there appeared the figure of a tall man, in a grey frieze great-coat. O'Gunnell sprung up in his bed, his eyes fixed upon the intruder, appeared to be starting out of his head. But his strength rapidly failed, he fell back, and ceased to breathe.

The merchant turned to the stranger and said, "You have murdered this man, for your intrusion here, at this moment, has been the cause of his death."

A kind of satisfied smile seemed to pass over the countenance of the stranger, as he replied. "Sure, if he had had an asy conscience, he would not have perished thus."

The man in the grey coat was then taken before the city authorities. His story, however, was soon told. His twin brother had been shot by O'Gunnell's orders, and he had promised the priest not to raise his hand against him, but to leave him to the torments of his conscience. The letters were his writing, and O'Gunnell's servant was an accomplice.

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## MOUNT SKIDDAW.

BY N. H. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," THE "SAXON'S DAUGHTER," &c.

Oh, that my tongue could tell what now I feel!
My bosom, like some fountain, brimmeth o'er
With struggling thoughts that words may not reveal:
I can but gaze, and tremble, and adore.
Thou mountain! where I stand, so huge and hoar!
Valleys and plains, that mock the straining eye!
Old Ocean rolling on the distant shore!
And, arching all, thou vast eternal sky!
My spirit, lost, absorbed, but murmurs—what am I?

Yet are we told this earth was made for man:
Ay, what is matter, glorious though it be?
Can aught around think, feel, or move one span?
Rather to Him who framed it bend thy knee;
Whose word could melt to nothing all we see;
Whose breath lives in us, an eternal fire:
Yes, we can pass o'er yon far-shining sea,
Drink bliss from Nature's charms, that never tire,
And make the earth our own, till sense and thought expire.

Expire? shall death dissolve the kindred tie
That links my soul, majestic scenes, to you?
Shall the enfranchised spirit heavenward fly
And bid to all on earth a long adieu?
Or may we be permitted still to view
The haunts of childhood, and the seats of age?
Hover 'round those we loved, and all we knew?
A mystery this to moralist and sage:
Yet on this mighty mount, such thoughts my heart engage.

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# ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY E. HOWARD.

Behold me looking from the decks of the ship upon the mountains of my native Spain, and the towers and the spires of my paternal city; my heart, my feelings, all my associations, entirely English. There stood Troughton, formerly known by the lamb-like epithet of Quiet, flaunting in a red-hot and gaudy military uniform, attended by a still more gaudily appareled mute, health throbbing with all its tumultuous wishes and aspirations through his veins, whilst a latent fierceness of temperament was gradually and surely bracing up his heart to that rigidity that makes the will zealously obey the passions, and work out sternly all their wild decrees.

Though my position was, at this period, a little awkward, I did not, at first thought, find it unpleasing—it was romantic enough, and, to others, I might make it as mysterious as I chose. The apparent colonel of cavalry, and the announced (though not by myself) envoy extraordinary from the court of Persia was, it is true, no more than the supercargo of a vessel and its lading, both of which were, no doubt, held in equilibrio, far down in the bosom of the fathomless sea; penniless, and without vouchers as to my identity, I felt some reluctance to present myself in my father's mansion. For what had I to bring him in lieu of all his expected wealth? Nothing but a horrible story of shipwreck, sufferings, and death.

As I reflected, this loathing to seek his mansion and his blessing came upon me so strongly, that I grew first alarmed, and then very melancholy, accusing myself of wanting those sweet and natural affections, which makes the substratum of almost all the happiness of this world. My thoughts grew bitter, as I was pensively leaning over the taffrail; and, no doubt, the expression of my countenance reflected them accurately, for I was roused from my sad reverie by the gentle pressure of the hand of Donna Isidora on my shoulder, who, with her gallant and gay young lover, I found was standing by my side.

"When," said she smiling, "will his Excellency Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla choose to cast the cloud from off his brow, and condescend to permit the Barcelonians to sun themselves in his presence?"

"Ah! when indeed?" said Julien. "We have been some time endeavouring to rally our energies before we dared approach your excellency. What hosts were you destroying in your imagination? or whom were you condemning to death, in the black tribunal of your thoughts? You were looking both fierce and frightful."

"Fierce, but not frightful," said the lady; "but it is my will that you do not look fierce. I have some rights in you—you are my

[1] Continued from p. 273.

waif—mine by the right of what the English call flotsom and jetsom—for none but myself would have picked such a withered weed out of the water."

"Isidora!"

"True, Julien; but you are nobody. You know very well that, notwithstanding that proud look, Captain Mantez would not, do all that you could, at your intercession, have had these poor folks brought on board."

"Why?" said I sharply, for the first time breaking silence.

"Because," said she hesitatingly, as if ashamed that one who might call himself her countryman, should be so inhuman,—"because he thought, by the construction of the coffin—(a boat I think you call it, which contained you)—that you were English."

"Ah! did he indeed? May heaven forget me, if I remember not this."

"Ardent Troughton," said my monitress mildly, but emphatically, "I fear me that your thoughts are evil—I never saw you so disturbed before. My friend, reflect upon the awful fate of that brave James Gavel, over whom you have so often made me weep. I did not wish, by my jesting, to call upon your brow a spot so large and so red. If you will not permit me to claim you wholly as my bondsman, still I have my right of salvage in you—an eighth, I believe—so I shall select my share, and take your face—so unruffle it, if you please."

"O! not the face," said I vehemently, "but the arm; and in all honourable and brotherly service, the heart also."

As I thus spoke, Julien shook me cordially by the hand, and the almond-shaped and large dark eyes of Isidora swam in a brilliant moisture, through which a strange and lambent fire seemed struggling. I did not understand it.

"Well," said Julien laughing, "now that we have finished our heroics, will your excellency condescend to embark? Captain Mantez waits to take leave of you in his cabin. The first cutter is manned for you alongside, and your suite is already in the boat."

"And the dog? no inconsiderable member of what you are pleased to call my suite."

"O! the captain has taken that fine animal into especial favour—he intends to keep him."

"Then, Don Julien, he shall keep me—we go together. But, really, in all sincerity, and indeed in all sorrow, I am truly grieved that I ever assumed this disguise, and am eager to throw it off. Had I known your intentions in thus tricking out me and poor dumb Jugurtha in these false colours, I could never have lent myself to the generous deception. You know that you introduced me as the Persian envoy before I was aware of your purpose, and I could not compromise you. My heart, to its very core, thanks you for your benevolent motives—and loves you for them, too, my dear Julien—but let me rid myself of this disguise at once, if it be possible."

"It is not possible."

"Then am I truly sorry for it. You are an hidalgo—noble by birth, and of high rank in your country's military service—I am no-

thing but a merchant—not yet even that—for my father may choose to continue me, for some time, in his counting-house.

"You a clerk in a counting-house, with that lofty and haughty air!—that very military look!—the thing is absurd; but really, Ardent, you are unkind thus to force upon me your self-disparagements. I have taken you as my friend—we are equal. I confess to you that this masquerading has become a little awkward; but we must still persevere in it, till we have got you on shore; you may then shake off my despised finery, the envoy will vanish of a secret mission, and Signior Troughton may disclaim for ever, in a sober suit of black, all acquaintance with Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla; but, for my sake, leave the ship in full honours."

"For your sake, anything."

Julien thanked me by a pressure of the hand, and Isidora, still more eloquently, by a glance of those beautiful eyes, that might madden the wise, and make the mad tame, so benignly soft was their expression.

At this moment the valet of our thrice-puissant captain came on another embassy, to invite us to a farewell collation in the cabin. Conquering, for the sake of my noble friends, the great dislike I had taken to this commander, I entered his cabin, received with a dignified suavity the place of honour, drank the necessary toasts, and made the customary speeches.

But there was one below that welcomed me with heart-cordiality, and that was poor Bounder, the Newfoundland dog, who was, much to his displeasure, chained up in one corner of the cabin. His expressions of delight at seeing me were frantic; and when I was about to depart, they became, by their violence, incommodious to the company. Indeed, the priest, Xavier, had cursed him through all the forms of the Catholic church; for, in going the length of his chain, Bounder had, in his evolutions to approach me, twisted it round the right leg of the ecclesiastic, fairly wrenched him from his chair, and flung him prostrate upon the deck beneath the table.

"That dog seems strangely attached to you," said Mantez, as we were rising.

"He was more strangely attached this moment to the worthy padre," I replied.

"May the brute be macerated into ten thousand pieces of undying agony," said the Christian priest. "The abomination has rasped off the skin from my shin, from the knee to the instep—see how the blood is oozing through my worsted stockings—I must to the surgeon's. A curse upon the beast, and upon—all those who laugh at the sufferings of the church of Christ."

"You see, Don Mantez," said I, "that the poor animal has been anathematized by the very patient and apostolic father—no good can now come upon his devoted head—he will bring misfortune to all, wherever he may be. So, with your permission, I will even take him on shore with me."

"Not so, your excellency—I have taken a fancy to the dog, and cannot part with him." Then looking sternly at the padre, he continued—for the captain was a bit of a Tartar, "if the good father has

cursed the dog, he shall uncurse him—if he has placed a ban upon his head, for his own pleasure, he shall take it off for mine—and for whatever fees the church may reasonably demand. No, no, we will keep the dog; and, when the fine fellow gets a little more tame and used to us, let me see the man who will dare, then, to excommunicate and damn him to hell. In anything else I should be most happy to oblige your excellency."

"But the dog is mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes—I——"

But here I was very seasonably interrupted by Isidora placing her hand playfully on my lips, and exclaiming, "Don Trompe Hilla, when I get on shore to my uncle's, I will indemnify you for the failure of your request, by giving you two pugs and a poodle—the latter as well trimmed as our gallant captain's whiskers."

"Ah, señora! you may say anything," said the captain.

"I have said too much," thought I; "and yet I cannot give up my noble friend, upon whose back I rested in the wild sea, when I was struggling hard with death."

"Will you sell the dog?" said I, forgetting that I was not possessed of a single farthing. The captain looked seriously offended.

"When I sell my honour, not till then," was the laconic reply.

I could do nothing more without betraying the *ruse* of Julien, which might have been attended with unpleasant consequences to my generous friends, so Mantez and I bowed to each other stiffly enough, and each wishing the other the moderate wish, that he might live a thousand years we all repaired, to the deck previously to our going in the boats. But as I ascended the quarter-deck ladder, the piteous, the almost human howl of the deserted animal, went through my bosom like the cry of a drowning brother. I hurried into my boat with Don Julien de Araguez and Donna Isidora, and there I found Jugurtha waiting for me. Before we shoved off, Captain Mantez was also seated in his barge, the dog howling all this time, so as to be distinctly heard, and my choler rising rapidly.

I looked forward, and there I saw my mute, in his oriental costume, fumbling with the poniard that he carried in his vest, and looking with more than a demon's hate at the captain. I had seen before, but had not much remarked upon similar looks that the negro had bestowed upon Mantez. But now, sitting as he was, directly facing me, he made me shudder, by the more than infernal spite that contorted every feature.

Now, Spanish seamen are not very expert in the management of their boats. It was blowing rather fresh, with a little ruffling sea, and the two boats did not free themselves immediately from each other, but were dropping together astern, and I was all this time agonized by the howling of the dog. In spite of all my endeavours to keep down my passion, the black drop of blood in my heart was fast expanding itself, and driving me into fury. At one howl, more piteous than any I had yet heard, forgetting the risk that I ran, and my two noble-hearted preservers, between whom I was sitting, I started upon my feet in the stern-sheets of the boats, and lifting my hands in a

menacing attitude, I shouted, "Mantez, by G—d I must, and will have that dog! Men, pull on board."

The boats, at this moment, were almost clear of each other, when Jugurtha, the moment I spoke, with a savage shriek of joy, reached over, and seized hold of the gunnel of that in which was the commander. Mantez also started up in an ungovernable rage, and, as well as he could, from the multiplicity of his oaths, ordered the men in our boat to put us on shore immediately. This, however, could not be done by the crew, whilst the negro grappled so firmly with the bow of Mantez's own boat. The confusion in both boats was very great. Isidora leaned back in a state almost of insensibility, and Julien was vainly employed in attempts to make me sit down. The crews of both the barge and cutter, imitating their commander, began to swear also, and then was the contention of voices, the splashing of oars, and the vociferating of contradictory orders by every one. Jugurtha, however, held on, and thus both boats drifted astern, directly under the windows of the cabin, the boat that contained myself and friends still being the outermost.

Mantez must have been dreadfully enraged indeed, for he actually took his cigar out of his mouth, in order to enunciate his curses the more emphatically. We had not thus drifted many yards astern of the vessel, than, remembering the uncommon strength of the dog, I cried out at the top of my voice, "Bounder! Bounder! here, boy! here!"

I had hardly finished my call, when I beheld the faithful animal, like a flying griffin, with his iron chain trailing behind him, darting through the window-sashes of the cabin, the glass spinning in all directions, and in consequence of the height, and the projectile force that he had given himself in the leap, he came into the water with a tremendous splash, close to the quarter of the boat where Captain Mantez was still standing, and passionately swearing; and before he had time to recover from the effects of this sudden shower-bath, Bounder was in the boat, and, overthrowing the impediment to get at me, the captain was crushed down in the stern sheets, drowned with water from the saturated hair of the dog, and the chain dragged ruthlessly over his face, blooding his nose and blackening his eyes. With another spring, which he took from the face of the prostrate commander, he was in the boat, and at my feet, lavishing upon me every token of rapture.

At this Jugurtha gave his shrill, metallic-sounding shriek of triumph, and letting go his hold of the other boat, clapped his hands for very pleasure. At the sudden fall of the captain, the crews of both boats indulged in a prolonged shout of merriment, which was more than half derision, and the boats were some distance asunder before Mantez arose, and displayed his countenance, covered with blood. He spoke not. Looking at me fixedly, he clenched the fist of his right hand, and then extending his thumb, he pointed it, with several jerks, significantly downwards.

"Ardent Troughton," said Julien, "that man will assassinate you."

"Never fear, Julien, I will be on my guard."

Just then, so pleased was I with my triumph, that I cared for nothing. However, no sooner did my feet again touch the Spanish soil,

than more serious ideas occupied my every thought. Without any mutual explanation, instead of endeavouring to find our respective homes, we went to the English hotel; and in what foreign town of note is there not one that rejoices in that denomination?

After Julien had seen his luggage, that the boat's crew had brought from the boat, safely stowed away, and that Donna Isidora had retired to make some repairs in her toilette, for Bounder, in his joy, had wetted us all thoroughly, we debated long and anxiously upon my future proceedings. What was the result of these deliberations, the sequel of this auto-biography will show.

Shortly after our arrival at the English hotel, and when I had just got Jugurtha and Bounder properly housed—indeed, I may say concealed—a lumbering, heavy, and gilded vehicle, drawn by five mules, drove up to the door, and a solemn, though kindly-looking old gentleman alighted. Of course, I was too wise to make my appearance, seeing that I was so shortly to shake off my dignified titles. However, I had a good view of the Don from the window. In about half an hour he drove away, taking with him Isidora and the old female cousin of many removes, who had attended her on ship-board, and served her at once as a companion and scandal-scarer.

"That old noble," said Julien, "who has just taken my cousin home with him, is named Don Manuel Alvazez, and is maternal uncle to us both. You know that we are orphans. Isidora has, like most of the daughters of the improvident hidalgos of this distracted country, no fortune whatever; what little remained of her father's patrimonial estates, her two brothers have long dissipated. And I, Julien, excepting a few small bags of doubloons, am no better off. I learn from my uncle, that our French king of Spain, Joseph, has not only seized my hereditary and only estate in Old Castile, but has actually given it to one of his generals. Spain is now no country for me."

"Why, dear Julien, did you not accompany your cousin to your uncle's?"

"What! and leave you here! I informed him that a friend of mine, a fellow passenger, expected a cartel from Captain Mantez, and that, in honour, I was bound to see you through the affair."

I could only reiterate my sense of the many obligations by which he had bound me to him. We spent the day together at the inn, and Mantez, though he must have known from his boat's crew where we were, sent no challenge.

As the evening approached, I entreated Julien to leave me, asking him only to lend me the most quiet suit of plain clothes that he possessed. I well knew that he was languishing for the company of his beautiful cousin, and I pointed out to him that I could not long support the fictitious character that he had caused me, so unintentionally on my part, to assume.

"You know, Julien," I continued, "that I will not go to my father's until I can prove to him that I am my father's son."

"Well, Ardent," was his kind reply, "I know that in all this you will act with that solidity of judgment that you possess. Come with me to my bed-room that I may take leave of Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla."

I was soon attired in a well-fitting suit of sables. The heavy black whiskers were shaved away, the fierce mustachios and the favori disappeared, and involving my neck in a white handkerchief, I was again almost disguised. In the meek civilian that stood before him, Julien could no longer recognize the *militaire*, bearded like the pard.

"I can now," said he laughing, "well understand why you were once called Quiet Troughton. You appear as calm and as thoughtful as a stoic philosopher. I am sure, without they look steadily into your face, none of the crews of the ship from which you landed, not even Mantez, would recognize you. But we must furnish so respectable a person with pocket-money. Here, take this bag of doubloons: it is a small one truly, but it will last you until you are recognised by your father."

"We will not mar," said I, "the tranquillity of our perfect friendship by any great pecuniary obligation. I will take ten only of these: it is enough—not another word—I will give you an order for them on the house of Falcke and Co. in Lothbury. But you must permit me to ante-date it—there—I assure you that it is negotiable."

"I take your security, Ardent, only in order that I may relieve your mind. But it strikes me, that as you have told me that you have been in the habit of corresponding, at intervals, with your family, that you might identify yourself to your father by means of your autograph, which, I see, is by no means a bad one, and decidedly English."

"No, I cannot take this step. I cannot submit myself to the cross-examination that a wary merchant might deem necessary; and when at length I had struck a balance in my favour, to use the language of the ledger, to be acknowledged doubtingly, and perhaps treated with caution until some person shall come, or circumstance transpire, to verify my *ipse dixit*. Now, Julien, the only favour that at present I ask of you is, to tell the people in the house that the military officer, his man, and dog, have suddenly and privately departed for Madrid, and to stay here just one half hour after I have taken my departure. Give me your address. I will not fail to acquaint you at the earliest opportunity of my whereabouts."

After this, I immediately went out, and purchased for Jugurtha a seaman's jacket and trowsers, and having returned and equipped him in them, we both went and made our *adieux* to Don Julien. I then cautioned the negro fully as to his conduct, forbidding him, on any account, to rove about the streets, and to take care to keep, for the present, Bounder in-doors with him. Having waited till it was tolerably dark, we went forth in search of another inn. This we soon found; and having, with much difficulty, procured two dark, private rooms, one for myself, and the other for my attendant, and ordering supper at nine o'clock, I was determined again to change my habiliments.

As I sate at the window of the hotel where we first alighted, which was situated in the principal street of the town—a noble one, certainly, of more than a mile long, broad, and handsome, and ornamented with a row of tall poplars on either side—as I sate at this window, when towards evening the inhabitants began to emerge from their dwellings,

I observed many groups of young men in very tattered and much-patched long, dark cloaks, and large, battered cocked-hats. Their appearance was decidedly clerical, and this was increased by their not hesitating to beg of the better-dressed persons whom they met. These cloaked gentry, Julien informed me, were students from the University of Valencia, who had begged their way from their college, to enjoy, during the heats of summer, the cooler atmosphere of the sea-washed Barcelona. I had an excellent view of many of these future lawyers and doctors, for, in this street, the middle of the road is appropriated as a lounge for foot-passengers, whilst the carriages passed to and fro on both sides close to the houses.

As one of these students, I determined to disguise myself. Sallying out from my inn, I had not wandered far, before I came to a frippier's, and was soon accommodated with a cloak and hat, at a very small disbursement indeed. I then purchased the ample Spanish national cloak, and returned to the inn, supped, and slept.

The whole of the next day I occupied, dressed as a student, in perambulating the town, looking into the various churches, threading its narrow, though clean streets, and in vainly endeavouring to recall to my recollection some spot that had been familiar to my childhood. One circumstance gave me a little uneasiness; I made several inquiries for the abode of the English merchant, Signior Troughton; but none either knew it, or the name. This did not, however, long prey upon my mind, though I should have felt a deep satisfaction in gazing even upon the walls that contained my father, my mother, and my sister Honoria; upon all of whom my fancy had been strangely at work.

In these wanderings I occupied the morning, and at two o'clock I went and dined at the *Mesa Redonda* of the first hotel of the place. Little as I care for these things, I found the dinner ample, good, and various, and the company very promiscuous. There I learnt all the rumours of the day, among which the retreat of Sir John Moore, and the asserted advance of another body of French forces upon Catalonia. Every one spoke cautiously, excepting those who were decidedly of the French party. They indeed were clamorous enough. I listened to, and treasured up, everything I heard. In the afternoon I visited the public walk, which was crowded to excess; and this was the first time that I had a fair opportunity of scrutinizing the Spanish ladies, arrayed in their graceful national dress. They certainly made a most pleasing impression upon me; and, though they were all attired so nearly alike, that they might have been mustered into a goodly regiment, I asked for no variety to break the uniformity. This costume consisted, at that time, of a plain black silk gown, sitting tightly to the figure, and wondrous and wisely short in the skirts—for the Spanish soil is trod by feet, and beautified by ancles, that would adorn the courts of heaven—and the coquettish and aggravating mantilla, falling gracefully over the head, now partially veiling an eye that would, however, still dart its fire through the meshes of the dark lace, and now setting off the pure and transparent brown of the throat of some, or contrasting with the delicate whiteness of the skin of others. When you add to this, that each lady bore in her

small hand a fan, that seemed really to be the legitimate wand of the graces, now languidly opened, coquetting with the zephyrs, now closed with a sharp report, as if awakening allegiance of love to a fresh sense of its duty, now waving away from the presence a bore or a *pesado*, now beckoning around the lovely owner the modest youths, who waited only for the gracious signal to come and pay their adorations, in the soft utterance of their "pasiega senoras." As the Spanish *lechugina* can do anything with her fan but cool herself, she generally employs it in the warming of others.

Then the walk of these *senoritas!* How in heaven do they manage it? Talk about dancing as being the poetry of motion—what poetry? Perhaps an artiste, who lives on the toes and heels of his fellow creatures, will tell you that in the epic is represented the stately minuet—in the ode, with its strophes and antistrophes, is figured out the quadrille, with its variations and sets—that the Bacchanalian song is nothing more than a Scotch reel set to words—that a tender anacreontic is only a bad imitation of the valse—and that there is no poetry in the world that can adequately express the energy of an Irish jig, with the exception of the mad lyrics of some modern whiskey-drinking Pindar. Yes, we may grant that dancing *is* the poetry of motion; but the walk of a true Spanish lady is something more. Old father Earth must be in ecstacies at having such sweet little pit-a-pattings soothing his aged bosom, when the Spanish donnas condescend to walk upon it.

I looked upon my countrywomen, and grew proud.

But this monotony of costume did not extend to the male portion of the promenaders. There was the stout and tall Catalonian, with his gay and variously-ornamented jacket, with his lawless gait, and his mountaineer look: his wide and loose trowsers bound to his waist with his red sash, from which emerged the haft of his cuchillo, (dagger-knife,) to every male Spaniard as necessary as the fan to the lady. Nor did the long white cap, hanging half-way down the back, *outré* as is the article itself, alter or deteriorate from his picturesque and martial appearance. Crossing him with a haughty stare, or passing him with an ambitious stride, appeared the swarthy Andalusian, even more gay, and a great deal more refined. Not so tall, nor so broad as the Catalonian, his slender and graceful figure seemed formed only of layers of muscles. Evidently of Moorish origin, his bushy whiskers, black as the darkest shades in the raven's wing, add a graceful terror to his darkling features. The Andalusian is, with all this ferocity of appearance, decidedly a beau. He is attired *point devise*—nothing like carelessness in any part of his equipment. You can discover no flaw—no soil in his light and small jacket, not a particle of grease or dust in his tonnish-looking figured hat; whilst his breeches and gaiters, wrought all over with curious figures, seem, so closely do they fit him, as nothing more than an ouside and elegantly-tatooed skin.

But this superfluity of gaiety, and lavish expenditure of colours, were strongly contrasted by the primitive simplicity of the Valentian peasant, that actually, *sans culottes*, passed, unconscious of a blush, among the brilliant knots of Barcelonian fashion. The honest man

wore nothing but a single and simple white garment, by no means so neatly finished, or so tastefully worked as a Kentish smock-frock, which, lashed round his waist, reaching nearly to his knees, left his sun-burnt, mahogany-coloured legs bare, his feet bearing sandals of the rudest construction. He also wore a white cap, but neither was it full or pendulous, like the flowing vanity of the Catalonian. The scene was also diversified by the various uniforms of the military, the wide-spreading hats of the *canonigos*, and here and there, by the beggarly garments of the Carmelite monk, the rope-cinctured grey vest of the Cordellier, and the rosy gills of the jolly Benedictine. But, at this period, monachism was in ill odour, and the brethren moved through the crowd stealthily, casting around them such looks of alarm, as plainly proved that they were not yet ripe for martyrdom. The beggars were bold, vociferous, and elaborately disgusting.

As I looked in silence on this scene, which had all the variety and *bizarre* appearance of a masquerade, my joy in my native country, which the sight of the females had inspired, was materially diminished; so I strolled forth from this peacock-pacing crowd, who were thus, in full-blown vanity, displaying their fine and their nasty feathers, beyond the lines that surround Barcelona, that I might satiate my gaze upon the noble range of mountains that rose behind the town, and which, extending from north to south, as far as eye can reach, are covered with verdure to their very summits.

There was peace, and even exaltation, in the contemplation. Musing on the singularity of my position, and generally disregarding the heartspoken salutations of the country people whom I met, the sun had nearly hidden himself behind the hills before I thought of turning my face homewards; the consequence of which was, that the evening, with its misty and purpled twilight, had gathered round me, when I found myself under the high promontory, on which the extensive fortifications frown, that command the harbour and awe the city. When I was fairly within the shadow of this cannon-clad hill, it had become so dark, that it was hard to recognize even an acquaintance, and I found, what wanderers are generally apt to do, that I had lost my way. Luckily, I discovered a person enveloped in the usual cloak, and, touching my cocked-hat respectfully, I advanced towards him, in order that I might receive directions how to gain the nearest gate.

"You are welcome, Sir Student," said the gentleman, "in the name of St. Luke, and the other holy evangelists," thrusting a Spanish dollar into my hand. "Now leave me, kind sir, for I would be alone."

By his voice, I immediately knew the speaker to be my benevolent young friend Julien, and mutual explanations and congratulations ensued. He had but a melancholy tale to tell me, for his affairs were in a much more desperate condition than he had supposed, and he had chosen the solitary spot in which I had found him, in order to ruminate upon them without interruption. Our conversation became serious, and when we entered the town, we had left worldly, and were discoursing upon immortal, subjects. Instead of seeking our respective abodes, we paced to and fro till nearly midnight, under the shade of the old cathedral. In this conversation we laid bare our very hearts,

and, as the impression it made upon me had great results upon my after-fate, I shall give a short abstract of it. After we had mutually acknowledged the fathomless love, and the unbounded beneficence of the Creator, and produced some very fine hypotheses upon the existence of evil, which served only to entangle our senses as in a net, Julien, leaning a little more heavily on my arm, to make what he said sufficiently impressive, said, "Ardent, a state of perfect, unalloyed, and eternal happiness, is inconceivable to the human sense. Bliss, the most ecstatic, the most pure, must, to be appreciated, have something with which to contrast itself. Nothing can measure itself by itself; so, contrary to what many divines have promulgated, I am inclined to think, that, in the blissful state of our after-life, the memory of the woes and tribulations of this miserable world will be permitted to us; consequently, the good man who has suffered most here, must, necessarily, have a greater portion of happiness hereafter—but I have not advanced this, Troughton, as a dogma of faith, but merely to introduce a subject that has many times given me much pain, and of which you, my dear friend, are the unconscious inflicter."

"I! tell me what you mean immediately."

"Through the horrors of that dreadful shipwreck that you have described to me so vividly, you must, in mind and body, have endured the greatest pangs of which humanity is capable; that these pangs were such, that state of exhaustion in which you were found sufficiently prove. When you were taken on board our vessel, when your bones had recovered their flesh, your cheek the glow of health, and your mind its serenity, I did expect a greater show of gratitude."

"I ungrateful! O Julien, you crush me to the earth! you annihilate me! rather than you should think so, I would kneel at your feet, and beg of you to slay me."

"Not to me—not to me, my Ardent! You owe me nothing. Look up to your heavenly Protector! Could anything that the mind of man can conceive, be more like the contrast of immortal happiness and mortal misery, than this representation of it that you suffered and enjoyed in the sea, and in the ship, below? and yet you never acknowledged this great mercy in conversation, in public prayer, or, I fear me, in private devotion."

"With shame I confess I did not—you search my heart cruelly."

"Not cruelly—but most kindly—most lovingly—most brotherly. Isidora and I did not look for this hardness of heart."

"Julien, I am debased before you—to-night, in the solitude of my chamber——"

"It will not suffice—do it—yet it will not suffice. Do you see this noble fane—observe how heaven-ward its time-worn pinnacles aspire. See the glorious moon rising above them, transcendent purity, like a justified soul, that has just thrown off the trammels of the grave. Is there not a holiness shed round this spot—does it not enter your heart?"

"It does—but the difference of our faiths?"

"What of that—are there two faiths in gratitude? If the varieties of faith be varieties of errors of man—if God be truly sought, he will pardon them for the sake of the love he bears him, that made him

sacrifice his own Son for man's salvation. Come to him with an honest thirst for truth, and in purity of spirit; and though your intercessions may rise from the foot of the altar of a Roman Catholic church, depend upon it, that they will be acceptable."

"O Julien! surely you do not wish to convert me?"

"God forbid! if we Catholics are sinners in our multiplied rites and ceremonies, I ask you, a sinner yourself, to come to-morrow and kneel amongst us. The fumes of superstition that you think do, and that I candidly confess may, surround the prayers that we utter, rest assured, that if these prayers come in a contrite spirit from the heart, ere they reach the roof of that holy building, in the eye of the All-merciful, they will be purified. This noble pile is dedicated to God first, and next especially to Nostra Señora de la Mar. To-morrow, at noon, there will be a grand procession to her honour. All seafaring men, who have made vows in the hour of danger, will come and bring their offerings to the Virgin. Ardent Troughton, for the sake of your friend—for the sake of your immortal soul, enter with these devout men; for who has been more miraculously preserved than yourself?"

"I will."

"And smile not, Ardent, at the many absurdities you will see. They are not of the spirit, yet they assist a sluggish soul to awake to a sense of piety. The tinsel, and the banners, and the frankincense, and the relics—look upon them as types or as vain things—it matters not, only be there."

"I will."

"And do not despise the humble offerings of the weather-beaten seaman."

"I will be there, Julien, and will also bring my offering—a repentant and a subdued heart."

Each of us were moved; we bade God mutually to bless us, and sought our homes.

That fatal promise! Better had I perished with James Gavel in the sea than I had made it—better had I died that night, when I had recommended myself to heaven, than to have kept it. Fool that I was to listen to the well-meant sophistries of my friend! What had I to do with this popish masquerading? With wilful blindness I rushed upon my fate.

The next morning, when the flush of enthusiasm had subsided, bitterly did I repent having made the promise to go and worship in a Romish church. I remembered me of almost the last words that the good old merchant Falcke had spoken to me at parting. Still I held my promise to be sacred. I resolved so much to abstract myself in prayer and pious contemplation that the passing pageantry around should be lost upon me.

Having written a full account of all my adventures to my late principal, my father's agent, Mr. Falcke, and detailing to him exactly my present position, and requiring him either to send out one of his sons to arrange matters, or such vouchers as would fully identify me with my father, and enable him to recover the insurance upon the lost brig Jane and her cargo, about noon I repaired to the church of Nostra Señora de la Mar.

On my way thither, I passed by the procession, but I studiously avoided looking at it, and entered the church, where I was almost alone. I knelt before the superb altar-piece, and I trust that, for what I there did, my Protestant friends will not condemn me. Thus having kept faith with Julien, though the illiberal may think that I endangered my own, I was about to depart, when the clangor of musical instruments and the loud braying of trumpets, arrested my steps. The wide doorway of the church was immediately filled up with a dense and gorgeous procession, of which it would be idle to describe all the details: suffice it to say, that it was a mixture of grandeur and absurdity. Various saints, both male and female, rudely carved, highly rouged, and dressed after the most recent fashion, were borne in cars on men's shoulders: there were relics and there were banners in profusion. Towering above the rest was a colossal figure fourteen feet high, meant, heaven only knows by what association of ideas, for St. Joseph, for it was dressed in a vivid and light green coat, breeches of the most eye-irritating crimson, and yellow Hessian boots, whilst upon his head he carried the true Spanish hat, adorned by a splendid white plume. The skill of the sculptor in wood not being at all equal to his piety, the whole figure was misshapen and the countenance ludicrously ugly. However, as this worthy saint carried his face so high above the heads of all the others, the devout spectators bowed theirs down the more lowly to him. Among other vanities, I noticed that there was in the centre of the pageant, a highly-decorated and lofty but untenanted car.

But there was one part of this procession that had in it a touching interest, and that was some thirty honest-looking sailors, who advanced, in the midst of this mummery, up the aisle, to lay their offerings at the feet of our Lady of the Sea. Stern and rough as were their features, there was not a dry eye among them. They were grateful; and gratitude is a prayer and an incense that the Omnipotent will always accept. It is true, that they thought more cunningly to propitiate that awful Being by offering at the shrine of the Virgin mother wax candles of various sizes, little waxen and tawdrily-attired saints, and, what the pious padres valued much more, sundry small canvas bags of silver coin. Still, in this part of the ceremony, and in the deportment of the mariners, there was something imposing. Not one of them who had not been snatched by the hand of Providence into safety from the gaping deep, or the horrible death of the wave-lashed rock. Though this honest crew were flanked on each side by some bushels of decay-eaten bones, all gifted with the power of miracle-working, and were surrounded by a band of brawny fellows, each carrying an immense wax candle ten feet high and of a proportionate thickness, the unlit end of each of these candles being fixed in a socket on the knee of the bearer, and belted, for more security, round his waist; though a thousand other fooleries equally grotesque and ridiculous accompanied this exhibition, I felt no inclination to mock, no disposition to deride.

The offerings of these worthy fellows were received on an immense octagon-shaped silver plateau, carried by eight priests, in snow-white vestments. When each votary had deposited his tribute, I thought

that the show was over, and again rose from my knees to depart. Would that I had gone! Would that I had then known I stood upon the crisis of my fate!

A sudden and triumphant peal of the organ fixed me to the spot. The lofty and carved gothic roof shook to the harmonious echoes, and the ground vibrated under my feet as if it partook of the divine melody. Then rose the choral hymn to the Virgin mother—the young, the beautiful, the blessed! As the spirit of purified love they saluted her—with endearing, familiar, household expressions, they called upon her for her intercessions. They intreated that her beneficence might breathe over the sea, and that, as she herself had been mortal, she would still remember them in her beatified immortality. True it is that this exulting hymn was chaunted forth in rhyming monkish Latin; but it expressed the sentiments clearly, forcibly, and tenderly, and the music was sublime, and the choir excellent.

At each verse, the eight priests ascended one of the marble steps of the high altar, bearing with them the plateau of offerings, and on every step, as they gained it, they bent on one knee, lifting up their eyes with looks of devout supplication towards the altar-piece, which represented the Virgin with the halo of beauty and innocence around her. My eyes were directed towards her countenance, which was exquisite; and I almost deemed that such an ineffable expression of graciousness deserved the idolatry that was paid to it. In the mean time the acolytes surrounded the altar, and the officiating ministers with the fragrant smoke of frankincense, which, gradually spreading over the whole building, ascended in graceful volumes among the rich carved work of the roof, and finally threw a haze of sublimity about the procession that deprived it at once of incongruity. The scene began to make upon me a painful impression:—I trembled—my heart fluttered—the tears were in my eyes—I was strongly tempted to relieve the oppressive rapture that overpowered me by a wild shout, when, as the priests had gained the highest step, and they, with the picture, were almost lost in a glorious cloud of fragrance, organ and choir rang out in reverberating peals of tuneful thunder—*Ave Maria, hallelujah!* A strong light burst forth from behind the altar-piece, and a living, a breathing divinity seemed to descend and bless the offerings.

It was jugglery—it was enchantment!

All the congregation were prostrate in an instant—I fell on my knees, but I bowed not my head. I was fascinated. Every faculty of my being had rallied to my eyes. There smiled before me the impersonation of faultless beauty; but it was a beauty that seemed to have been created with my own soul from the beginning of all time, and, now first ushered into mortal life, demanded the long-withheld sympathy, the adoration and the love of the slave that was called with it into being to serve it.

How this prodigy of excelling loveliness was attired, I knew not; by what trick she was conveyed through the opening canvas of the altar-piece, or in what manner, after receiving and blessing the offerings, she was borne to the triumphal car in the midst of the procession, near as I was, I never sought to discover; all that I know is, that, when she was paraded round the church, I kept as close to her

as possible, with my eyes fixed upon her radiant countenance, overturning in my progress everybody who stood before me, without my seeing them when on their legs, or noticing them as I strode over them when prostrated on the marble pavement.

Three times did she make the circuit of the church, gracefully actioning out blessings to the crowd around her. Regardless of the buffets and the blows that I received, I still kept my position near her. Once, as she gently turned her head, our eyes met. I hate to talk about basilisks—language has no words, poetry no numbers, to express the omnipotence of the attraction of that gaze—though her blue eyes were softer than the down on the youngest seraph's wing, they drew my soul to them with a power stronger than death. I could not take my gaze from off them; nor could the young and beautiful victim remove her regards from mine. Nor do I know how long this fixidity of looking would have continued, had not my trampling down those near me excited so much attention, that I was instantly cast forth from the line of procession by a couple of stout huissiers.

But there was nothing tender, nothing consolatory in the gaze of this imitation of divinity. I could read nothing in her eyes but an awful and deep speculation, a feeling of wonder and of terror-awakened curiosity. Ere I had regained my position near her, the exulting hymn broke forth once more, the fumes of the frankincense again arose, the altar-piece was veiled in clouds, and, borne through the accumulating mists, the representation of the Virgin mother disappeared.

My strained eye-balls watched her to the last, and when the folding canvas, which I could just perceive through the smoke, closed upon her, I knelt down near the rails of the altar, and burying my face in my hands, I closed my eyes, and encouraged my mind to linger over every feature that I had lately looked upon so rapturously.

The organ, in melodious tones, sighed itself to silence; the procession and the crowd gradually retired; at length, the numerous priests departed one by one,—yet I heeded not all this, nor knew that I was alone.

Thus absorbed, and still in the same position, I began to tax my soul for an answer—but she was bewildered. "Can this be love? so suddenly? was she really mortal? I know her intimately—I have conversed with her—I have watched her—prayed with her—rejoiced with her—but where? Either," said I to myself bitterly, "I have two existences, or I am mad. Quiet Troughton! O that I had never left my high seat in the dark counting-house in the city! This insatiate heart can now never be filled with content—never again know peace. Love her—no—that is not the feeling. I only know that I am wretched." And I again sank into a painful reverie.

How long I thus remained, I know not; but I was at length aroused by a smart slap on the shoulder, and on looking up, I saw Julien's countenance smiling above me.

"O!" said he, "what alone at the foot of the altar? Certainly you are the most devout man in Barcelona. Have I unintentionally made a convert of you? But, seriously, how do you find the ceremonies of our church?"

"Detestable! would to God that I had never witnessed them!"

"This is ungenerous, Troughton. Perhaps you allude the more particularly to the living representation of the Virgin Mary. The practice is of great antiquity, and many are roused to devotion by these excitements, who otherwise would not have a religious idea in their lives. The wise and the truly devout see no harm in these typical representations. But, as a solemn piece of acting, did the Señorita look the character?"

"She was too divine. Who is she?" and I trembled whilst I asked.

"The only daughter of a Spanish trader, whom the good king Joseph has driven from Madrid, after having squeezed him as you would a sponge."

"Spanish! her golden air, her transparent complexion, her radiant colour, and her rounded form—how unlike is all this to the graceful, but tawny and meagre beauties of Spain! She cannot be Spanish, Julien."

"O! you don't know your countrywomen. All the pure blood is squeezed out of twenty Spanish girls, to make one fair creature like the Señorita; consequently, the dark beauties are unfairly dark, the fair ones unfairly fair. No; she is thoroughly Spanish, and the acknowledged beauty of Barcelona."

"But her name, good Julien, her name?"

"She is called the Trottoni—a very merry and devout little Catholic, I assure you."

"Yes, and you made more than an angel of her to-day. Pray, sir," said I with bitterness, "does this being, who is all but celestial, dress in the usual mantilla, and wear short Spanish, and peculiarly abbreviated petticoats?"

"Exactly; or her beautiful ankles would have much reason to complain."

"And she can wanton with her fan, too, no doubt?"

"No woman in Barcelona manages that indispensable more gracefully."

"Good—very good—and she is kindly-natured too; and will, perhaps, condescend to light the cigar of a handsome caballero, and after a few gracious puffs, hand it to his mouth."

"It is the custom of the country, Ardent. She did me that especial favour last night."

"The devil she did! But I like this—it does me good—infinite good."

"Would it not do you more good to be introduced to her? I met her at a tertulia, after I left you last night. I will take you to her house to-night, if you will."

"Never! never! I will not destroy the illusion. I have seen her only as she ought to be seen. Let us change the subject. I feel that I shall spend but a short, yet weary life, in chasing an *ignis fatuus*."

Having resisted the pressing instances of my friend to accompany him, I repaired to my silent lodgings, to resist, by reflection, the wilfulness of a too sanguine temperament, which I felt was fast hurrying me to misery, perhaps to insanity; but I could not rid myself of the

vision of the Virgin Mary, and the torture of the horridly grotesque idea of seeing her with a lighted cigar in her mouth.

The reader of course will perceive that I had fallen in love for the first time, that I did not know it, and, that being awkwardly placed, I was petulant and unreasonable. Who ever knew love to improve the character of either man or woman, excepting in the eyes of the beloved object? For myself, I grew impatient and irritable, rarely leaving my lodging until it was dark, and then I usually strolled out with Jugurtha and Bounder along the sea-beach, assuring myself that I was the most unfortunate of men, and doing my best to prove my assertion.

A fortnight had now elapsed, and I was daily growing more morose and melancholy, during the whole of which period I had never seen either Julien or Isidora. The few inquiries that I had made, convinced me that my father and family were not at Barcelona; but my anxiety to see them had now long passed away.

At length, I ventured to go and take a lodging for myself and suite, beyond the walls of the town, as I should thus be liable to less molestation, and I might prolong my excursions with my two companions through the whole of the night, without fearing the annoyance of the sentinel, or the suspicions of the good townsfolk at my midnight rambles.

It being now nearly the end of July, the weather proved intensely hot, and my suburban retreat became very grateful. It was certainly a miserable cottage, but, thanks to the cares of Jugurtha, we were much better fed than lodged. I thus lived in more than retirement, for it was almost seclusion, until the 3rd of August, when my energies were once more most strangely brought into play.

The night was dark and clear, and there was spread out above us one of those delicious Spanish summer skies that is felt in every nerve as well as seen. Jugurtha and myself were well armed, for in Spain everybody arms, accompanied by Bounder, whose custom it was never to disarm, on the night of this day had made a much more extensive excursion than usual. We got into unknown paths, and, disregarding the law of trespass, we went where the fragrance of the dew-steeped orange-flowers was most tempting. At length, we suddenly found ourselves close upon a long, low building, very unlike the villas of Spain, but resembling a good deal the cottage *ornée* of England. Good manners bade us immediately retreat; but the faint sound of music and song not only wooed us to stay, but to advance also. Who would not rather be invited than coerced? So we crept nearer to the mansion, and, as the windows, which reached the ground, were open, we had a tolerably distinct view of what was passing in the principal room. It was a domestic scene, with nothing picturesque about it. We were not near enough to distinguish the features of the small party, which consisted of an elderly gentleman, a woman in the prime of life, and a very young lady.

The old gentleman wore a well-powdered wig, and was very busy at a writing-desk, sorting and docketting a variety of papers; the middle-aged lady was busy with a tambour frame, and the young

female, who was singing to the eternal Spanish guitar, had her face shaded with her mantilla, and her figure partially turned from the only light, which was a large and shaded lamp, burning on the desk of the busy old gentleman. The apartment did not seem to be too well furnished, yet there was that quiet air of home over the whole scene, that was exquisitely soothing to my feelings.

As to the singing, though I heard it plainly enough, I did not much notice it, for the pealing hymn which I had so lately heard in the church of our Lady of the Sea, was continually ringing in my ears.

*( To be continued.)*

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## FAME.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The temple of Fame, as it stands on high,
With its starry crown in the centre,
Tempts many a wish from the passer-by,
Through its golden gate to enter:

But whoever doth enter the golden gate
Of that more than regal palace,
Must nerve his soul for the storms of fate,
And the sharpest shafts of malice.

Like an angel clad with her rainbow wreath,
Hope heralds him on to the portal,
But Envy behind, with her baleful breath,
Would wither the wreath immortal.

While the banquet's spread for the son of Fame,
And he drains the cup of glory,
She steals the gems from his crowned name,
And the page from his gifted story.

For the serpent works, as in days of old,
When Eve ate the fruit of sorrow,—
The serpent works, with a lie as bold,
In the shape he loves to borrow.

So dearly pays Fame's gifted son,
For the "pen, as the sword," renowned,
In the double wreath that his name hath won,
Though justly, as proudly, crowned.

For he finds the serpent within its leaves,
And the sting of the loathsome creature,
That still as in Eden, the world deceives,
With its oily tongue and feature.

But despite the arts of the tempter bold,
He shall wear his wreath of glory,
And live, when his noble heart is cold,
In the page of our proudest story.

## THE LION OF RAMSGATE AND HIS TIGER.

Apollo! god of the lyre! didst thou ever play the flute?

Jove! who once puttedst on the swan, didst thou ever put on duck?

Mercury! God of the winged heel! didst thou ever adorn thy glittering Hobies with four-inch spurs?

Venus! most amiable goddess! if it's not an impertinent question, was your zone of love like an officer's sash?

Eolus, order us a good breeze, do; messieurs et mesdames, the gods and goddesses all, take your places in the five seconds cloud, and if Eolus knows how to "blow a cloud," we shall be soon wafted to a sight which will make ye "hide your diminished heads." This pretty seaside place is Ramsgate (that's a finer pier than the Piræus, Jove.) This is the Albion hotel—(Eolus, don't bang us against the side of it,)—there, that will do, don't make so much noise. Juno, keep that beastly peacock quiet—gently so: now look into this window—there he is.

"What a disgusting fop!" thundered Jove.

"He is handsome, but wants dignity," enunciated his spouse.

"Do look, Minerva, what a delightful *moustache*—he's a positive beauty," quoth the Goddess of Love eagerly.

"He has an intellectual forehead, certainly, my dear Venus."

"Hang him!—an effeminate beast!" growled Mars.

"Do you think I ever put mouth to a thing so tawdry as that in the corner, which, I suppose, he calls a flute?" inquired the tinkling God with some asperity.

Really," complained Venus, "you are all extremely cross; and I shall therefore dismiss you. I will take this sweet mortal under my protection—he is such a love."

"Is he though?—let's have a look at him then," said a tiny voice.

"Why, Cupid, my love, how came you here?—where have you been, and what is that scratch on your arm?—what have you been about?"

"Calling out Lord ———, mamma."

"O you little wretch!—what, so young!"

"Bah! let me see this beauty."

* * * * * *

Why, what is all this fuss about? My dear gentle reader, don't be in a pet. Are you not aware that people borrow a kind of reflected light from those who introduce them to you, and that you would make your best bow to the "friend" of the Duke of ——, whilst you turn on your heel from the "werry partikler hintimate acqvaintence" of your tiger? Respect, my dear friend, then, Count Mignionette: he is introduced by the gods of Olympus (not of the Olympic). He is unquestionably a handsome man and has much of the *militaire*, though unfortunately alloyed by the *petit-maître*. A fine contour, aquiline nose, rather swarthy complexion, small lips, jet black eyes,

eyebrows, hair and moustache, the latter of the smallest imaginable size. All this time he has been enveloped in a rich dressing-gown, and lounging in a position certainly easy, not so certainly elegant. Take a chair, and place it with its back to the window; take another, and place it in the same position, but two feet behind the first; drop your body on one and cast your heels over the back of the other, and you will have a very easy chair and reading-desk at one and the same time. Such was the position which it had pleased Monsieur le Comte to assume: his eyes were perusing the contents of a letter which reposed on the inclined plane of his legs, his right hand gently agitating the contents of a half-emptied chocolate cup, his left as gently titillating the ears of a remarkably diminutive greyhound, his lips muttering sounds indicative of surprise and pleasure. At length he touched a cord which communicated with the bell-pull, and in a brief space there was a noise of opening the door. Where are you looking, my dear reader?—you are at least four feet above the mark. Do you expect to behold the tall, thin half-grenadier, half Domine-looking footman of six feet two without his shoes? you will be disappointed. Do you look for the stout jolly butler with his shining face and eternal smile—

> "'Another bottle, sir?' on his lips, sherry in his eye,
> In every gesture hermitage and port?"

—you will be disappointed. Do you wait for the neat, prim, quiet Lord Niminy Piminy-looking, little, trusty man-servant, whose grave steps systematically follow those of the ancient maid? No, no, no! Lower, still lower. Behold an infant whom the ingenuity of certain adroit fabricators hath clothed in the vestments of a mature groom, whom a little girl from the country once eulogized in the sentence—"Oh! mamma, look what a pretty doll is hung up behind that gentleman's gig." However, there stood, as small as life—and though his person was small, yet his name might fully compensate for it—there stood Mr. Augustus Plantagenet Heliogabalus Tomtit.

"Eh bien! Tomteet—I have received a lettare from our ver good friend Hilhouse."

"Yeth, thir," and the lip of the tiger curled with a peculiar expression, and an approach of the lids of his left eye denoted some powerful emotion in the bosom, but the soul of a Plantagenet stifled it.

"Vat for you do vink a grin dis maniere, hey? I tell you I have had a lettare. De capitain is not come till von veek."

"Crikey!" ejaculated Augustus.

"Ve shall den, I tink, complete all de business; and, Meessa Tomteet—you are not forget—je ne vous oublierai pas."

Mr. Augustus bowed; he regarded the polish of his little tops, and smiled.

"Bote now—I vant ma coat and oder tings toute suite, and de horse in von half hour—do you hear?" The door closed, the count was once more alone.

And the stillness of the chamber was for some time undisturbed save by the munching of the greyhound, who had introduced a sur-

plus appropriation clause in his master's breakfast bill, and was now, like other poor dogs, enjoying the fruits thereof.

At length Tomtit re-entered with the ἐπιτηδεια of the outward man, and forthwith the count submitted himself to the few final impositions of the Nugee faction. Let it not be supposed that during this operation he kept silence—though Augustus's replies savoured as much of the laconic as did his master's of the Corinthian.

"Parbleu! Tomteet. Dis von veek shall make of me von fine man—aye, Monsieur Tomteet, and of you too, mon ami."

"Ought to grow preciouth fatht then, I think."

"Aha! 'tis goot—you don't ondstond—von veek—let me see—jost de ting. I shall be den marié—mais, mais, 'tis a ver splendeed yong ladie—ma foi, qu'elle est superbe!—den vat is de love vidout de monnaie? eh, tell me dat?

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Mais qu'est ce que l'amour sans l'argent?"

Von tousand a year—aha—parbleu, ce n'est pas mauvais—not so bad—von tousand better dan five hondred—is't not, hey, Tomteet?"

"Should think it wath."

"Aha, before de capitaine est arrivé, we shall have tied de fatal knot, as you English say."

"Pleath, how am I to tie the knot of your thash, count?"

"Parbleu!—vat a vay you do tie him—voila—de oder vay."

"Shall I tie it in a love-knot?" grinned the other.

"In a—a—loaf knote?—no, no—in a tweeste. Aha, is dis not vat you call a pone?"

"Should think not—'coth a pun'th got wit in it—that'th got none."

"Aha, c'est egal. Eh bien; how shall I look?—vill it do?—pensez-vous?"—and the count surveyed himself with some satisfaction. And he certainly had reason.

A few more minutes, and he was standing, *en costume*, on the top of the hotel steps, lingering to enjoy the looks of admiration which his appearance excited in more than one bright pair of eyes. A military frock-coat, of a deep brown-red colour, (bearing somewhat the appearance of having been well rubbed with brick-dust,) encased his finely-rounded waist and shoulders, and, with the aid of a little padding, set them off to the best advantage. A collar and cuffs of sable relieved his olive complexion, as well as his fine straw-coloured kids. A neat crimson sash, edged with gold, encircled his waist: blue ineffables, and hessians, which owed their brilliancy to the united labours of the philanthropic Warren and the infant Tomtit, terminated his earthward career; and an exquisitely-mounted riding-whip was gracefully poised in his hand—but oh, the spurs! those spurs whose irresistible rays had pierced the heart of many a Ramsgate belle, whose jingling (not unlike the Ramsgate bells, by the way) caused the heart of beauty to flutter in its snow-white cage, and struck terror into the breast of the cowering rival—those spurs! let the chamber-maid relate their beauty—she it was who said, "They was as bright as the sun in a puddle, or the brass plate on Doctor Slaughter's door."

If any person, riding on one of our newly-arrived friends the giraffes,

had passed down in front of the houses on the East Cliff a few days after the events just related, he might have peeped into a snug little drawing-room, about seven o'clock in the evening, at which a *parti quarré* of officers had just adjourned to discuss their claret and certain weightier matters. To only one will I more particularly draw your attention, patient reader: he is young and handsome, of course, and looks very uncomfortable; whether his ladye love has discarded him, or his boot pinches, or his creditors have become troublesome, or the hock and curry have not quite assimilated in his penetralia, the event will discover—suffice it that he is melancholy, that his name is Frederick D'Aubigny, and that his three friends, Brown, Chilton, and Dashmere, are, the first at the head, and the others on each side of the table, engaged in the laudable employment of transferring the contents of bottles of glass to vessels of clay. There was a silence of some seconds. Dashmere spoke: he was what is called a queer fellow; *i. e.* very wild, very young, and very merry.

"Brown, resolve me why Fred is like Holborn after a shower."

"No, I sha'n't; that is the twenty-seventh conundrum you have bored us with during this *sederunt*, and if I might hazard one, I should ask, why are we, in your company, like the walls of Hougomont?"

"Bah! any child can see that."

"What is the solution?" inquired Chilton, a more quiet *compagnon*.

"Do you mean the solution you have in your glass? Why, it's what Brown calls claret: but"—

"No impertinence—the solution of mine is, because we are completely riddled through and through."

"Very bad—now for mine."

"What is it?—oh, Fred and Holborn after a shower. Bah!—give it up."

"Because he is in a terrible mess."

"Worse and worse!—I wonder you have not found out some good ones at last; but, by my scabbard, they become more horrible daily."

"Many thanks, *mon ami*; your bad opinion is as valuable as the abuse of the ——— or the ———."

"Have a care," cried Chilton; those oracles are crack papers; they have the good of the people for their object, common sense for their guide, and clever men for their contributors."

"For which read, paltry gain, prejudiced ignorance, and knaves and fools."

"Come, come, sink politics—we didn't come here to discuss them."

"Then what did we come here for?"

"Partly for a social compotation, partly to discuss D'Aubigny's mess, as you are pleased to call it."

"Oh! ah! I quite forgot. Holloa, D'Aubigny! Fred, arouse thee, man—what's the matter?"

Now the lieutenant had all this time been sitting silent and sad, with vacant gaze fixed on a certain small libation of claret on the table, which he had been coaxing with the point of a fork, to pursue sundry grotesque gyrations, among which the initials E. H. appeared more than once. Thus appealed to, however, he started and looked up.

"What a pretty set of advisers you are!" said he, half in jest, half in bitterness; "not a word of recommendation, not a plan, not a single mention of my affairs, have I yet heard."

"Wrong—I made a riddle on them."

"Well, and what did that discover to you? anything new?"

"Yes, that they were in a terrible mess."

"I should think the riddle was then, why are they like Dashmere's brains?"

"That's no comparison at all."

"Come, come, a truce," interposed Chilton. "Fred, I have not yet been put into possession of all the facts."

"Oh! the lion hath pounced on his well-beloved, and carrieth her off to his den—there's an allegory for you."

"Hold your tongue, Dashmere, what a rattle you are! Brown, do expound, and let us have your opinion, if you have one," said D'Aubigny.

"Well, pass the claret. Hem—hem—gentlemen—hem—"

"Hem!" quoth Dashmere.

"Silence—gentlemen—hem—you are probably aware of the name, residence, and character of every young lady in Ramsgate, who has the least pretensions to beauty—"

"Hear, hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, it is part of our duty to know it."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now, among these, I need not say that Miss Ellen Hyson holds no mean station; in short, that she is almost unrivalled among the belles of Ramsgate. Her father—even he of the Chinese herb—is a man who has one eye fixed on stars and coronets—"

"*Id est*, an astronomer studying corona."

"No interruptions—the other eye on acres and money-bags, and, consequently, has no opportunity of regarding anything like true love."

"Don't abuse the old boy, Brown," said D'Aubigny.

"Very well, you're too kind, Fred. Well, some months since, our friend Frederick there conceived the singular idea of falling in love with Miss Hyson, who (as the novels say) returned his attachment with equal animosity—(beg pardon, I mean equal—ha! you know what I mean)—well, so far right, is it not, Fred?"

D'Aubigny, whose colour was considerably heightened, bowed assent.

"Now, I believe, I need not ask whether you know one Count Mignionette?"

"Ugh—a beast!"

"But who, whence, what he is, no one knows. This count, however, has thought fit to fall in love with old Hyson, or his tea-chests, one or other; and, as a proof of his affection, proposes to deprive him of his daughter, and the young lady of her lover here. Hyson commands—Miss Ellen weeps—Fred storms, and is dismissed the house—wants to call out the count—to blow his own brains out—to elope—to jump off the pier—and as the most insane proceeding of all, to take our advice."

"Hum!"

"Now, he can't call out the count, for the article won't fight—he can't elope, for the young lady is guarded with the vigilance of Argus—besides which, to-morrow night will be the great ball, and the next morning the happy couple repair," &c. D'Aubigny groaned. "Now to me, under the existing circumstances, no plan of any remarkable feasibility suggests itself."

"Nor to me."

"Nor to me."

"Hyson is evidently infatuated, or how could he do so incalculably insane a thing as marry his daughter to a man no one knows anything of, except that he is an egregious puppy, calls himself a count, and shows maps of his estates in Germany."

"How did he get here? does any one know? did he grow up on the beach one morning? or was he left by the tide?"

"No, he came in a handsome travelling carriage-and-four, with a tiny tiger, who used to be with Captain Hilhouse; this gentleman the count professes great esteem for, hears from him frequently, and says that when he arrives, which will be very shortly, every doubt of his character will vanish. Now this is the only redeeming point; every body knows Hilhouse to be a man fastidious to a fault in his acquaintance, (that, by the way, accounts for his cutting you, Dashmere.")

"And horsewhipping you."

"No recriminations. Well, there is evidently nothing to be done until Hilhouse comes down."

"Hilhouse does not come till too late."

"Job's comforters all!" growled D'Aubigny.

"That we're not, for we are yours; and I'll be hanged if you are, or ever will be, a Job."

"I am sure, if nothing else proved it, my sitting here for an hour to listen to your fruitless cackle, would be quite enough."

"Come, D'Aubigny, don't be offended, man; we are ready to join heart and hand in any plan of yours, but we really do not see our way alone."

"I have a plan, Brown, a forlorn hope; but I must use it as a *dernier ressort.*"

"Out with it, Fred, we'll stand by you," cried all.

"Thanks, my dear fellows, I shall need you. It is this—Ellen, I mean Miss Hyson, is to be married on Thursday, at ten o'clock, by special licence. Thus much I know certainly, and this will I do;" and the young man arose, and his eyes sparkled with the anticipation of the part he had assigned himself. "I will force my way into the house through bolts, and bars, and domestics—I will confront them all—I will appeal to every feeling of her father, if he have any—I will then require him to yield to his daughter's choice—I will drag her from their very sight and presence, and mine she shall be in spite of them all;" and he struck his clenched hand on the table till the glasses rung. "All I want is assistance, both to enter and to plead my cause."

"You shall have it, Fred!" shouted all.

"God bless you, my dear friends, then meet me at Burgess's at half-past nine on Thursday morning."

"Agreed."

* * * * * * *

About eight o'clock on Wednesday evening the expectant crowd of waiters, who were "keeping a good look-out" at the sallyport of the Albion, descried a chariot-and-four approaching.

"Tom, what d'ye bet this here is not for us?"

"Pint of ale."

"Done."

"Done."

In another moment the bet was decided, the carriage stopped at the Albion, and, after the usual inquiry, a tall, middle-aged, soldier-like gentleman, emerged, and was incontinently ushered into a room by the landlord, with much ceremony.

"Glad to see you again, Captain Hilhouse—rather full to-night, sir—did not expect you till to-morrow, sir—see what I can do though—got one bed most luckily vacant, sir—what would you like to eat, sir?—a feather bed, sir, though not a very large room—better accommodated to-morrow, sir, I hope." "Too late for dinner?"—"O! bless you, no, sir—get you a broiled fowl or cutlets in one moment, sir—boiled rabbits—onions—sorry I have not a better bed to offer you, sir;"—and thus the attentive landlord ran on until brought up by the captain.

Now, if anybody is foolhardy enough to deny that a loquacious landlord is the best landlord, I am ready to inform him he knows nothing of the matter. A talkative landlord almost saves you the trouble of ordering anything; he is a bill of fare, over which you run your eye until you arrive at "the thing," and then make and execute an indenture with your nail, or the point of your fork, opposite thereto; thus you need only sit by, and listen to your chatter-box, as he enumerates his "great varieties," and when he arrives at the proper item, throw your hat in his face, or otherwise effectually arrest him.

Captain Hilhouse being too fatigued probably to perform this manœuvre, effected his purpose equally well by an impressive "halt," just as his host had arrived at the cutlets for the third time; and in the "momentary" space of half-an-hour, found himself sitting down to a very respectable supper-tea-dinner, with great *goût*, being (to use an expression I *once* heard at Gravesend) "most cussed 'ungry, 'pon 'onour."

Some persons, having a most righteous abhorrence of solitude, grumble and chafe at the bare idea of a solitary dinner in a lonely hotel; but we must be allowed to contend that "where there's a will there's a way" to make oneself remarkably comfortable in the society of the appurtenances even of a country inn drawing-room; and thus, *à fortiori*, the chamber of the captain was by no means silent; he first soliloquized on the state of his internals, and the food before him, speculating with considerable ability on the probable results of the union of the two; then he took wine with the opposite mirror—apostrophised the chairs, and delivered an harangue on their antiquated appearance, professing sincere veneration for their mahoganyships; then he sincerely apologized to a fowl for the trouble he occasioned her in depriving her *seriatim* of her several members, com-

plimented the port on his venerable appearance, and sorely anathematized the pale and trembling sherry. Nor was he at a loss for animated society, the occasional entry of the agitated waiter enabling him to vary the mode of his conversation; and, despite his loneliness, Captain Hilhouse congratulated himself on having made an extremely social and pleasant meal. On its termination, mine host made his final appearance, with the accustomed bottle of "peculiar," and was lingering, with many expressions of solicitude for the comfort of his guest, when, to his infinite gratification, a question was asked.

"By-the-bye, Minter, you seem in a prodigious bustle here to-night—what's going on?"

The little man drew himself up with a look of vast importance. "This, sir, is the evening of the subscription ball—finest for many seasons, sir—remarkably select—all the fashion of Kent here, sir—the Ladies Dumbscaramouch, sir—very fashionable—tickets two guineas, sir—Sir Captain Cabletier—Lord and Lady Wingham—Captain and the Misses Ash, sir—procure you a ticket, sir?—allow me to acquaint patronesses of your arrival, sir—great honour—then there's Count Minnynet—"

"Count who?"

"Minnynet, sir, or Onnionet, or some such name, sir."

"Who is he?"

"O sir! you must see him; he's quite the attraction of the place, sir."

"Mignionette, Mignionette, don't recollect the name. Well, get me a ticket."

* * * * * *

"The wax-lights were flaring, the ball-room was gay,
Each lady was dressed in her own pretty way."

Fiddles scraped—fans quivered—many a young man bowed, and twirled, and simpered, and begged pardon, and trod on toes and begged pardon again—rose up, sat down, whispered to the master of ceremonies, sidled about, bowed, extended a hand, drew it back with a young lady at the end, sighed, stood erect, and forthwith commenced manifold pedestrian evolutions with the said young lady. Old gentlemen clubbed together in knots, and speechified, and fumed, and mopped. Old ladies sat in awful array, erect as grenadiers, and as fierce—red-coated animals gambolled round the room in company with smiling and blushing demoiselles—

"And all was bustle, row, squeeze, jabbering and jam."

"My dear Lady Dumbscaramouch, what an infinite gratification to meet you again, and on such an occasion!"

"Captain Hilhouse, I declare!—well, this is an unexpected pleasure; and where have you been all this time, you most indolent of mortals?—here is our season half over, and Captain Hilhouse reported missing!"

"Ah! you may well ask what should keep me so long from any place, which rejoices in the smiles of your ladyship's bright *eyes*."

Now, Lady Dumbscaramouch was on the improper side of half a

century, but there are some to whom even at that age flattery is by no means disagreeable. And pray to whom is it? Nay, answer your own question, I can't.

"The real fact is, that I ought to have been paying my devoirs here a fortnight ago, but some unpleasant affairs have been delaying me from day to day, and I only left town this morning, arrived here but two hours ago, and hastened into your ladyship's presence, only allowing time to renovate my exhausted frame, and change my boots;" and here the captain suddenly broke off, being fixed in a gaze of ludicrous astonishment at our friend the count, who was making his way amid "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," to the upper end of the room. His astonishment, however, seemed suddenly to assume some most ludicrous form, for with an ill-suppressed laugh he turned to the dowager, "*Apropos des bottes*, who is this individual?—he appears quite the lion, and, to judge from his uniform, a fresh importation to our menagerie."

"Dear me, don't you know him?—he claims the honour of your acqaintance—it is Count Mignionette."

"Oh, I recollect now; but I never saw him in uniform before, and scarcely recognized him."

"What are you laughing at? I assure you he is a most formidable creature, and is the theme of universal admiration. *On dit*, that he has some intentions towards Miss Hyson, the daughter of the old tea merchant."

"Ha, ha, ha!—capital! what, that young lady with the dark eyebrows, and that remarkably fine expression?"

Her ladyship raised her glass:—"*c'est vrai.*"

"What a lovely creature! though without your ladyship's tone of beauty; but positively, is Mignionette a favoured lover?"

"I don't know; but would there be anything remarkable if he were?"

"Oh, no, no. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, he is very handsome."

"Oh, yes—ha, ha!"

"And quite *ton*."

"Oh, yes—ha, ha, ha!"

"You inexplicably provoking creature!—good-bye."

"O Lord, O Lord! I must get out; I shall certainly die;" and the captain departed.

Captain Hillhouse was at breakfast on the following morning—

"Waiter, is Count Mignionette's tiger about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him here."

And Mr. Augustus entered the captain's room, but with a different air to that which he assumed on entering the count's.

"Call me, thir?"

"Yes, Tomtit—where's the count?"

"Pleath, thir—he—he—he'th not in, thir."

"Where is he, then, you scamp?"

"Out, thir."

"Where, you young idiot? I say, where?"

"Pleath, thir—he—he—hath gone to be married to Mith Hython;" and the child looked as if he had trod on a gouty East Indian's toes, from whom he expected a legacy.

"Married to Miss Hyson! you imp of Satan—why did I not know this before?" shouted the captain, starting up. Tomtit trembled, and his legs rattled in his boots.

"Get me my hat and coat this moment—I'll soon settle this scoundrel—a rascal! Count, indeed!—marry Miss Hyson!" And with such mutterings he left the hotel at a rapid pace, and made straight for the tea-merchant's. And as he went, he occupied himself in adding to, and strengthening sundry little knots in the point of a remarkably sensible-looking riding-whip, which he carried.

"I want to see your master, John," said he, as the door of Hyson's house opened to him.

"He's partikler engaged at this moment, sir."

"I know it—but I will just see him a moment—you need not announce me," and he forthwith bounded up stairs; loud voices directed him to the room, above all old Hyson's, who appeared to be persuading some person to vacate the premises in terms more forcible than eloquent. When he entered, a singular scene met his eye. On the farther side of a round drawing-room table, stood a group of ladies, in the gay habiliments of the bridal, and foremost, leaning on her mother's arm, Miss Hyson, pale as death, watching what was going on near her with a deadly anxiety, which had driven the colour from her bloodless lips.

She was indeed extremely lovely, and her fine dark hair contrasted well with the marble hue of her high forehead. On the table lay divers parchments. On one side of it stood old Hyson, in a boiling rage, and before him, D'Aubigny and his three friends, who appeared just to have made an irruption from a neighbouring door, which stood open. Hyson was the picture of passion. Frederick looked stern, and yet deprecatory—unwilling to push matters too far, but honest indignation gleamed in every lineament. Brown and Co. looked tolerably cool, but expostulatory. The count's back was towards Hilhouse as he entered—he appeared quite unconcerned, and was sniffing a vinaigrette with much *nonchalance*, occasionally bending over the table to address a sentence to the unconscious ear of his intended; the back-ground was occupied by the divine, the lawyer, and several other gentlemen, who seemed inclined to pacify the old gentleman, if possible. A fit of coughing from the father had just given Frederick a moment's speech.

"Mr. Hyson, I conjure you, if you have any sense——"

"Leave this house—you impudent—ugh, ugh—leave it, I say, this instant!"

"But hear me one moment——"

"Not a word—you have no business here—ugh, ugh—get along with you—ugh—why it's downright burglary—ah, ah,—ugh—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, all of you—breaking into—ugh, ugh, ugh—a person's house—get out, I say—leave the house."

"Aha—'tis ver true—allez vous en, donc—see how do you terrify les dames," and he simpered a most persuasive smile at Frederick.

"As for you—you miserable—" fiercely roared the excited young man, as he took one stride forward, with flashing eye and upraised arm, "as for you"—but what he might have said was suddenly, and to the astonishment of all, broken off. Captain Hilhouse, who had stood some seconds in silent amazement at the door, had advanced, unperceived during the excitement of the scene, up the room, and now, without one word, brought down his riding-whip with such effect across the legs of the count, that the latter uttered a loud and involuntary "sacre!" and turned quickly round, with a face crimsoned with rage and pain, and his eyes flashing vengeance against the aggressor. The instant his eye caught the captain standing with whip uplifted, for a second stroke, the change was ludicrous in the extreme—he became as pale as his dark complexion would allow—his teeth chattered out an "Oh, Monsieur! si'l vous plait," in a most deprecatory tone—he looked just like a schoolboy caught stealing plums.

"You're a pretty scoundrel"—(switch, switch)—"a proper scoundrel, I think"—(switch, switch.)

"Oh, oh! helas! eh! mais, mais, mais!"

"You miserable vagabond"—(switch, switch)—"you rascal, you—" (switch, crack, switch.)

"Ah, ah—que ça me fait dommage ça!—oh, oh!"

It is not to be supposed that the other tenants of the room were unconcerned spectators of this extraordinary encounter—inexplicable though it was—few could resist a smile at the singular agility of the count, who hopped, and wriggled, and dodged, and edged towards the door, the captain all the while raining a shower of cuts over his legs, arms, shoulders, and back, with all imaginable *goût*. When they arrived at the door, he applied his foot with a more persuasive impulse to the retreating rear-guard of the *soi-disant* count, which sent him flying down the staircase.

"There, get along you scoundrel, and tell," added he, "tell Tomtit to get the horse ready in an hour."

"Ah, oui, monsieur—oh, oh! helas!" and the closing door drowned the groans of the unhappy Mignionette.

During all this flagellatory exhibition, no person had ventured a syllable. All were too much struck with surprise, except Dashmere, who, having as inveterate an enmity towards Mignionette as his careless mind could conceive, had been prodigiously gratified at the captain's performance, and cheered him on with great glee. "Go it, Hilhouse—that's right—let it into him—harder—sweetly put in—now another—capital—just across the thigh—there's a crack—into him, boy," and such sporting exclamations, had completed the quartette with the count's high treble cries, Hilhouse's bass invectives, and the cracks of the whip in *altissimo*. Now, however, that the count had made his singular exit, a dead silence pervaded the apartment, and glances were cast towards the captain, which seemed to say, "Do tell us all about it."

He did not keep them long in suspense, but advancing with much dignity and gravity in his mien, he addressed old Hyson.

"Mr. Hyson, I extremely regret that such unpleasant circum-

stances both to yourself and Miss Hyson, should have been occasioned by the unaccountable impudence of my valet."

"Your valet!" simultaneously ejaculated all. Old Hyson, albeit not a very kindly-hearted man, was yet a father, and turning quickly round to his daughter, "Ellen, I have been very much in the wrong; my poor child, you have been cursedly ill used—come and kiss your old father, and forgive him." But the poor girl, quite overcome by the succession of agitating events, was already sobbing on his bosom with hysterical violence. There was another awkward pause.

D'Aubigny, amazed and mystified, stood (to use an agricultural simile) "staring like a stuck pig." Again Captain Hilhouse broke the silence, but with some embarrassment in his manner.

"I believe—a—a—we have not yet quite—a—a—completed this morning's work—a—a—" he paused, and glanced at Fred and then at Hyson. The latter appeared, for a moment, to be vainly endeavouring to swallow a cricket-ball, and then advancing frankly to D'Aubigny, the latter contrived somehow to discover that he had got hold, not of the old man's leg-of-mutton fist, but of a small white hand, which he grasped with considerable fervency, as somebody's voice said, "Take her, my dear fellow, I know you to be worthy of her;" and then—but, O mercy! don't inflict a love scene on us. No, I won't, but just before we part, let us run down to the Albion, and peep through a key-hole. What see you? What hear you?

"Ah! Tomteet, 'tees mosh bettare to seet on de soft romble tomble of de capitaine's carosse, as Monsieur le Valet, dan to be vipped in dees manière horrible, as Monsieur le Comte. Ah! ah! and before de ladies too."

"You may well thay that—and if ever I'm theduthed by a nathty French chap again, I'll, I'll cut my profethion, and buy a commithion in the guardsth. Blow me, if I don't!"

GROGGINI.

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## LES HIRONDELLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

CAPTIF au rivage du Maure,
Un guerrier, courbé sous ses fers,
Disait, Je vous revois encore,
Oiseaux ennemis des hivers,
Hirondelles, que l'espérance
Suit jusqu'en ces brulans climats:
Sans doute vous quittez la France,
De mon pays ne me parlez-vous pas?

Depuis trois ans, je vous conjure
De m'apporter un souvenir
Du vallon, ou ma vie obscure
Se berçait d'un doux avenir,

Au detour d'une eau que chemine,
A flots purs, sous de frais lilas:
Vous avez vu notre chaumine,
De ce vallen ne me parlez vous pas?

## THE SWALLOWS.

Thus spoke a captive on the Moorish shore,
A warrior, too, though doomed to bear a chain,
" Ye wandering birds, that greet my sight once more,
Welcome, thrice welcome to these shores again!
Ye enemies to winter, hope, perchance,
Attends ye as to milder climes you roam,
Beyond a doubt, you leave my own lov'd France,
And surely bring intelligence from home.

For three long years I've told my sorrowing tale,
And oft conjured you, even with my tears,
For some memento from my native vale,
Where hope first smiled upon my infant years—
Where a pure rivulet winds its way serene,
Amid the perfume of a thousand flowers;
There stands our cot, which surely you have seen—
Have ye no tidings of my native bowers?

Even in the very cot where I was born,
The roof, perchance, has cradled some of you;
There lived my mother, hapless and forlorn;
You must have seen her, and have pitied too:
For my return an anxious watch she keeps,
And fondly thinks of him thus doomed to rove;
She listens, but in vain, and then she weeps,—
Have ye no tidings of this mother's love?

My sister, too, come tell me, is she wed?—
Say, have you seen the group of village swains
By friendship to the humble nuptials led,
Give the poor tribute of their rustic strains?
And my companions, who with ardour burned
To follow me, and share a soldier's lot;
Say, have my gallant comrades yet returned,
Or is their glory and their fate forgot?

Alas! perchance these gallant men are slain,
And, trampling on their carcases, the foe
Rules as a tyrant o'er my native plain,
Whilst my fond sister drinks the cup of woe:
Ah, yes! I have a mother's prayers no more;
Increasing griefs her exiled son await;
Then give, ye wanderers, from my native shore,
Oh! give some tidings of my country's fate.

John Waring.

## OUR ACTORS!

### AND THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

SHAKSPEARE, speaking of the actors, says,

> "After your death, you were better to have
> A bad epitaph, than their ill report
> While you live."

If this be true of the actors, they must have degenerated sadly in spirit since the days in which the great actor-bard wrote; for look at them now—what are they as "a body?" Why the weakest, the most timid and pusillanimous, perhaps, of any in our metropolis. Any creature, however base himself, may bespatter them with abuse, and they tamely shrug their shoulders, and in a piteous tone cry—"What a shame it is!"—or "What can we do to soften our abuser?" Yes, they would deprecate when they should boldly attack their defamers; and that they possess the means no one can doubt; for it is well known that the stage can boast of many with fluent tongues, and some with able pens; and the public ear, as well as the public press (that mighty instrument of good or ill) are as open to the actor as to his defamer; then whence arises their pusillanimity of spirit, that will rather meekly crouch than boldly stand forward and repel? It cannot arise from modesty! No, no; their greatest enemies will acquit them of that. We are afraid it is to be traced to individual envy—a personal and professional jealousy of each other—which prevents their combination for general defence against unprincipled speculators in theatres, (whose barefaced acts have lately called forth severe censure from the judgment-seat,) and those money-sucking leeches, who, dipping their pens in gall, will abuse Mr. Jenkins, and praise Mr. Wilkins, if the said Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Jenkins's professional rival, will pay handsomely for the said abuse, or *vice versâ*.

Take the actors individually, in society they are usually spirited and witty—ever prone to resent the slightest attempt at personal offence. Yet, *en masse*, they are the most pusillanimous body under the sun, not even excepting the too-often quizzed tailors, who, though not supposed to be very valiant as "items," yet, in a "sum total," are most heroic, as the public's old and deserving favourite, the now expatriated Dowton, can verify; who, some years since, offended their dignity as a body, by playing, on his benefit night, Foote's burlesque of "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather;" when the knights of the thimble would have salved their wounded honour by pulling down the Haymarket theatre, had not a strong civil force, with the military in perspective, prevented it. Now, we would not be understood to express a wish that the spiritless actors should follow the example of the pugnacious tailors, and attempt to pull down the House of

Commons, because, in 1833, a very gentlemanly M. P. (a Bobadil, and turned-out Quarter Sessions' Chairman,) used his "privilege of safety," and in the open British Senate stigmatised the actors as "outcasts of society!" The Actors! a body of men patronised by our gracious monarch, protected by the parliament, and applauded and supported by the people! By-the-bye, it is but charitable to suppose that the Bobadil M. P. had on that unfortunate evening taken more than *quantùm suff.* of Bellamy's particular Madeira; but whether mad or drunk, Bobadil undoubtedly injured himself much more than those he stigmatised. But while labouring under such gratuitous abuse, where were the "heroes of the buskin?"—the Kembles—the Macreadys—the Wallacks—the Wards—*cum multis aliis?*—gentlemen, who, to the very life, express the feelings of "wounded honour" on the stage. Do they sit down quietly, and think themselves complimented by being noticed in the open senate of their country as outcasts of society? Query—had such unmerited and gross abuse been vented at any other "body of professionals," would they have tamely submitted to it?—we may venture to answer "No." The reason for that want of *esprit du corps* which distinguishes the actors from all other professional bodies may perhaps be traced to the circumstance of their not having been originally intended and trained to the pursuit; which some after-whim, stern necessity, or an inordinate longing after fancied fame, induced them to adopt. It is curious to trace (and which we have an opportunity of doing correctly) the originally-intended craft, trade, or calling, of most of our popular histriones, as well as that of many of their less fortunate brethren.

We will commence with

Garrick.—"Little Davy" (as Dr. Johnson familiarly designated him) was a wine-merchant in the city; but he saw nothing in

"The wine and lees to brag of;"

therefore he selected the theatre as the *port*, in which he wisely anchored for life; preferring

Shakspeare to Sherry,
Macbeth to Madeira,
and
Hamlet to Hock.

Siddons.—The great Mrs. Siddons (so states her biographer) in early life was to have been—nay, actually for a short time operated, *con amore*, as body-fitting abigail to a lady of fortune, who patronised her talented but then (to the world) unknown family. That eye which, in after-years, electrified the multitude as Lady Macbeth, then calmly followed the useful needle; and the arm, the mere waving of which, as Queen Katharine, has since so often commanded silence, then moved busily in adjusting the flounces and furbelows of her honoured patroness. What can control the force of genius and prudence combined?

John Kemble.—

"His was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends;
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

**For ill can poetry express,**
**Full many a tone of thought sublime;**
**And sculpture, mute and motionless,**
**Steals but one glance from time.**

**But by this mighty actor's art,**
**Their wedded triumphs come;**
**Verse ceases to be airy thought,**
**And sculpture to be dumb."**

What a loss would it have been to the English drama, if John Kemble had been ordained (as was intended, and for which he had been educated at Douay)—a "Catholic priest."

Spite of his asthma, he "fluttered your Volscians" in a style that has convinced his surviving admirers that his "Alone I did it," was a mere truism. We will not say "we ne'er"—but only—"When shall we look upon his like again?"

CHARLES KEMBLE—the last of the fraternal knot! All gone but Charles—yet they had long leases of their frail tenements—first Stephen went—then John—then Sarah Siddons! (*the* Siddons!) she soon was followed by poor Jane Mason—and only some few months since Mrs. Whitelock ended a long and well-spent life—Charles is "the last remaining male"—and—

"Though last—not least in our dear love."

How would Thalia have been defrauded if Charles Kemble had continued "a man of letters" in the General Post Office, where the interest of the elder branches of his family (then rising rapidly into public esteem) had placed their boy-brother!

It is somewhat curious to consider thus—had he continued in his monotonous office, "up at six A. M. to break the seals of the incoming bags," and "ready at eight P.M. to seal the outgoing," perchance Miss De Camp might never have induced him to play Benedict off the stage, or we have seen him play Benedict on it. Nor would Fanny Kemble then have delighted the English public with her splendid talent, or have enraged the American public with her ill-advised abuse.

CHARLES YOUNG—the ever-green Young! we met him the other day, as healthy and as tanned as a French *garde de chasse;* he has evidently been wheedling Dame Nature—caught her in one of her best humours, and obtained a renewal of his lease of life. Young was to have been—and for a short time assisted his honoured father as a cut-and-slash surgeon—but the master passion (histrionic) was too strong to be subdued by what "Old Dad" called prudence, and young Charles called prejudice. He became an actor; and as such, he has delighted the public, enriched himself, and done honour to his profession. We wish we had more imitators. Young wisely quitted the stage before he became old: he began to find study a serious labour, from the decay of that sort of mechanical memory necessary to catch and retain other people's ideas—the mere professional memory that may forget an author, but not a friend.

He retired, in the full possession of his histrionic fame, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate.*

*Vivat* Charles Young!

Liston, Momus's god-son!—The comic John Liston once held the serious office of schoolmaster (either principal or sub) to the little blue-coated, leather-breeched, muffin-capped urchins of the anti-Malthusian parish of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Let your "mind's eye, Horatio," or rather, gentle reader, whatever your name be, view Liston, *the* Liston, in his early manhood—pen in ear, and ruler in his nervous grasp, the presiding deity over one hundred pair of small leather unmentionables, and their pigmy wearers. O for the pencil of a Cruikshank! What was old Jupiter in Olympus, with his thunberbolt in hand, compared with youthful Liston, wielding that dreadful and dreaded ruler?

His look was then sufficient to make each little Geoffry Muffincap tremble in his "two-and-fourpenny shoes." How must that look have changed since then!—it now makes man, woman, and child appear "like laughter, holding both his sides."

*Sic transit gloria,* Dominie Liston.

N.B. Liston never had but one fear of professional rivalry, and that was when Lord M——— came before the public. The world is divided, and Liston still lives,—*n'importe.*

Kean, Macready, and James Wallack, three histrionic geniuses of the first order, were Melpomene's own chickens, hatched and reared by her from their shells; we wish she would hatch a few more such, to

> "Fret and strut their hour upon the stage,
> And then be heard—"

next night with pleasure. They took to the stage, for which we are very much obliged to them, simply because they had no other profession than their hereditary one; or perhaps, at the time, forced by family necessity; and we wish necessity would force a few more such geniuses before the public, instead of gentlemen amateurs—golden calves, or rather, "asses fancying themselves histrionic lions," who pay those arbiters of England's dramatic literature, the griping speculators in patent rights, various sums, from one to three hundred pounds per night, to be allowed the privilege of murdering Shakspeare, and insulting the British public. But of this more partiularly anon.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TO LA BELLE KATE.

*K. Hen.* Do you like me, Kate?
*Kath.* Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is—*like me.*
*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.
SHAKES.: *K. Henry the Fifth.*

I HAVE searched through hall and tower,
And the mansions of the great,
Where pride and pomp and power
Keep alive their purple state;
And beautiful and rare
Was everything to see—
Yet oh! there's nothing there
Like thee, dear Kate, like thee.

I have been to other climes—
By the incense-tree I've stood—
I have heard the bell-bird's chimes
Ringing shrilly through the wood;
I have searched the bright world round
Where aught that's fair might be—
Still nothing have I found
Like thee, sweet Kate, like thee.

I have borrowed Fancy's wing—
I have taken Fancy's flight
Where the heavenly glories fling
Their radiance o'er the night;
And never dim nor darkling,
But for ever bright and fair,
Are the splendors that are sparkling
Up there, my Kate, up there.

And many a thing of light
Which others could not see,
And many a meteor bright
Has been visible to me;
But wond'rous though to gaze upon,
And beautiful they be,
Yet could I find not one, not one
Like thee, sweet Kate, like thee.

And when often I have dreamed
That the azure veil was riven,
And, in fancy I have seemed
To be looking into heaven—
Though angelic eyes above
Were then beaming down on me,
I saw nothing I could love
Like thee, dear Kate, like thee.

HORACE BLACK.

# THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF JOHN KETCH.[1]

## WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

### EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

"O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

"Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

THE case of Hunton, who was executed for forgery, is one which takes in the consideration both of cause and effect, and therefore peculiarly claims a record in the history of the annals of crime. Most writers, when touching on the biography of offenders, blacken their general character, and seldom admit that they possess any one good trait or redeeming quality, treating them as if they were no longer worthy to be considered as having been numbered *in rerum naturæ*. This mode of treating the subject has been occasioned by a notion, that, in allowing a criminal to possess virtues, his crimes are palliated, and the effect of public odium is diminished, which may tend to weaken the force of example. But whenever it is proper to speak of things, it is always proper to speak the truth of them.

In tracing the causes which brought Hunton to the scaffold, the conduct of lawgivers is strikingly shown. I now refer to the period just before the Bank of England restricted their discounts to wholesale dealers in trade, and to the discounting only those bills which were made payable at a banking-house in town. When this measure was adopted, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England had in their hands, on which they had made advances in their own notes to the amount of the several sums of money named upon them, to an enormous amount, many of which were forgeries, or professed to be drawn and accepted by persons not in existence. A large number were accepted by clerks, shopmen, porters, and, in some instances, the wives of the party who sent them into the bank, and obtained the money upon them.

Thus, while the circulation of one and two pound notes were tempting men, in a state of starvation, to become utterers of forged notes, the means by which they were issued into the world was, to a very great extent, productive of another kind of forgery.

The committee for regulating the discounts for the Bank of England had once a remarkable opportunity of ascertaining this fact. A Mr. R. S——h, a woollen-draper, who saw ruin before him, in consequence of the intended restriction to discount only for wholesale dealers, he being himself dependent upon a retail shop of business, took the extraordinary resolution of going before the committee, and making known his situation. It was, as he informed the writer, no

[1] Continued from p. 336.

consequence what use they made of the information he intended to give them: if they stopped, he said, his discounts, they ruined him, and after that event he cared not for consequences. The committee met every Wednesday morning, but when he attended, he had much difficulty to obtain admittance, as they met only to decide on the amount of discounts, and to whom they should be granted, and for no other purpose. He, however, did obtain admittance, and at once entered upon his business. He told them that all the paper they held of his was not worth the stamps upon which the several amounts were written, and then proceeded to inform them in what manner he had manufactured the bills, stating his object to be, the raising a capital to carry on a business which he had made with the money obtained from the Bank, and not with any intention of swindling, concluding with this proposition for settlement, viz. that the committee should retain his name upon the books as before, and continue to discount his bills, lessening the amount upon an average of fifty pounds a week; this arrangement, he said, would enable him to liquidate all claims upon him.

Extraordinary as this may appear, yet in those times the Bank committee consented to the arrangement. If Mr. Rogers, the then chief clerk in the discount office, were living, he would confirm this statement, and so may his predecessor, and some of the members of the committee, still in the land of the living. Ultimately the woollen-draper paid them all his engagements, and made his own fortune; but the most remarkable incident in the drama is, that, subsequently, instead of being circumscribed in his discounts, they were granted him unlimitedly. Reader, pray be not sceptical; this is a fact and no fiction; the writer is aware of the tender ground upon which he treads, but challenges inquiry.

This case, which is not a solitary one, shows what monstrosities may at times be tolerated, and the inconsistencies of which public bodies, connected with government, are capable, not even excepting the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

There might be much more matter on this subject laid before the public; it is, however, here introduced to illustrate the causes of one crime, viz. forgery; and to infer therefrom that all crimes may, by diligent inquiry, be traced to their sources: and further to show, that the nearer we approach to the cause, the better we become acquainted with the prosecutors; and that those who are uniformly advocates for inflicting upon offenders the severity of the law, are generally, like unrelenting creditors, not themselves wholly free from blame. One more remark regarding bills and the times gone by. I am justified, from my knowledge of facts, in stating that many persons who were in the habit of advancing money and goods upon acceptances, took such bills as Hunton was convicted upon, in preference to legitimately drawn and accepted documents on and by persons of undoubted solvency. Who, living in those days, has not, if connected with the trading world, heard men often say—"I knew the security from the first was good for nothing, but I got my profit on the transaction; and he must pay the bill, or he knows if he does not, he will be hanged, and you cannot have a better security than a man's life?" Thus the law, which was made to prevent the commission of

crime, promoted it, giving the lives of the needy into the hands of usurers and trading cheats. Even in Dr. Dodd's case, (the real facts of which are not generally known,) this principle of dealing was recognised. It was not Doctor Dodd's first offence, as generally supposed.

Hunton lived in the times above alluded to, and was one of the many tradesmen who, for a series of years, without capital, struggled with the world, following the example of many others who terminated their career more fortunately. He raised money upon bills drawn upon and accepted by persons described as residing in certain towns in England; while, in fact, they were manufactured by himself, and made payable in London, or at some place of reference, where the bills, when due, might be presented for payment, and so again returned into his hands.

Criminal as this mode of raising money was, Hunton, there is every reason to believe, never did contemplate any positive robbery. "What did he do it for?" exclaims the monied citizen. I answer, "for the same purpose that you formerly committed the same crime, and many others, who, if properly estimated, and had your deserts, would be cast out of society, viz. to become *respectable;* and as you are now one of the *respectables*, as a matter of course, you must talk of nothing but honour and honesty, and uphold *respectability.* Hunton calculated upon working himself out of the dilemma into which he had brought himself, by obtaining a succession of discounts, upon the same kind of bills, which, of course, could be always made and varied, as to the amount and names, according as circumstances might require, calculating that ultimately the profits of his business would bear him through all his difficulties. Unlike Fauntleroy, who was always conscious that he had no door open to him for his escape but flight, Hunton quieted his fears, and easily appeased his conscience, by a peculiar species of sophistry, taught by the devil for the purpose of persuading his victims that, as they intended, when the means were granted, to pay all demands, they were in nowise morally guilty of crime. The real truth, however, is, that while you are endeavouring to make money there is no such thing as moral crime—legal crime there may be, but that of course you will keep in your eye, at least such are the metaphysics taught—in a radius tolerably large drawn round the Exchange.

Some years before he underwent the sentence of the law, the non-payment of some bills, which had been discounted at the banking-house of Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co., led to the discovery of the dangerous practice of raising money into which he had fallen. On this occasion he was sent for, and it is said that the late Sir William Curtis took him into a private room, and communicated to him that the house was aware of the course he had pursued; but after remonstrating with him for some time, said, "Let the bills in our hands be paid, and take warning for the future." Hunton paid these bills, but again resorted to his old practice of making fictitious ones.

When he was apprehended, he kept a large linen-draper's shop in Bishopsgate Street; he was also in partnership with a wholesale

dealer in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, and it is said, that the bills which brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey were negotiated for the purpose of raising money to fulfil his engagements with his partner. Be this as it may, his conduct brought upon a large family the most terrible consequences, and plunged them into the abyss of distress, pained the feelings of a numerous acquaintance, and for a passing moment occasioned the voice of the vulgar to be heard against a body which is justly entitled to the appellation of "respected friends" —the Quakers—a community of which he was a member. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, that so great an effort was made to save his life, after the day was fixed for his execution. Petitions, addressed to the king, or his secretary of state, were hung out for signature at numerous shops about the city, in the hope that numbers might move the firmness of the authorities; but the law took its course, and so it would have done at that period if a thousand necks depended upon the decision of the council. Not that this was the king's fault, and it is but just to state that one of the best traits in his late Majesty's character, was his aversion to take away life under any circumstances. When the council received the recorder's report, he was always peculiarly melancholy and affected. "Why, and by what right, do we take life at all?" he would emphatically exclaim. As the law stood, he felt that he ought not to act upon his own judgment; it was therefore his practice, upon these painful occasions, to consider himself as but one individual in the council, and in that capacity he uniformly voted against the execution of all malefactors.

Hunton was a very small man, and remarkable for his activity, or rather bustling manner; it was no small undertaking to attempt to fix him in one place for a moment. He always reminded me of a racoon, perpetually running to and fro in its cage. If he went into a warehouse for the express purpose of purchasing goods, and was not instantly waited upon, so great was his impatience, that he immediately left the house and flew off to another, although he was generally a loser of time by so doing. *Entre nous*, there are none in the world who so carelessly waste their energies, that is, their animal powers and spirits, in useless bustle and seeming business, as your Londoner does, especially those who enact their parts upon real Cockney land—the city. Without doubt there is much business transacted in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, but not so much as a stranger would infer from the activity of young citizens, many of whom are like little cur dogs—traverse over ten times more ground than is needful, and expend the greater part of their energies in running about without any definite reason. Most of the real business in the city is performed by a few, (as compared to the number seen in public,) who walk steadily along the streets to their houses of trade, and there remain throughout the day.

Hunton, when committed, was not without a hope: he had, when in the world, said to himself, "If I commit a forgery upon some established and known person, when that person disavows the writing, I am detected, and in the hands of the law; but if I use the name and address of no person in existence, how can it be a forgery? Or if

they should attempt to wrest the law, and so construe it, how are they to prove a nullibility?" When, therefore, he learnt from his legal advisers that his case was one of *bonâ fide* forgery, he would not admit the unpalatable truth to enter his mind. He, however, showed considerable firmness of mind throughout; he did not affect to brave death, neither was he so terrified at its approach, like Fauntleroy, as to be totally unmanned; his demeanour was altogether in keeping with his melancholy situation, although he had gone through enough to shake the nerves of any man. He had for years moved in a large and respectable circle of society—he was the father of a large family, who could all feel the full force and the consequences of their father's disgrace. He had gone through the agonizing ordeal of communicating to his wife and family the perilous situation in which he stood, and the necessity there was for immediate flight. Subsequently he had shipped himself for America, on board a vessel which had actually sailed through the Needles, with a full intention of not again touching land, and then, being the first time for many days, got a few hours rest, in the full assurance of safety; he had, too, written a letter to his wife, and appeased her anxiety, by stating that he was safe from his pursuers; but, after all this, was driven back by stress of weather, and apprehended almost as soon as he came within sight of land; and to add to the poignancy of his feelings, he soon learnt that he owed his capture to the letter sent to his wife, containing an account of his escape.

On the morning of his execution, when brought into the press-room to be pinioned, he said to a fellow-sufferer who had previously been bound, "Friend, how doth thee feel thyself? hast thou had any sleep in the night? I have had none." As the man bound his wrists he cried out, "Oh, do not bind them so tight;" but checking himself, he continued, "but thou knowest best what be proper." All the details of this case have been too recently before the public to admit of a republication; for this reason, as well as from a desire to avoid opening old wounds, and giving pain to individuals, this case would have been passed over, were it not one especially illustrative of the times in which it occurred, or rather of the times which preceded its consummation, and when the commission of forgery was an every-day event. Indeed, at that period, had the whole body of merchants and bankers imitated the conduct of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, who hung up their victims by scores, to force a piece of flimsy paper to pass current for twenty shillings; that is, had they prosecuted for every forgery coming under their notice, in the days to which I allude, gibbets must have been thrown across the principal streets, where the culprits might have been hung up in rows by the hundred.

In the evidence given before the House of Commons on the subject of inflicting the punishment of death for forgery, most of the bankers and merchants who where examined, said, that as the law stood, they were resolved not to prosecute for the crime of forgery; but even this firmness and good sense was not enough to remove the prejudice of ———, and the *penchant* he and many others of

his school had, and still have so preposterously imbibed, for the practice of hanging. The rising generation will read with disgust and horror the numbers of human beings sacrificed, in the war carried on against the Bank of England, at the time when one and two pound notes were in circulation; and also the many who were strangled before the public for other kinds of forgery, in the heart of civilized London. Already the junior members of society begin to blush for the conduct of their forefathers, excepting only that sensible lawyer, Sir Samuel Romilly; but what will they say, when they are informed that in the age which preceded them, and when hundreds were sacrificed to that Moloch, the gallows, that those who were prosecutors were also in many instances criminals, not excepting the rulers of the land. Counting-houses were opened in the City of London, where men publicly carried on the business of forgery, avowing themselves ready to work for hire; and to these pen-and-ink shops, government officers and merchants flocked with their money for forged documents; he who was the most skilful in imitating the writings of others obtained the most business.

I knew one individual, who worked for government, being peculiarly *au fait* at imitation, and adroit at his pen, who might, had he not possessed habits of extravagance, have made a retiring fortune. This man ultimately, when in distress, committed a forgery upon a banker, but was fortunate enough to make his escape abroad. The employment of these men was to forge foreign documents of every description, but more especially ship's papers: and this was no secret among merchants or to government. Trading adventurers to foreign ports in time of war, were under the necessity of shipping their goods in fictitious, or assumed foreign bottoms; but this could not be done with any prospect of success without foreign ship's papers, and these could only be obtained through the means of forgery. Government, too, had purposes of deception to accomplish, which required forged documents. If Cardinal Mazarine were alive again, or if Talleyrand would open his mouth, these secrets of diplomacy might be explained. Suffice it to say, upon this occasion, that the British government were not behind any foreign power in obtaining forged documents—how they used them is another question; I only know that they were obtained, and that the public paid for them.

Now, readers, for a few minutes seriously consider the monstrous anomaly of hanging up five or six of our fellow-creatures by the neck, at the Old Bailey, at eight o'clock, on a dark November morning; all convicted of imitating another man's handwriting, fraudulently to obtain money; all sentenced by the recorder, according to law.

"The law allowed it, and the court awarded it," and remember, that these men had been ordered for execution by the privy council,*

* It is a mistake to suppose that malefactors are ordered for execution by the privy council or the king; the effect, however, is the same, and therefore justifies my application of the term. The king and council only interpose between the sentence and the execution of the law; they determine how many shall be spared, not, as it is supposed, how many shall be hung: there is no occasion for their order, the law only takes its course upon those who are executed.

also that it is the business of the sheriffs, who are decorated with gold chains for the cervical occasion, to tie them up, see, or cause them to be so tied up, and there to hang for the space of one hour, while the said sheriffs retire with their friends to enjoy a splendid breakfast, set out in the session-house upon the occasion. Now the same day the council left these men for hanging (we will suppose) they determined upon some political proceedings, which required forged documents, for which an order was forthwith sent into the city to the forger's shop, and were fetched away that very morning, and at the time the men were suspended, the messenger (thoughtless dolt!) stopping on his way up Ludgate Hill, to take a look at six men hanging for writing another man's name. If, readers, you will pause a moment to reflect on these things, it needs no comment of mine. The sheriffs, too, being merchants, the same morning, while at breakfast, recollect that they want some forged ship's papers, and, therefore, only wait till the six dead ones are cut down and laid upon the copper in the cooking-house just within the prison, and then go to treat with the forger for their papers;—now, I ask, who is the criminal?

> "The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
> Thieves for robbery have their authority,
> When judges steal themselves."

But I shall be told, that national interest sanctioned the shops for forged papers, and that public security demanded the life of the forgers. Yes, when inordinate cupidity dictates the argument, sophistry finds supporters both in black and red coats, especially when well paid for it. The national interest and public security at all times and under all circumstances, demand, above all other considerations, the preservation of virtue.

> "To whom can riches give repose, or trust,
> Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?"

It cannot, it must not be disguised, that the history of British crime is the history of misrule, cruelty, and injustice. The more we probe this question, the more it will become apparent. Hitherto our laws have only been tolerated.

> "Because authority, though it err, like others,
> Hath a kind of medicine in itself,
> That skins the vice o' the top:—go to your bosom;
> Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
> A natural guiltiness, such as his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life."

Misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; they are, however, not always new ones. All the prisoners in Newgate were not strangers to Hunton when he was committed there; and this leads to the introduction of another character to the reader's notice, illustrative of what men are capable of doing for gain, even when not pressed by want. A person, named B * * * * n, worth, it is believed,

twenty thousand pounds, was, at the period when Hunton was committed, under a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, passed upon him by the Court of King's Bench, for a fraud upon an insurance office, under the following circumstances. This person had made his fortune in a business, which, as he was about to retire, he was desirous to sell, having previously purchased himself a *château*. His premises and trade in town were advertised for sale, where he left a confidential man to recommend the concern; while, however, it was under sale, the premises caught fire, but was immediately put out, causing a damage to the amount of about ten pounds. When the owner came to town and heard of the event, although quite independent of the world as regards pecuniary matters, it occurred to him that he might as well avail himself of this accident, and realize another hundred pounds by way of a finish. Communicating this idea to his confidential man, and telling him to make out the account of damage, with a promise of a twenty-pound note if properly done, a demand upon the office was concocted between the master and the man, it is said, of a hundred and twenty pounds, which, from the respectability of the party, was paid without any very scrutinous inquiry. The premises were very shortly afterwards sold through the super-recommendations of the aforesaid confidant, for which service another promise of remuneration had been given. When, however, the retiring party had accomplished his ends, the promise-crammed confidant was forgotten, who, in revenge, went to the insurance-office and informed the directors of the manner in which they had been robbed. The guilty party, after a true bill was found against him, moved his case by *certiorari* into the King's Bench, where he was tried and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. A few days before Hunton left London to embark for America, he went into Newgate, and earnestly solicited this prisoner to become security for him to the amount of 950*l*., (they having transacted business together for some years previously,) but was refused the favour though strongly urged; had it been granted him, it is probable that he (Hunton) would have been enabled to redeem the bills for the forging of which he lost his life.

It may be supposed that the meeting of these parties, both prisoners in Newgate, a few days after this interview, could not be very agreeable to Hunton's feelings; he was aware that his conduct was liable to the worst imputations, under the circumstances in which he was then placed; and the other did not hesitate to declare it to be an intended robbery on Hunton's part, in order to make a purse with which to leave the country.

I will now compare Hunton's with another case of forgery which occurred precisely at the same time, viz. that of Fenn's, the schoolmaster, commonly called Parson Fenn; but I must first be allowed to make a passing remark upon the insurance case I have above succinctly related. The offender was a cunning man, what in the city would be called a man of the world—one who had a smile for everybody when they were not in his debt, but wholly neglected the cultivation of the amiable virtues; he was indeed a perfectly selfish being, and susceptible of no punishment but the loss of his money.

That crime of every description should be punished is indisputable;

why, then, enact laws which are not, or cannot, be enforced? Why is the statute-book to be at variance with our practice? and why are crimes of the greatest die to pass almost wholly unpunished? It has ever been considered a maxim in all criminal codes, that restitution was the first object, and punishment the second: this principle formed the basis of the Mosaic law; "If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it, he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep."—Exod. xxii. 1. But in our law if one man rob another, unless the actual property be discovered, the principle of restitution is not recognized, although the culprit may be a rich man; besides, the restitution of property stolen is so very slovenly provided for, that few prosecutors can or ever do recover their own; the lowest officer in the law (the thief-taker) has charge of it. Again, a man may, under our unjust laws, be robbed of one hundred pounds; convict the offender, and see five hundred pounds of the culprit's property taken possession of by the sheriffs, while he (the prosecutor) walks home with empty pockets, and the loss of much time he has spent in supporting a system of jurisprudence which assists the thief in robbery. Custom has, in some measure, reconciled the people of this country to these absurdities, or they could not have been so long tolerated. In the case of the insurance fraud, restitution was not thought of; and if the judge could, and had, inflicted a fine as well as imprisonment, the injured party who lost the money would have had none of it. Who shall say our laws are founded upon a principle of justice? the guilty man in the case here alluded to, after the first impressions of a prison had evaporated, actually felicitated himself, as he had retired from business rather early in life, on being compelled to spend the first year and a half of his *otium cum dignitate* upon an economical and prudential system, saying, in addition to the £100 obtained for the insurance office, that it was another £500 in his pocket; and as for the circumstance, what cared he?—he could go anywhere,—had money—and could always be respected.

Legislators—meditate! meditate upon these things. "It is a scandal" as Sir William Shelly once said of the government, "that a system of jurisprudence, so sick at heart, should be made to look so well in the face."

How horror-struck would John Bull be with the sight of this ancillary of his household, if once a fairer one were placed beside her. John is a peculiarly obtuse mortal, and stupid enough to admire anything at first sight; and it is only by repeated comparisons that he can at any time be brought to exercise a sound judgment.

The last malefactors I shall notice which came within my experience are Bishop and Williams, who were executed for the murder of an Italian boy, in order to sell his body for dissection; having treated of the subject of supplying the anatomical schools with subjects in the former part of this work, it will only be necessary briefly to speak of these men.

If anything were further required to prove the expediency of adopting some such system as I have proposed, surely these men's crimes of murder furnish the legislature with that proof. I knew them both, as I did also their associate May, as men engaged in their trade, being

for a series of more than sixteen years the most active resurrectionists in London. Williams, in his confession, admitted that he had sold from five hundred to a thousand bodies in his time; but the truth lies nearer one thousand four hundred or one thousand five hundred, making an average of about two a-week. If we suppose they received 8*l.* for each body, and that there were three men engaged in each transaction, they must, during the whole of their career, have been in the receipt of 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each per week, a sum, from their mode of living, not at all improbable. I should not have reverted to this case were it not to give my opinion, that, although the supply from workhouses now adopted has lessened the practice of plundering the churchyards, yet the demand for bodies is still greater than the supply, and that further measures should be taken totally to put a stop to the illicit traffic of supplying the profession by robbing the grave.

Next to the class of rogues who are so by fate, if I may use a term familiar to my ears in earlier life, none, in the more regular grades of society, add so much to our criminal calendar as the body of London shopmen: out of one house, Messrs. S—— and Co., sixteen or seventeen have been transported, and nearly half that number executed, in my time. This firm, it must be observed, carries on an extensive business in the drapery line. The judges at the Old Bailey, at length, having expressed their surprise that so many offenders should come out of one shop of business, for a time lessened in some degree the numbers prosecuted from this particular house: notwithstanding, since my attention was by their conduct directed to this class of men, I have every year observed an increasing number of shopmen, clerks, &c. presenting themselves at the Old Bailey.

If we inquire for the causes of this species of delinquency, we shall find that all parties participate in promoting the crime. Of late years, since I have read much, and thought more, I have learnt to despise the system taught by the fraternity in which I was educated, and the nonsense of depending upon the horoscope of man. I have discovered that effects have a cause; although we have not always mind enough to trace and explain them to our own understanding, or to that of others; the idleness of the generality of mankind in this particular, (neglecting to search for the causes which produce effects in the social arrangement,) together with the outrageous bias which the mind of man has taken in the pursuit of wealth, mainly contributes to our present muddled state of social existence.

> "Man is supreme lord and master
> Of his own ruin and disaster,
> Controls his fate, but in nothing less
> Than in ordering his own happiness."

There are no roads known to men which must inevitably lead to happiness in this world; but those which lead to "ruin and disaster," are broad and passable enough for all, among which, none is more apparent than a false and misdirected education—by education, I mean bringing up, for our education begins with our birth, nor ends until our dying day. The ambition of our fathers was to teach their children their own trade, or some similar one, corres-

ponding to the same walk of life—to inculcate the principle of honest industry, as the only certain course to avoid disgrace, poverty, and a jail. But since the days of Pitt, who established in Threadneedle Street a gambling company, the whole of society have been diverted, and their steady and regular energies brought to operate, not as heretofore, in the pursuit of one lawful object, but in wild and chimerical schemes of adventure. The stories of the fortunes which have been made in modern days, by Bob Smith the carpenter's son, who was a genius, and being above his father's trade, went to London, and the Jack Joneses, &c. &c., who all did the same, are told and remembered in every parish throughout the kingdom. The honest mechanic, and the hard-working man, listens with attention to the history of some successful youth; and then looks round upon his family, and exclaims, "Times are sure *enow* altered. Tom, thee must gang up to Lunnun, and see if thee can't make a better man than thy father," addressing his eldest son.

"And why shouldn't I go, father?" says Bill, the next brother. "I'm sure I sha'n't stay at home to work like a negur, at our trade, if Tom goes to Lunnun, and is made a gentleman."

"No, no! it isn't fair," exclaims the mother, "to make flesh of one, and fowl of the other; I say, let 'em both go and seek their fortunes: who knows but they may come back with one as big as Squire Hopkins's? I heard say he was once only a shopboy: and from all I can learn, he's no mortal wonder of a genius."

Thus the tales, fictitious and real, of sudden rises in life, which have been so industriously circulated in print and otherwise, with a view of stimulating the rising generation to habits of industry, have, in reality, created a false taste, and a dangerous ambition, which occasions youth to break out of the bounds marked for their sphere of action by birth.

It is said that only among one branch of shopmen, the linen-drapers, there are twenty thousand constantly out of employ in London, besides the new-comers, who are continually flocking into the market for employment.

Parents encourage their sons to abandon pursuits of handicraft to preserve soft hands, daily trim their nails, wear the best kind of clothes they can procure for show more than use, and ape the gentleman, without having a shilling, when they become young men, to give them; and then are perfectly astonished when they hear that they are in the hands of the law. Shopkeepers, on the other hand, instead of selecting steady and thoughtful young men for assistants in retail shops, consider only exterior qualifications; choosing those possessed of personal advantages, and who, for lack of mental cultivation, are full of vanity, can lie with a grace, and talk nonsense to every description of customer which enters the shop.

Encouraged in their coxcombry and foppery in business—treated like the lowest menials in accommodations of board and lodging—suspected in point of honesty at every turn, and, in consequence, all confidence withheld—fenced and hedged round by every precaution, to prevent any act of embezzlement; and, under the present system, engaged not on a more secure tenure than an extra waiter at a Sunday

tea-gardens, who may be discharged on the instant, to spend many months in idleness or in fruitless search for another engagement, what essentially good can be expected in the character of a class of men so educated and thus situated?

Superadded to these deteriorating causes among shopmen, we may mention also the strong desire for the enjoyments of pleasure ever shown by the weak-minded and frivolously-educated classes. There is also the effect that the modern mode of conducting business has generally upon the principles of the every-day rising classes in all trades and grades.

Formerly, if prices were not fixed, profits were pretty nearly so; but now, the shopman who can, by persuasion, falsehood, and chicanery, extract the most money out of the customer's purse, regardless of any known rules of fair dealing, he it is who is held in the greatest estimation by the employer. There is a theoretical conviction upon the minds of tradesmen, that they cannot reach the goal of wealth by any direct course, and therefore they seek it by an oblique one; practical illustrations are every day before young men, of the largest fortunes being made by means the most indirect. Goldsmith, in his essays, says, "The lovers of money are generally characterised as men without honour or humanity, who live only to accumulate; and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness." And I may add, the happiness of their fellow men.

*(To be continued.)*

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## AUGUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONGINUS," A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, "THE ANGLO-POLISH HARP," &C.

The scarlet poppies skirt the ripening corn,
Wave to the breeze its masses like the sea;
The tiny rustic sallies, with the dawn,
To keep from pilfering birds the produce free.
The sun's own flower, its oriflamb display'd,
Turns with the day-god's triumph through the spheres;
The lady's bower in jessamine array'd,
The lady there, best, beautiful appears!
The early apple now, and now the pear,
The orchard-trees make tempting to the sight;
The asters dazzle in the gay parterre;
The many-coloured dahlia glows in light.
And now the reapers toil; the sheaves are bound;
The harvest wains drag home; feasting and songs go round.

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1836.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Pericles and Aspasia.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Esq. 2 Vols.

This is a work that must become integral with the literature of England, and, as such, we fervently hope, that in its early youth there will be no attempt to stifle it by well-meant, yet, inordinate caresses on the one hand, or to strangle it in conservative anger and indignation on the other. We know well that it is of that natural vigour, that it will survive both misplaced indulgence and vindictive cruelty; but it is not unlikely to suffer from both. As for ourselves, we will regard it without reference to its political bias, and merely as an almost preternatural resuscitation of some of the great of ancient Greece. Mr. Landor's soul must certainly be Pythagorean, and privileged. He possesses the power of Metempsychosis as regards sex, as well as person; or rather, he ensouls himself within a soul; and at will. We now perceive his mind enrobed in the graver dignity of Pericles—he walks forth a demigod—the whole mass of citizens, whose Athens he has so often saved, and so exquisitely, so nobly embellished, crowd upon his steps, to reverence, almost to adore; he speaks, he harangues—it is no longer the human voice, it is the will of destiny; and now, in the Attic elegance of the beautiful, and we fear too voluptuous Aspasia, he breathes nothing but odours, and dispenses around him flowers, and music, and poesy. And then, the turn of his sentences are so exquisite, the thought so original, and the expression at once so harmonious and so pure. His periods ring out an unstudied melody; as you read, you sigh for some beautiful mouth to utter them, and confess with gratitude that language is Heaven's best gift—at least such language. The yet uninitiated reader will ask, on what is all this eloquence, that you describe so enthusiastically, lavished? On nothing but a very falsely, yet beautifully coloured history of the unsanctified affections, or sanctified by love only, of Pericles and Aspasia. The history is narrated in letters, supposed to be written by the actors. It is in the wonderful spirit of this correspondence that the whole charm is contained. They are pre-eminently Grecian. There is nothing English in them but the mere words. Of a truth, it may be said of these epistles, that they are not written in the vulgar tongue. They are neither versified nor rhymed, yet have they a metre of their own. They want not variety, for they embrace all states of the mind; many of them are witty, delicately witty—not one of them humorous. There is a spirituality about them that disdains so

gross an attribute as mere humour. We feel in them the point of the epigram; but it is a point that titillates, but does not sting. But all our notice must not be panegyric. We think Mr. Landor great and incomparable only in his prose. When we come to his versification, to his rhymes, we seem to be listening to a faint echo of his music, and that a faithless one; and echoes, like every thing else feminine, *can* be faithless. Even some of his verses have surprised us. We cannot think them genuine; but must suppose that they have been interpolated by some officious and too ambitious friend, who wishes to see his nonsense swim down the stream of reputation, buoyed up by matter so beautiful. Many of these we can compare to nothing so well as dried leaves floating on the coronal of flowers that Mr. Landor has cast upon the waters, that will not prove oblivion to him. But the reader is not to suppose that these strictures apply to all the lyrical parts of this intellectual work, or even to the greater part of them; and, to prove that we rejoice much more in finding cause for commendation than of censure, we will, though contrary to the rule of these our short notices to quote, extract the following delicious little epigram. It is put in the mouth of the little Agläe, and addressed to her father, on her statue being called like her.

> Father! the little girl we see
> Is not, I fancy, so like me . . . .
> You never hold her on your knee.
> When she came home the other day
> You kist her, but I cannot say
> She kist you first, and ran away.

We have before said that we will obstinately shut our eyes to the political bias of the work; but we wish to make one animadversion, not because we think the offence that calls it forth a violation of sound political principles, but an error in good taste; we allude to the covert attack upon the monuments in Christian churches, and the implied sarcasm upon the Duke of York's statue. Placing such allusions as these in a work of this high description, allusions that the astute author knows will shock one half of his readers, and perhaps displease two-thirds of them, is a Quixotic display of his private principles, that we humbly think mars his production, and appears more unseemly than a mere stain upon the classic and marble trophy that he has chiselled so elegantly, and erected with a magnificence so bold.

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*Random Recollections of the House of Lords, from the year* 1830 *to* 1836, *including Personal Sketches of the leading Members.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons."

We were not sparing of the approbation that we bestowed upon the vivacious and veracious work from the same author, that preceded the one before us. This, in all good qualities, is fully equal to its predecessor. By his vivid manner of portraying their lordships, he has furnished every reader with a mental picture gallery, in which he has hung them, portraits to the very life. But this is not all—it is not the eye alone that is delighted—we hear them snuffle, and cough, and try to, and sometimes actually, speak. Nor is this all; we observe how this noble lord crosses his noble left leg over his more noble right one, and in what manner the other noble lord, when listening to a debate, beats a tattoo upon the floor of the house with his walking-stick. Now, we really like all these minutiæ, nor would the portraits be complete without them. The author gives us a very graphic delineation of his present majesty, and we feel assured that it is a delineation that will much tend to create loyal feelings in the

bosoms of his subjects towards his august person. There are in these descriptions, many specimens of excellent writing, and much critical disquisition upon the various styles of declamation of the noblemen whom they portray. The entire article upon Lord Brougham is a fine example of this. Upon a review of the whole tenor of the work, we are inclined to say, that the author has done but scant justice to the oratorical powers of their lordships, and this probably arises from his measuring them by some high standard, that exists only in his own over nice imagination. There are as many styles of eloquence as there are of composition, and each has its own perfection; but it is requiring too much, to require contradictory perfections in the style natural to any individual, and we are inclined to think, that could the too fastidious author get this, he would, like Cobbett's farmers, when they prayed for rain, grumble when he got it. The reader will fully comprehend our meaning, when he sees how much the censure predominates over the commendation in almost every article. We have not the pleasure of knowing who is the author of this work, but we suspect that he must, from the richness of his imagination, and the off-hand vivacity of his style, belong to our sister kingdom, that abounds with so much talent, beauty, and misery. There is something that has frequently puzzled us in these sketches—it is, to know when the author really does consider a person old. Thus, speaking of Lord Cottenham, he says, that "His lordship is considerably advanced in life, being in his fifty-fifth year." We are sorry for his lordship, for it is unpleasant to grow old, and still more unpleasant to be told of it; but then, a few pages farther on, we find that the Earl of Ripon "is still in the prime of life, not having exceeded his fifty-fourth year." Of course, we are glad of this, for his lordship's sake, for it is very pleasant to be in the prime of one's life, when we are only one year distant from attaining advanced age; we hope that that one year will last a very long while indeed. We are also informed, that Lord Denman's "language flows from him like a gentle *noiseless* stream." Many a henpecked husband, who has a lady like Socrates' wife, without having that sage's philosophy, would rejoice much were their uxorious harangues administered to them after this fashion. However, this book must and will be read by every one, and we feel assured that there is scarcely a member of either house of parliament who will not immediately possess himself with a copy. Independently of its present great interest, this work will furnish the future historian with some of his most seductive materials. We conclude by saying, that its impartiality is unquestionable, the talent evinced in producing it great, and that, considering the delicate nature of the subject, it is not only nearly correct, but honest, manly, and almost complete.

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*The Future Prospects of the British People.* By the Author of the "State of the Nation."

We are not prone to notice pamphlets, generally, though we invariably read them, but the one before us treats of matters so important to all classes of Englishmen, that we look upon it, in some measure, as a public duty, to call to it, as far as we can, the general attention. If we are to rest our faith upon the assertions of this undoubtedly clever pamphleteer, and exceedingly patient investigator, we are on the brink of a crisis, that must involve in it the ruin of all classes, and bring on the horrors of anarchy, if we do not speedily have recourse to something, not very unlike Cobbett's equitable adjustment scheme. He maintains that the fundholder is favoured at the expense of all other persons in the state, and that, not only the prosperity, but the actual safety of seventeen millions

of persons is sacrificed, in order to protect, and unduly cherish, the interests of about two hundred and seventy-five thousand persons, who receive the annual dividends of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight millions of money. We have fully stated the author's impressions, but we shall refrain, in this place, from stating our own, any farther than saying, that a just, a generous, and a high-spirited nation, whose very existence is sustained by its hitherto unimpeachable public credit, should suffer its privations to be very dreadful indeed, before it sacrificed its principles. If the danger to the state be so very imminent, the author must do his best to make the fundholder think so also; and induce him to sacrifice voluntarily a part, for the preservation of the whole. We know as well as he does, that such an attempt would be visionary, while men, and particularly monied men, are the selfish beings that they are. The fact is, no interest will ever be induced to give up the slightest, the most trivial of its advantages, and if the foretold crisis must come, we must abide it as we may; and the talented author will have the consolation of having foretold it.

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*The History and Antiquities of the Round Church, at Little Maplestead, Essex, formerly belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem; preceded by an Historical Sketch of the Crusades.* By William Waller, F.S.A. Architect.

Every thing necessary to be said upon this relic of antiquity, has been well said by the author. His previous abstract of the wars of the Crusades, from the lucid condensation which it displays, is a fine piece of historical writing, and assists the mind, without encumbering it with too much detail, to classify and retain the various and most important features of those mad and memorable warfares. The part of this work strictly applicable to the church, is of no great length, but is very curious. There are but few churches in England built upon the plan of this ancient edifice. It certainly has not an imposing external appearance, and is not such as would excite in us any wish to see it imitated in other sacred structures. But still it should be carefully preserved as a remnant and a memento of long-past times. Mr. Waller, throughout this work, has not only completed his task creditably, but cleverly; and the reader will find much amusement that he might not expect, in a work so purely topographical, as is this history of "the Round Church, at Little Maplestead."

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*Coins of the Romans relating to Britain, described and illustrated.* By John Yonge Akerman, F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland.

This book ought to gain a great value in the estimation of every Englishman. Without dwelling upon the rich antiquarian lore with which it abounds, it is not a little solacing to our pride to find that Britain was, as a colony, of so much importance to the mistress of the world. Each of these numerous coins that Mr. Akerman has rescued from oblivion, is a larger or lesser light, as well as a corroboration, of history. We wish this little work to be generally diffused throughout the country, for coins are being repeatedly turned up, and this work would most probably immediately designate their age and value, and thus defeat the speculations of the impostor.

***Sketches of Germany and the Germans. With a Glance at Poland, Hungary, and Switzerland, in* 1834, 1835, *and* 1836.** By an ENGLISHMAN resident in Germany. 2 vols.

Here are two volumes of very interesting matter, told with many *agrémens* of style, and imbued with the best spirit. They carry upon them the self-evident marks of impartiality, and show that the author has not only powers of describing accurately, but also of discriminating nicely. The adventures strictly personal to himself are not a little amusing, and the various society in which it was his good fortune to mix, has enabled him to give us many faithful portraits of individual character, and not a few interesting anecdotes. The names only of all the principal places that he visited, would swell out this notice to an undue length. We can hardly mention any work which, if properly read, can convey more useful information than do these sketches. They convey to the reader a clear insight of the internal policy of the different German states; and, what is of still more consequence, delineations of the effect their institutions have upon the order, happiness, and prosperity of the different communities. The English merchants and manufacturers will see some cause of alarm in the commercial projects, and the trading domination that Prussia is extending over all the smaller states around her, thus sapping the sources of our strength silently, on the one hand, whilst Russia is more openly extending her military influence, and aiming at territorial aggrandisement, on the other. The description of the general misery of the Poles is heart-rending, and the desolation that stalks through their once magnificent city of Warsaw, is given in a manner that must rouse in every English bosom, the feelings of a generous indignation against the vindictive oppressor, who is, in fact, also becoming the destroyer. Many good and intelligent persons, who are remote from the scenes of Russian devastation, seem callous to the sufferings of the Poles; nay, some few even stigmatize them as rebels, and attempt to justify the severity of the Autocrat; but all who have ever visited Poland, whatever may have been their previous opinions, hold the same language of the deepest commiseration for the betrayed and the oppressed, and of the utmost abhorrence of the ravager and the depopulator. We heartily recommend this work, not only for the spirit of chaste liberty that breathes through its pages, but for its varied and extensive information, for the beauty of its style, and, above all, for the genuine English feeling that pervades it from first to last.

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***Impressions of America, during the Years* 1833, 1834, *and* 1835.** By TYRONE POWER, Esq. 2 Vols.

We should have given our meed of approbation to these well-written volumes before, had we not been so encumbered by more pressing affairs; but we believe that the public has so well received them, that any recommendation of ours would have been then, and is perhaps now, superfluous. Every one who is acquainted with Mr. Power, must know that he cannot write otherwise than sensibly, and like a gentleman. Urbanity and good sense are necessarily the chief characteristics of these two very agreeable volumes. We have no doubt but that this publication will be another link in the chain of good fellowship that should ever unite John Bull to Brother Jonathan, and no small credit is due to the power that forged it. In dismissing this work to the kind attention of its friends on both sides of the Atlantic, we may be permitted to express a wish of again seeing Mr. Power in boards, as well as on them.

***An Historical and Descriptive Account of China, its Ancient and Modern History, Language, Literature,* &c. &c. &c.** By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E.; JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq.; PETER GORDON, Esq.; Captain THOMAS LYNN; WILLIAM WALLACE, F.R.S.E., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; and GILBERT BURNET, late Professor of Botany in King's College, London. 3 Vols.

In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, in the multitude of authors—what? Surely no work before had so many parents. We have, however, received but the second volume, and we suppose that the third is still undergoing mental gestation in the brains of its multiform authors. This volume is excessively interesting, and treats of the language of this very curious nation, in a manner so well, that we wish that that portion of it had been more extended. The incidents related of their social manners will be found, also, to be very amusing, though the ladies of England will not think highly of the spirit of gallantry of their laws, when they find that the husband can legally divorce his wife for the accomplishment of *talkativeness*. As Chinese affairs have lately demanded much of our attention, we shall refrain from further remarks upon this work, until we see the third and concluding volume, when, in all probability, we shall be induced to enter more fully into its merits.

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***Select Prose Works of Milton. With Introductory Remarks, by*** J. A. ST. JOHN.

The second volume of this classical work has been published, containing "The Eikonoklastes," "Divisions of the Commonwealth," "Delineation of a Commonwealth," "Mode of Establishing a Commonwealth," and a few familiar letters. As nearly the whole of this was written on the spur of the moment, and to meet the exigencies of passing events, they are applicable to the present times in some of their general truths only. Yet they must be always read with pleasure and intense interest, from the vigorous soul that shines through them, and the ardent though somewhat excessive love of liberty with which they burn. The most assiduous study of those works will never increase the spirit of democracy; though we cannot deny that they betray an unamiable hatred to royalty, that must have been engendered by much persecution, or fostered into acerbity by much party spirit. But who will disdain to listen to the mighty Milton, even when he may be in the wrong? This volume is beautifully got up, and does credit to its enterprising publishers.

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***Anecdotes of the Family Circle.*** ANON.

This may be looked upon as a standing literary dish. Cut it no one will, but those who have once come to it, will come again. Some of these anecdotes are familiar to the reading world, and some we believe to be entirely new. For a selection of this nature, we have found but a wonderfully few that are positive failures. Those who pride themselves upon being expert conversationists, should read this work attentively; for if a person could only carry one-third of them in his memory, he may have something to say *apropos* of almost any subject that may chance to be started. Professed diners-out should make it, with their good appetites, their *vade mecum*.

*The Professions, with other Pieces; in Verse.*

From the author of this little work the parson, the doctor, the lawyer, the soldier, and the sailor get some very hard knocks in very easy verse. The poems are a medley of the satirical and the didactic, not without a certain degree of merit, that must ensure much respect, personally, for the writer, but they have no chance of procuring him anything resembling popularity, or, what is of most consequence, pecuniary profit. They would have been much more appropriately published in some periodical of reputation; and, we think, this would have been the only means of attracting that attention to them that they certainly deserve.

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*Geoffrey Rudel, or, the Pilgrim of Love.* By JOHN GRAHAM, Author of "A Vision of Fair Spirits," and other Poems.

This poem, in all the requisites that go to make up excellency, is of a very superior description. The tale that the muse of Mr. Graham has thus beautifully adorned, and, we trust, made popular, is very highly romantic, yet bears upon it the impress of being as authentic as it is surprising. Geoffrey Rudel, the Prince of Blaye, near Bourdeaux, falls in love with a certain Countess of Tripoli merely by the force of his imagination, on hearing the high encomiums that were lavished on her beauty. Tripoli had been recently taken from the Saracens, and was, at this time, erected into a Christian feudatory. Well, Geoffrey takes the cross and embarks, but, just as his voyage is about to terminate, sickness assails him; he is believed to be dead, and, as a corpse, is deposited in the first house that the mariners could attain. However, love had sufficient power to keep his heart in action until the countess, hearing of this devotion, comes to look upon the body of one who had loved so well. He has just life enough to discover and be sensible of her embrace, and to thank God for having thus given him his heart's desire—and dies. A nunnery and a speedy dissolution, is the fate of the countess. All this is narrated, and at some length, in very sweet verse, and we hope will find a deserved patronage from all those who love good poetry.

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*A Compendium of Natural Philosophy; being a Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation.* By JOHN WESLEY, A.M. *Revised, corrected, and adapted to the present state of Science.* By ROBERT MUDIE, Author of "A Guide to the Observations of Nature." 3 Vols.

We have as yet received but the first volume of this work, and find it every way adapted to work out the ends which Mr. Mudie proposes, and in which all good men must concur. The preface, which must on no account be omitted by the reader, will at once not only give the views of the work, but also the very valid reasons that influenced the talented editor to take so many liberties with the book of such a man as was John Wesley. We are, as yet, but infants in reading the manifold and instructive lessons of the Creator, as they are so amply, so beautifully, and so graciously unfolded in all his works. Notwithstanding the acuteness and the extensive reading of Wesley, we have been permitted to decypher

a few not unimportant pages since he lived and wrote; a revision, therefore, of his excellent work was necessary, and thus far it has been excellently done. This first volume treats of man, and of his origin and his soul, and then in its second part proceeds to discuss the laws of animals, so far down—for we must have gradations, though all grades are perfect in themselves—as fishes. It forms the fifty-sixth number of the Family Library, and is not only a great accessory, but also a necessary to this clever series. We have but to mention this work to excite a great desire in all to possess it.

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*The Fellow Commoner.* 3 Vols.

With the first portion of this novel the readers of the "Court Magazine" are already familiar. It now, in the more imposing shape of three goodly-sized volumes, aspires to a wider circulation, and more varied classes of readers. In many respects it deserves it; yet it certainly has to labour with one great disadvantage throughout its progress,—it treats of characters and scenes with which the great mass of readers will shrink from sympathizing. Those classes, if we may call those classes who are the outcasts of society, that would much rejoice in having so clever a chronicler of their misdeeds as is the author of these volumes, will never read them, and none of the more civilized ranks of society will care much to store their memories with cheats, tricks, and successful robberies, always excepting those who have a prurient taste for this sort of Newgate Calendar lore. Works of this description can only become popular among the mere populace, but even to achieve this, the writer, by writing too well, has defeated himself. He should either have modelled his work upon the history of Bamfylde Moore Carew or have left it alone altogether. Having thus expressed our disapprobation of the general character of this publication, a more pleasing task remains,—to eulogize highly the very excellent manner in which it is executed. There is a strong interest attached to the "predestinated rogue" from first to last, and that part of his adventures, wholly unconnected with his thievish and plundering propensities is of a very superior order. We allude especially to the Robinson Crusoe-like portion, which is eloquently narrated, and will make an indelible impression upon the memory. Many parts of this novel abound in humour, though we must confess, that we have never detected the author in rising to that nicety of mental sportiveness that may be denominated wit. We frankly confess that, with all our respect for the varied talents of the author, we do not wish to see this particular work become popular, as we think that, though so well performed, it is conceived in a very faulty taste; and a successful work or two framed after this pattern, would tend to inundate the press with coarse imitations, that, wholly wanting the sterling merits of "The Fellow Commoner," would rival it only in multiplying scenes of human depravity, and in intruding upon the ears, and familiarizing to the minds of our sons and daughters the slang of a vocabulary, with which to be unacquainted we hold to be an honour. We trust that these, our well-meant animadversions, will be taken in good part. We wish to excite in the author's bosom a nobler ambition than to record the misdoings and the escapes of a rogue, although that rogue ultimately reforms, and renounces at one and the same time both his moral and religious delusions, and from being a supralapsarian, becomes an excellent episcopal communicant. There are interspersed through the volumes several sweet pieces of poetry, principally from the almost unread and too little known old English poets, which come in very quaintly as quotations.

***The White Man's Grave; a Visit to Sierra Leone in* 1834.** By F. HARRISON RANKIN. 2 Vols.

The title of this work, "The White Man's Grave," is given half in derision; and the two volumes, while they afford a vivid description of Sierra Leone, and every thing connected with it, may be said to be an apology, if not a panegyric, of an over-traduced country. Few narratives ever displayed more vivacity. Mr. Rankin tells his story in excellent spirits, and even over this grave is as facetious as any sober-minded traveller ought to be. He is a painter who uses only bright colours, or, if a shade or two will obtrude upon his picture, it is either for the sake of harmony or relief, slightly touched in, and soon forgotten amid the blaze of the surrounding brightness. That other portraits have been too gloomily wrought out we can well imagine; but the facts—the stern facts—continually stare us in the face; for if this Sierra Leone be a terrestrial paradise, the white man, according to other authors, is only permitted an average life of three years to enjoy it, and die. The world, however, should be grateful to the author for throwing so many new and important lights on the subject of this colony, which, after all the disasters that it has occasioned to the English, will ever be the noblest monument to our philanthropy that any nation ever erected, or any history recorded. In saying this, we look only at the sublime intention, that of not only relieving the actual race of slaves from their present fetters, but by planting in the very arena of slavery a free society, thus affording a nucleus and example of liberty that humanity will, in due time, entirely spread over the African continent. The facts, we must admit, are disheartening. Under the very eyes of the Governor of Sierra Leone, and at the distance of only five miles from his house, on the Bullom shore, slavery flourishes in all its horrors. Nay, the liberated are nightly kidnapped from Sierra Leone itself. It is a trade that flourishes as much as smuggling on the Kentish and Devonshire coasts. The exports of this black merchandize have not decreased; but the manner of it is now infinitely more cruel than when the traffic was deemed lawful. Every one knows that Great Britain is compelled to permit it south of the line, and the young and liberal France will not permit our cruisers the right of search of any vessel bearing the tricolor flag, whatever may be the presumption that she is a slaver, north or south of the line or anywhere else. There is also a horrible cruelty that we ought ourselves to remedy. When the captured slave vessel arrives, why is not the miserable, the diseased, and the dying cargo landed immediately? Four bare walls, as a lazaretto, would be infinitely preferable to these boxes of living pestilence, the ships' holds, where the wretched beings are forced to remain until the mixed commission decide whether the captured vessel be a lawful prize. There is another thing in this clever work that we cannot understand: either Mr. Rankin has been grossly deceived, or somebody ought to be impeached at home. One of these slavers, a schooner called the Black Joke, being surprised and taken, was fitted out as a cruiser against the other fast-sailing vessels employed in this inhuman traffic. The Black Joke overtook, by her superior sailing, and captured everything. This Atlante of the seas captured herself more slavers in one year than all the other cruisers put together. Well, what does the simple reader think the people in office at home did concerning this vessel?—order half-a-dozen more to be built upon her model? No such thing—but to be *burnt*—for a witch, we suppose. Mr. Rankin says, "The Black Joke was condemned and burnt, and a melancholy sight have I considered it when passing by her long eighteen, that still stands above water in the bay at half tide." This is most unaccountable:—why burn her? Were her materials worth nothing? Are long

eighteens so plentiful? Let us grant it—but why endanger the navigation of the bay by such an artificial shoal? The whole matter is inexplicable to us, but not the following paragraph. "So efficient were her services, that many a negro who had been liberated by her, is said to have wept on beholding the conflagration; and it is notorious that, from the Rio Pongas to the Galba, continual *feasts and rejoicings amongst the slave merchants* bore witness to the feelings with which they regarded the destruction of their scourge." All this we most potently believe. This work demands the public attention.

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*An Introduction to Phrenology, in the form of Question and Answer: with an Appendix and Copious Illustrative Notes.* By ROBERT MACNISH, Author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," and the "Philosophy of Sleep," and Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

In the commencement of every species of knowledge, the human mind gropes, at first, in dark and devious ways, mistaking, in its early path, every corruscation for the light of truth, and when the journey is but begun, resting in the pleasant seat of error, crying out proudly, Eureka! —we have discovered all. In some such state, we conceive, is the most forward of the phrenologists. They will not consent to believe that, as yet, phrenology is not a science, but merely an hypothesis—a clever one, and one based upon truth we will readily admit, but an hypothesis after all. The advocates of this science are, doubtlessly, right in their general principles, but in their applications, in all the ramifications of detail, we fear that they are completely and even palpably wrong. We well know that with mere logic we cannot confute them. The same may be said of them as was so quaintly observed of Bishop Berkley, "It is impossible that he should be right, but it is equally impossible to prove him wrong." Let us take one case for an example: we will produce ten, twenty, or fifty persons who shall have the bump of music awfully developed, who will not be able to comprehend the rhythm of the simplest tune, and be as impervious to music as a millstone. Now this shall no way in the world disconcert our friends, the phrenologists. The quantity of the brain is there, we will admit, but not the quality, is their triumphant reply; but if—(oh, that if!)—but if the quality had been equal to the quantity, *cæteris paribus*, &c. &c., and so of every other function. There is no arguing against this: certainly we will not attempt to do it. We repeat that, with their general principles we have no quarrel; we merely beg to insinuate to them that, by some remote chance, they are still wandering in ignorance, and that they may perhaps be presumptuous in asserting, that this particular patch on the skull is "self-esteem," or that the "love of approbation." They say that they have got an organ, No. 12, that they call cautiousness. By all means let them cultivate its increase, and not build up the elaborate superstructure of their science before they have sufficiently dug away the earth of ignorance in order to receive its fitting foundations. As to the work before us, we confess it is well done, and very lucidly explained are all its doctrines. We must, however, gently reprove that affectation of throwing scorn upon the incredulous, which blemishes, here and there, this talented work. It is only upon unproved and unprovable questions that people get angry. We believe that there is no instance on record of a man being seriously in a passion because he could not convince another that ten times ten make one hundred. We think too well of this infant hypothesis to imagine that it will require persecution to bring it into repute; therefore there is no occasion to tempt it by violence or invective. As we really wish to cheer the

phrenologists on in their researches, heartily and in all friendship do we counsel them to retrace many of their late and, we are sure, too precipitate steps, and not publish *maps* of countries not only unconquered, but still unknown.

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*The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquis of Wellesley, K.G. during his Administration in India.* Edited by Mr. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

We have received this first volume and perused it with delight. They may truly be called national records of which England may be justly proud, and the very best materials for history, if it be not history itself. Not only do these documents throw, almost in every page, new lights upon imperfectly known subjects, but give us fresh facts, with all the multiplicity of their remote causes. They tend to uphold the English character, and do infinite honour to the gallant marquis, whose wise government they so well illustrate. This is the best field in which to study the oriental character—how little it is to be depended upon, how loose is the hold that moral restraints have upon it, is verified in almost every transaction. These papers relate to so far back, as when regenerating France attempted to excite the native powers to rebel against us, and by their unwearied, and, we must aver, skilful machinations, placed the Marquis of Wellesley in a very delicate position, from which nothing but British honour, British wisdom, and British courage could have extricated him. All these plottings and intrigues led ultimately to the overthrow of Tippoo, and the memorable storming and capture of Seringapatam. No invasion was more just or more necessary on our part than this, which we brought to a conclusion so triumphant. The papers reach no farther down than to the close of the year 1799. Much other authentic and valuable information may be expected in the succeeding volumes. As to the labours of the editor, we know not whether they have been light or onerous, but the name of Mr. Martin is a guarantee that what he undertakes will assuredly be well done. We are, therefore, not surprised that in the getting up of this volume there remains nothing to be wished for. It is decorated by a frontispiece, containing a very well engraved bust of the gallant marquis, with a fac-simile of his signature, which seems to have been copied from one written with a remarkably good pen. It is engraved by Finden, after the bust by that strange old genius, Nollekens. There is also a good map of English India, which is very useful in understanding the various military operations referred to in the dispatches, and also a plan of the attack upon Seringapatam. Indeed, the volume is complete, and will not only give satisfaction, but just pride, to the British public.

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*Poetic Illustrations of the Bible History, containing the Conspiracy of Absalom, the Battle at Ephraim's Wood, and the Dispute between the Tribes after the Battle.* By the REV. JOHN HOLT SIMPSON, A.M. of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

We will, much honouring the motives that induced the author to give these verses to the public, refrain from doing more than recommend him to confine the copies that have been printed to a circle as select as he can, and which will respect him sufficiently to take good intentions for deeds, and who may value genuine piety more than the meretricious gaudiness of poetry.

***Seymour of Sudley; or, the Last of the Franciscans.*** By HANNAH D. BURDON. 3 Vols.

The only fault that we can find with this work is, that it is written after Walter Scott. We do not mean in the matter of imitation, but in time. This is an historical novel, and one approaching to, and illustrating a very important and romantic period of English annals—a period after the demise of the bluff Harry, when the ambition of the powerful aristocracy, no longer oppressed by universal tyranny, began to show itself in various plots and factions, that afterwards brought more than one noble head to the scaffold. The fiction interwoven with these stirring events is remarkably well concocted, the characters, both real and imaginary, well conceived, and what is still better, throughout ably sustained, and the *denouement* at once natural and startling. In fact, it is a good work. Nor does it want originality; but it is not that originality which is likely to strike the general reader. The fair authoress must not accuse us of harshness, if we say that she has rivalled her model, much more in elegance, and in delicacy of touch, than in vigour of description, and in sustained dignity of narration. The "Franciscan," who gives the second title to the work, is perhaps the most ably drawn character, and one that the best novelist might glory to own. This is not exaggerated praise, though it is a preference that the writer does not perhaps give to it herself, as she has apparently elaborated the personation of his pupil and his instrument Arandel, with all the skill that she possesses. But we think that there is too much thrown upon his shoulders, and the various positions in which he is placed, like viewing an object in too many lights, discover some imperfections that destroy the *vraisemblance* in a slight degree. He is certainly too variously accomplished for a man of his mind, constant action, and inflammable temperament; and his deeds do not always appear to result from sufficient motives, either of accident, interest, or character. All the *dramatis personæ* that appear casually, and occupy but brief spaces in the work, are finely touched in. In finishing highly, only does the lady depart from the natural. We desire, however, that our readers should consider these strictures as hypercriticism. Such is the interest that the progress of the tale excites, that few will care to pause to find blemishes. We safely recommend this work, and hope soon to see something similar from the same skilful and nicely discriminating writer.

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***A Tour round Ireland, through the Sea Coast Counties, in the Autumn of*** 1835. By JOHN BARROW, Author of "Excursions in the North of Europe," and a "Visit to Iceland."

We always read every thing connected with Ireland, that is not argument, with the greatest avidity; but we must say, as yet, with little satisfaction. Let it not be understood that we are dissatisfied with the manner of this very clever author's report; but, we are sorrowfully so, with the most important part of the matter reported, the moral and physical state of the mass of the population. In this, writers of all shades of political opinions, and of every variety of faith, agree with a most melancholy exactitude. It is a truth that none now will dispute, that thousands upon thousands of "the finest pisintry in the world," are fast sinking into worse than heathen, into papistical barbarism. We should have been much amused with the light, lively, and gentlemanly style of this tour, had we not been so repeatedly shocked into seriousness by the descriptions of human destitution that are revolting to humanity. Mr.

Barrow, in his excursion, has seen much, and observed with considerable acumen; consequently, we are certain, from the complexion of his mind, that he must have reflected deeply on all that has been offered to his inspection. Has there been offered to his ruminations no remedy—we mean, a present, an active, though a temporary one—to alleviate the misery of the lower grades of the Irish population? He attributes many of the evils to the too-absent landlord and the ever-present priest; but, alas! we can neither recall the one nor expel the other, but if both were done immediately, we much fear that the Irish peasant would starve on, and not only starve, but go on increasing their unfortunate race that have starvation only for their inheritance. But, as the author has not entered deeply into the mysteries of political economy, neither shall we. Those who peruse this work will stock themselves with a great variety of information elegantly narrated, and not a little enhanced by numerous plates, some of which hit off the character of the mere Irish in their demeanor and physiognomy exactly. How little do the generality of Englishmen know of the actual state of a kingdom incorporated with their own! As yet, Ireland has excited our attention only by her groans when in distress, by her agitation, and too often by something worse. Really, we are inclined to look upon her as a wayward child, upon whom a little chastisement would be real love, and who ought, through the vile instruments that unsettle her, to be coerced into her own happiness. We have a right, whilst we grant the most unlimited toleration, to expect, and to exact, the utmost secular obedience. That this is not given in the priest-ridden districts of Ireland is notorious. Sophistry may make, and faction may proclaim, that there is a distinction in guilt, between passive and active resistance, or rather, that the one is, and the other is not, criminal; but if it be just to oppose the laws, we think that that manner of doing it most effectually is the best—and, in our simplicity, we should call it rebellion. What the Irish are now doing, and what they have the means farther to do, will be well understood by a careful perusal of this excellent work; nor must, on any account, the valuable appendix be omitted, or cursorily passed over.

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*England in* 1835*: being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany during a Residence in London, and Excursions into the Provinces.* By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, Author of "The History of the Hohenstauffen," &c. &c.

When this learned professor and intelligent historian came to England on a voyage of intellectual discovery, and found with genuine hospitality the doors of the great, of the respectable, and of the humble, alike thrown open to him, it was very natural that he should write a book, and it is natural also that this book will be read by every one with whom he has come in contact—a very numerous set of readers, we know—but hardly anybody else. He should have written a book, and the highly-gifted Sarah Austen should have translated it, but it ought not to have been this book in three volumes before us, because it is a complete specimen of book-making, but a sensible little book in one volume. This work is swelled out with long tirades of badly or goodly-argued politics, we hardly know or care which, for the interest of these arguments has long passed away with the events that called them forth. The Von Raumer is of the *juste milieu* class; loving Toryism, yet passionately fond of a little coquetry with its antagonist, and very much given to write prettily-poised sentences, that have, however, a gentle vibration, now to this side, now to that. We would just as soon sit down to read, alternately, an article

from the Times and the Morning Chronicle of last year, as to peruse three parts of this eked-out work. But this is not all, page after page is filled up with the transcribed play-bills of the day. We have now performed the most ungrateful part of our task. We thank the author heartily for one-third part of his work. His naive and judicious remarks upon character, events, and scenes, have delighted us. He is always actuated by the best feelings of philanthropy in every thing that he says, and he has much skill in saying these things well. We think that he has formed a just estimate of our national character, and that he really admires us more than he dares avow. All this is very flattering to us mere English. That he is a man of generous and high susceptibilities, is evinced throughout his work; and, setting aside his passion for book-making on a large scale, though we have never had the pleasure of personally meeting with him, we feel assured that he must be a person whom every good and just man would be proud to hail as a friend. Notwithstanding the faults of this work, faults that, we are bound to admit, must hardly seem such to his own countrymen, we know that it will tend to draw us more closely in international love with the various classes of Germany, and thus make the chances of any future enmity more distant, and the possibility of exciting us to war with each other, more remote. This, of itself, is a great good; and, to ends such as these, the energies and the writings of men of genius should always be directed. In taking leave of this work, we heartily recommend that it should be abridged, and published in a more popular form. Were this done, and it could be done so easily, we know of no book that would read more delightfully, or that would have a better chance of becoming popular; for, in this case, a great book is a great evil.

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*A History of British Fishes.* By William Yarrel, F.L.S. *Illustrated by upwards of Four Hundred Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.*

This publication proceeds well. It has already reached the fourteenth number, which just finishes the account of the British flat fish, a very numerous generation indeed; and also gives us just a glimpse of another species, the Cyclopleridæ, or the sucking tribes. This work is exceedingly amusing, as well as scientific, and will prove a most useful addendum to English literature.

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*The Punishment of Death, a Selection of Articles from the Morning Herald, with Notes.* Vol. I.

Who that has one particle of genuine philanthropy in his bosom, will not join heart and hand in the amiable cause that the publication of this work so ably advocates? Till we looked through this book, we had no idea that the Morning Herald had written so largely and so well on this subject. The balance between life and property is fearfully violated in this country, life being almost as nothing in the eye of the legislator, property every thing. No one ever yet pretended to assert that men were hung because they committed such or such an offence—it would be revenge—it would be an inscribing in the everlasting book that will be unfolded on the judgment day, two crimes instead of one, and one of them a

murder, if not both; but men are hung in order to deter others from crime. This is the strongest position that the judicial homicides can take, but is completely overturned by the simple remark, that these displays of death *do not* deter from crime If, then, such be the case, let us, as Christians, as men, find out some substitute—and we believe there are many, and very efficacious ones too. We have here no space to enter fully into this subject, which has been so acutely considered in all its bearings by the papers published in the volumes before us. We render the best service to the holy cause by recommending them to the earnest attention of the public at large—if the majority of the nation will only will that men shall no longer be hung, no government, however conservative, however democratical, will henceforward dare to hang them.

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*The Church Review, and Scottish Ecclesiastical Magazine.*

We make known to our readers the appearance of the first number of this Magazine, commenced on the first of last April. We assure them that it advocates sound conservative principles, and the first number is very ably got up. As those causes that have called it into existence, and made it accessary to the well-being of Scotland, are not ephemeral, we hope, also, the antidote will be equally stable. We throw this periodical upon the proverbial good sense of the Sottish community.

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*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members.* Edited by "Boz," *with Four Illustrations by* SEYMOUR.

The hilarity with which we were about to hail the appearance of this very comic work, is dreadfully overcast by the memory of the miserable death of poor Seymour. He died through melancholy and lowness of spirits—strange anomaly of the human mind. He, the creator of so much fun, with his excellent tact for making the absurd mirthful, to do thus! Who shall replace him? However, our regrets must not prevent us doing justice to the genuine humour of this the first number of these posthumous papers. "Boz" is a rising writer; in his prosperous navigation he has but one shoal to beware of—extravagance. Yet even extravagance may be pardoned in him, when he makes it so laugh-provoking. When we receive the next number, we will give a more detailed account of this paragon of clubs.

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*The Library of Fiction; or, Family Story Teller, consisting of Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character, Original and Selected.*

This periodical commences extremely well, with an original tale by that droll fellow, "Boz," which he is pleased to call the "Tuggs at Ramsgate." The whole collection is good, and very cheap, and we feel assured, if the succeeding numbers emulate this the first, the undertaking cannot fail to command success.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The First Book of the History of the Germans: Barbaric Period. By Thomas Greenwood, Esq. M.A. 4to. 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
The Althorp Picture Gallery, and other Poetical Sketches. By a Lady. 12mo. 5*s*.
Heath's Gallery of British Engravings. Vol. I. containing 55 plates. Royal 8vo. 21*s*.; columbier 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Lectures on Subjects connected with Clinical Medicine. By P. M. Latham, M.D. 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Sir J. E. Smith's Compendium of the English Flora. Second Edition, with Additions and Corrections. By Dr. Hooker. 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Elements of Medical Jurisprudence. By A. S. Taylor, F.L.S. Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s*.
An Introduction to Phrenology, in Question and Answer. By Robert Macnish. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Pratt's Law relating to Highways. 12mo. 6*s*.
The Captivity, an Oratorio. By Oliver Goldsmith. 12mo. 1*s*.
The Poetical Remains of Tristan, in French, Anglo-Norman, and Greek. Edited by F. Michol, 2 vols. 12mo. 30*s*.
George Herbert's Remains. Fcp. 8vo. 5*s*.
The Pulpit, Vol. XXVII. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Letter Writer. By Charlotte Elizabeth. 32mo. 1*s*.
The Mother's Practical Guide in the Training of her Children. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. 12mo. 3*s*.
Sequel to Heinrich Stilling; his Old Age, &c.; translated by S. Jackson. 12mo. 5*s*.
Plain and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. T. Biddulph, A.M. Second Series, 12mo. 3*s*.
Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches. Second Edition. 2 Vols. fcp. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa. By Captain A. F. Gardiner, R.N. 20*s*.
Sketches of Germany and the Germans, with a Glance at Poland, &c. 2 Vols. post 8vo. 24*s*.
Exercises for Greek Iambic Verse. By the Rev. B. W. Beatson. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
The Evangelical Rambler, new edition, complete in 2 Vols. fcp. 8vo. 12*s*.
A Grammar of the French Language. By M. Hallard, new Edition, 12mo. 4*s*.
Rev. W. D. Conybeare's Theological Lectures at Bristol. Second Edition. 12mo. 8*s*.
Gathercole's Letters to a Dissenting Minister. 18mo. new edition, 4*s*. 6*d*.
Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures. Second edit. post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Davis's Chinese. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.
Howel's Fifty-two Sermons. From Notes, by H. H. White. 8vo. 12*s*.
Page's Ireland and its Evils. 8vo. 4*s*.
The Althorp Picture Gallery. Foolscap 8vo. 5*s*.
Claims of the Landed Interests to Legislative Protection Considered. By William Blacker. 8vo. 7*s*.
Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Vol. XIX. (being an Historical and Descriptive Account of China, Vol. II.) 5*s*.
Roberts's Catechism of Elocution. 18mo. 9*d*.
Douville's Speaking French Grammar. New edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Key to ditto. New edit. 3*s*. 6*d*.

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The Memoirs of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, written by himself, which have excited so much expectation, are at length about to be committed to the press. When the part which the Prince is known to have taken in the affairs of France during his Brother's ascendency is considered, it may be safely asserted, that a more important production has not issued from the press of late years. The circumstance of the Prince residing in London will be very advantageous to the

correction of the work, which is to appear in French and in English, the latter translated under the inspection of, and corrected by, the Prince.

Mr. Bulwer's new work on the Athenian History is in considerable forwardness. The skill with which this admirable writer transports himself into distant times, will, doubtless, render this a most attractive and delightful production.

The author of "The Old Man's Tales," who is, it seems, still determined to remain unknown, has nearly completed a second series of that admired work, entitled "Tales of the Woods and Fields."

Mr. Edward Landor has just committed to the press his new work, "Adventures in the North of Europe," with illustrations.

Miss Stickney has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled "The Iron Rule; a Domestic Story."

The Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with Illustrations of her Literary Character, from her Correspondence, by Mr. Chorley, will, we understand, be particularly rich in communications from the large circle of her private friends. The work will also be embellished with some beautiful engravings from original sources.

Antiquitates Britannicæ. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries ars resolved to publish as complete a collection as possible of the materials for the early history of Great Britain and Ireland, which are contained in Icelandic, or old northern parchment MSS. and other ancient northern historical records. To give the edition a higher value to subscribers, it has been determined that it shall be limited to 360 copies, and the subscription is already numerous. To make this undertaking known in England, a prospectus has been printed and sent to the principal literary institutions in London.

Champollion's "Monumens de l'Egypte et de la Nubie," the first two livraisons of which are published, will extend to 4 vols. folio, with 400 plates, some of which will be coloured. The price will be about 500 francs.

M. Monin, professor of history at the College of Lyons, has found among the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, the Chronicles of Jean Lebel; a manuscript which has long been supposed to be lost, and intends to publish a pamphlet on the subject of this discovery.

It is well known that Chateaubriand is at present engaged in a translation of "Milton's Paradise Lost."

Brockhaus of Leipsic has commenced with 1836, a weekly publication with the title of "Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland," which will furnish as complete a view as can be given of the books published in Germany, with notices of such as are in preparation, and miscellaneous intelligence, literary and bibliographic.

The Principles of Perspective, and their application to Drawing from Nature, familiarly explained and illustrated. By William Rider.

Recollections of an Artillery Officer, including scenes in Ireland, America, Flanders, and France. By Mr. Benson Hill.

Select Sermons by the elder Divines; being choice Specimens of Sermon Literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth Centuries.

A Voyage to St. Petersburgh. By Francis Coghlan.

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## NEW MUSIC.

***The Naval Waltzes, for the Piano Forte.*** **Composed by E. L. G. Leoni Lee.**

The waltz, as every one knows, is a native of Germany, and were it not that that part of Europe possesses scarcely any maritime states, we should suppose that the initials E. L. G. concealed the name of some learned German musician, so original are the melodies, so rich the modulations, and so profound the harmonies of the present waltzes. But as they are termed "Naval" waltzes, and as they are dedicated to the officers of his Majesty's (we take it for granted his Britannic Majesty's) service, we are bound to conclude that the composer is one of ourselves, and we should further determine from internal evidence, no less than from certain rumours, that we are indebted for these charming productions to the pen of a lady. Over and above the skilful construction of the airs, a character of delicacy, grace, and luxury runs through them which belongs essentially to the sex, and which is

perfectly evidenced in this work, though the authorship has been ascribed to a musical aspirant only just entered in her teens. The public in general, and the naval profession in particular, will assuredly not admire these seductive waltzes the less because they are said to be the production of the young daughter of a post captain of considerable celebrity as an officer and an author.

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## FINE ARTS.

*The Spanish Contrabandista.* Painted by J. F. Lewis, and engraved by Charles Turner.

This is a very large and a very superior mezzotint, full of good feeling, and rich in character. The plate presents us with four human figures and two mules, all of which are true to the very life. The Spanish smuggler is anything but like the vulgar, heavily attired, English breaker of the law. The Spaniard, in all the splendid accessories of his dress, in his martial bearing, and in his self-estimation, is quite a hero, and a very romantic one in the bargain. Here we see him stand with his costly cloak over his shoulder, and the eternal cigar in his mouth, in all the negligent dignity of the great man; certainly exposing his smuggled wares to view, but with that air of careless disdain, that betrays at once his consciousness of superiority over the two ecclesiastics, who have come apparently to purchase. One of these is of some monastic order, the other a parochial padre, and they are both fac-simile specimens of the two classes. There is seated near a well a Spanish manola, who is attentively admiring a trinket that she is too poor to buy, and which she must evidently resign if the superb contrabandista have not more gallantry than she, poor girl, has money. The whole action is beautifully told, and, as a work of art, the engraving is fairly intitled to the term of splendid.

*Wanderings through North Wales, by* Thomas Roscoe, Esq., Author of "The Landscape Annual." *Embellished with highly-finished Engravings by* William Radclyff, *from Drawings made expressly for this work, by* Cox, Cattermole, *and* Cresswell.

We have received the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth numbers of this work together, it therefore cannot be expected that we should give a description of every plate that they contain. It will be sufficient to state that they improve upon us, and that scenery that may almost compete with that of Switzerland will be found in rich abundance throughout this cheap and elegant periodical. Nor is the letter-press inferior to the efforts of the artists. It is elegantly written and replete with historical reminiscences and amusing anecdotes. This publication should pass unnoticed by none who have pretensions to taste, and when completed, will bind up in a volume that will be decidedly beautiful.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings by* Stanfield, Turner, Callcott, R.A. *and other eminent Artists. Made from Original Sketches taken on the Spot, with Descriptions of the Plates,* by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D., &c.

We find that this twenty-fourth number completes the first volume, and that there is a second about to appear, with a superb frontispiece, containing a view of the interior of the "Convent of the Nativity," in Bethlehem. The other views in this number are those of the "Valley of Jehoshaphat," between Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives; the summit of Mount Tabor and Egypt, with a near view of the Pyramids of Ghizeth. All these are exquisite specimens of the fine arts, doing equal honour to all those who have produced them, and being certainly, in every point, the very best illustrations of the Holy Scriptures that have been yet made public.

***Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.***

The exhibition of this year is cheering to every one who takes an interest in the success of British art. Without reference to this or that particular picture, we perceive with great satisfaction, that the general merits of the whole display are rapidly on the increase. Linton has some truly fine pictures; all of them have that quiet touch of sublimity about them, that is so peculiar to him, and sometimes touches the verge of mannerism. His picture of ancient Jerusalem, during the approach of the miraculous darkness that attended the crucifixion, will be looked at with pleasure, and left with regret. His view, also, of the Villa Barberini, cannot fail of exciting a gratified attention. While we admire the grasp of Mr. Haydon's mind, the grandeur of his conceptions, and the vigour of his character, we have not yet been able to bring ourselves to like his pictures. They are to us the olives, that we are as yet unable to relish, good, extremely good, no doubt; but either our taste is too simple, or too much vitiated; but undoubtedly, the day of our enlightenment will come; till then, we will refrain from condemning, because we cannot appreciate. Of one of his pictures we can speak with unqualified approbation—his John Bull at breakfast. We recommend all visitors to search it out—it is not very prominent—and when they discover it, they will confess it to be a treat. Hoffland has several pictures here, all excellent, and eminently natural and English. Mrs. Carpenter has but one beautiful picture: we wish we had more from her enchanting pencil. If we do not, at present, particularize other paintings or other artists, it is not that we are not perfectly aware of their merits, but merely from want of space. We implore every one to make it a standing rule to visit this exhibition once: it is a call upon their patriotism. The Royal Academy is fostered with the public money. We do not complain of this—it is just—but the self-enrolled artists of Suffolk Street have nothing to depend on but their own exertions, and the public patronage. They stand upon no other basis than their own merits. Let us show that we respect their abilities, and honour their independence of spirit.

***Illustrations of the New Testament, from Original Paintings, made expressly by* R. Westall, Esq. R. A. *and* John Martin, Esq.; *with Descriptions by the* Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D.**

We have received the fifth number of this very cheap publication, and we find that the wood-cuts improve upon us, for which, indeed, there was ample verge and room. Of the explanatory letter-press, we always thought highly.

***Switzerland, by* William Beattie, M.D., Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. *Illustrated in a series of Views, taken expressly for this Work, by* W. H. Bartlett, Esq.**

The first view in this, the twenty-second number, is that of the celebrated baths, Pfeffers, and is inscribed, and that very worthily, to Dr. James Johnson, physician to the king. It is a wild and dreary view, very well drawn and engraved. The next plate represents a night view of the Hospice of Grand St. Bernard, and will be found to possess a very powerful interest. The last two views are of a somewhat awe-inspiring description; but the third is of a totally different nature, being beautiful with life and light, and the busy haunts of men; and yet it is a representation of the sterile mountain, Mont Blanc, but it has the romantic town of Chamouni in the middle distance, and some amiable (we are sure) Swiss girls in the foreground. The fourth and last plate, is a Bridge across the Rhine, near Suvers, that we would rather look at than pass over. It is really a terror-exciting scene. Of the written part, by Dr. Beattie, others may perhaps speak, but none can think, more highly than ourselves. It is not only pure and elegant, but possesses just so much ornament of style as to make its strong sense seductive, without encumbering or concealing it by a profusion of flowers, that, with inferior writers, is too often an apology for the want of substantial fruit.

# THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.—One of the great changes that has taken place of late years at this theatre, and under the management of M. Laporte, is, that the opera is no longer what it formerly was, a mere place of fashionable resort for the elevated ranks of society, for the dilettanti and the profession, and for foreign residents: it is, in fact, becoming one of the necessary entertainments of the public. The Italian Opera contributes so largely not only to the music and singers at our great concerts and oratorios, but also to the formation of our musical taste, that the King's Theatre may now be considered the centre from which the light of music is projected, and around which the *stellæ minores* move. If the public taste be not improved, it will be no fault of M. Laporte, to whom we are indebted for Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini, all matchless in their art. *La Gazza Ladra* was first brought out in 1821, and we are now listening to it with more delight than ever. Could we have wished for any alteration in the score of this *chef d'œuvre* of Rossini, it would have been to have had a few more airs introduced; as it is, the opera is chiefly made up of concerted pieces. Grisi's singing and performance of *Ninetta*, were more charming than ever: the burst of delight with which she anticipates meeting her father and lover, conveyed the expression of the most perfect happiness, a happiness almost too flattering for mortals to think of. The whole of her emotions from rapturous expectation, through misery—the very deepest misery—to happiness made more intense by the contrast, are impossible to be surpassed on the stage. The three great artists, to whom the parts of *Grannetto*, *Fernando*, and the *Podesta*, were assigned, were amply worthy of such a *Ninetta*. To point out the beauties of this performance is almost impossible; no description can be adequate to the effect produced on the audience; it must not be read of, but heard. The most effective and expressive piece of music in the opera, to our taste, is the trio which ensues when *Fernando* rushes forth to protect *Ninetta* from the *Podesta*. It is impossible M. Laporte can receive any support not merited by his exertions. Bellini's opera of *Norma* has also been produced, Grisi and Lablache sustaining principal parts.

The ballet department has been recruited by Perrot and Carlotti Grisi. This is the first season for the latter in London; she is likely to become a great favourite; she is young, beautiful, and graceful, and when we say inferior only to Taglioni, we give an irresistible inducement to see her. Perrot remains, what he has long been, the first male dancer in the world.

DRURY LANE.—When a moderate measure, in favour of the Roman Catholics, was introduced to Parliament by his party in 1807, Sheridan wittily remarked that "he had frequently heard of men breaking their heads against a wall, but never before knew of any one building a wall expressly for the purpose." The manager of Drury Lane has once more realized this absurdity. Mr. Bunn commenced the present season by monopolizing, so far as he was able, all the theatrical talent of the country, pompously designated his house as "The National Theatre," *par excellence*, and loudly proclaimed his intention of placing the then falling star of the legitimate drama in the ascendant. Has he been able to retain those whom he engaged? Has he merited that title which he himself gave his house? Has he done anything worthy of the cause of the English drama? The present position of affairs at Drury Lane sufficiently answers these questions. For the sake of dismissing all the good actors he can dismiss, Mr. Bunn ends the season, although the business of the theatre proceeds as usual; and as a substitute for good plays, offers to the public the indifferent music of *The Corsair*, and the gaudy show and absurd pageantry of *Chevy Chace*. Subjects like these are beneath criticism; we shall, therefore, notice that only which we have seen worthy of observation.

*Romeo* and *Juliet* has been produced, for the purpose of introducing a daughter of Mr. Vandenhoff to a London audience. Miss Vandenhoff, in person, is all that could be desired as a representative of Juliet. She is young and beautiful: her complexion fair, and figure almost faultless: her voice, although deficient in the lower tones, is sweet and melodious. Some may think that her deportment wants grace because it is girlish: the unaffected simplicity of her motions was, to us, refreshing and delicious, and affords a strong contrast to the prudery and affectation of some of her female contemporaries. Her excessive agitation and timidity, however,

scarcely render her answerable to the rules of fair criticism. We think Miss Vandenhoff was ill advised in making her *début* in Juliet: the character is too prominent and important for one unaccustomed, as she is, to the stage; and success in it is, perhaps, the highest effort of female histrionic genius. Virginia is an effective and much less harassing part, and, in our opinion, had she commenced with it, her success would have been much more complete. In the early scenes of the play she appeared to be completely unconscious of what she was doing; but in the balcony scene she called up her faculties, and went through with considerable effect. Juliet's apology for her maiden boldness,

"The mask of night is on my face,"

was well and correctly spoken, and convinced us that her fair representative fully appreciated the poet's conception of the refinement and delicacy of female character. That exquisite effusion of virgin innocence, the soliloquy after her marriage, Miss Vandenhoff delivered with considerable feeling, and conscious of the purity of her character, with greater boldness. We were sorry to perceive that she had studied it from the *family* Shakspeare. The dying scene was a failure, and marred the performance sadly. We forbear further remark, trusting to have many opportunities of witnessing what we are convinced Miss Vandenhoff can give,—a perfect performance of the character. Mr. Cooper walked through the part of Romeo: a few years ago we recollect this gentleman played Friar Lawrence respectably, and to that character he should have adhered. In Romeo, as given by him, there was nothing of the rapturous intoxication arising from boundless love being deeply reciprocated by its object, and very little of that bitterness of spirit proceeding from the depths of despair. It is beyond any effort of the imagination to conceive Juliet exclaiming to such a Romeo,

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep."

Mr. Vandenhoff performed the high-minded, witty, and mercurial Mercutio; and although we did not anticipate success for him, we were not prepared for anything so bad. His style is the very antipodes of what is requisite for this character. We could as easily conceive John Kemble playing it as Vandenhoff. His description of Queen Mab was actually painful to listen to; his imitation of Tybalt's fencing extremely awkward; besides, he has no right to omit the quotation from the old ballad introduced by Mercutio when bidding adieu to the Nurse, and which gives so much piquancy to his quiz at the old dame. Mr. C. Kemble is the best Mercutio now on the stage, and yet the poet has not found a faithful representative for his character even in him; he charms by suavity of demeanor, and light, graceful pleasantry, when he should excite by the high-minded hilarity, the intense love of humour and fun, and the uproarious joyousness which form such predominant traits in this, perhaps, most spirited production of Shakespeare's comic muse.

Covent Garden.—We rejoice at the success of the experiment made at this theatre by Mr. Osbaldiston. The house is nightly crowded to the ceiling, and during the last month the performances have been unexceptionable. Some of the best acting plays in our language have been revived, and although not sustained as they were wont to be, we must recollect this is not altogether the manager's fault. Circumstances prevented him from engaging many performers whom he ought to have had, and forced upon him too many, the sphere of whose exertions ought never to have been removed from the other side of the water. If, however, Mr. Osbaldiston wishes to merit that encouragement which he has hitherto received, he is bound to the public to lose no opportunity of increasing the efficiency of his company, and to preserve his house for theatrical purposes exclusively.

An ingenious and able critic once said he could furnish an excellent dramatic criticism every month was he not put out by the players. Without having the vanity to make a self-appropriation of the word "excellent" in this paradox, we confess we are in a somewhat similar situation with respect to this theatre; the difficulty being, from our brief allotted space, and the great variety of the performances, to prevent criticism degenerating into catalogue. *Venice Preserved* has been one of the principal attractions here since our last, not, however, as cast in the early part of the season, when Mr. C. Kemble played Jaffier, and Mr. Wallack, Pierre, but with the substitution of Mr. G. Bennett for the former, and Mr. Dale, a new candidate

for metropolitan histrionic honours, for the latter. Voltaire tells us, that Lord Bolingbroke used to remark to him, that we had not one good tragedy in our language, but that to recompense this we had wonderful scenes in our monstrous plays.

To inquire into the origin of this opinion would be here unprofitable, and to discuss the truth of the proposition here misplaced. The remark is, in our opinion, not inapplicable to this tragedy of Otway. *Venice Preserved* is not a great tragedy, but contains wonderful scenes. The very conjugal love of Belvidera and Jaffier is tinged with the same grossness which predominates in the character of Renault, Pierre, and the Senator, and the intellectual dignity of female affection is degraded into womanish fears and vulgar pleasures. Mrs. Radcliffe's description of Otway's picture well illustrates his tragedy, when she says "he seems as if dissolute habits had overcome all his fine feelings, and left him little of mind except a sense of sorrow." The treason of the conspirators fails in that dignity which is requisite to excite sympathy; and the character of Jaffier, in that consistency of truth which claims compassion for misfortunes. The heroism of Pierre is vulgar swaggering, and his contempt for the villainy of mankind cannot find utterance unaccompanied by impurity. The attachment of Belvidera to Jaffier proceeds more from a fear of what may be his situation when left alone, than from the intensity of woman's love. Otway has connected the ideas of selfishness or of animal enjoyment with all his characters, and made pathos proceed from an apprehensiveness of evil. The skill displayed in the structure of the plot, the incessant action of the chief characters, and the beauty of the poetry of the principal scenes, are sufficient to rivet attention to the progress of the play, and to account for its continued popularity. The arduous task of personating Belvidera was assigned to Miss Helen Faucet. She is a clever girl, and is calculated to become a good, although not a great actress. Any want of originality she endeavours to atone for by the study of the best models; unable to astonish by any burst of genius, she often charms by her unaffected simplicity and freedom from mannerism: a slight inclination to rant in stormy scenes may be almost forgiven by the tenderness of some more quiet passages. Her face, which is serious and mournful, is well adapted for tragic parts; her person is graceful—in deportment we could spare a little of the stalk of the tragedy queen, or rather, the swelling of the artificial school. Her voice, although not capable of uttering dulcet strains, is not unpleasant, and possesses considerable power. Her range of parts, we should say, lies between the Imogens and the Juliets, and the Volumnias and Lady Macbeths; she wants freshness and beauty to adorn the former, and severity and dignity to represent the latter. She is consequently admirably suited for Belvidera. In tones of exquisite tenderness, in gently heaving sighs, and in relieving tears, Miss Faucet was exceedingly touching. The horror she displays on learning that the conspirators would not even spare her father, was powerfully conceived, and well portrayed; the mental superiority which she displays over Jaffier throughout the whole scene in which she induces him to discover the plot, was a fine piece of acting, and bating the physical violence, her appeal to Jaffier, "Don't, pr'ythee, don't, in poverty forsake me," was one of the most thrilling exclamations we ever heard issue from a female mouth. She was also eminently successful in the interview with her father, Priuli. We are inclined to think her mad scene a failure; it is deficient of reality—her madness was too ideal. Miss Faucet was indifferently supported. The Jaffier of Mr. G. Bennett was an offensive piece of acting. The temptations which this part offers for violent transitions, were irresistible to this gentleman: he reminded us of an account which Gray, in a letter to Dr. Warton, gives of a university orator at a Cambridge installation, "Our friend's zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvius in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor (since I am at my mountains) Pelion, with all his pine trees in a storm of wind, more impetuous than his action, and yet the senate house still stands." The applause which attended Mr. Bennett's terrific efforts, would almost induce us to extend the comparison from the actor to the audience, and again join the poet when he adds, "I dare swear, not three people here but think him a model of oratory." Mr. Dale was a loud, dashing, ranting Pierre, and boldly contested with Mr. Bennett for the honour of bawling loudest; his early scenes were destitute of intermingled humour, and, as the play advanced, we observed little to praise.

*The Stranger* has also been produced, Miss Faucet playing Mrs. Haller, and Mr. Dale the Stranger. The performance of the latter in this character was more subdued and chaste, and discovered some touches of fine feeling in those passages where the author has condescended to adopt the language of nature. Miss Faucet

was an inadequate representation of Mrs. Haller, and for her own sake we rejoice at this. Why does not Cumberland's *Wheel of Fortune* entirely supersede this piece of absurd and mawkish sentimentality, in which, as it has been well remarked, they do things by contraries, and transpose nature to inspire sentiments, and create philosophy. A new piece, entitled *Don Juan of Austria*, an adaptation from the French of Delavigne, has also been produced here successfully—owing rather to the excellence of the performance, than the merits of the play. It is one of those nondescript dramas, without moral or object, affording no scope for powerful, and little opportunity for bad, acting, which have done so much damage to the English stage of late years. We cannot account for the success of the original at the Théatre Français, unless the taste of our neighbours be more deteriorated than our own. The tribute paid to the *gods* by the translator, in introducing the part of Peblo, materially aided its success.

The Easter piece, *Zazezizozu*, is excellent after its kind, and is exceedingly attractive.

The English Opera House.—Mr. Arnold's old company have formed a republic, and conduct this theatre for their own benefit, and truly, democratic government here appears likely to turn out more successful than the old monarchical institution. Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. F. Mathews, Miss P. Horton, with Wrench, Serle, Williams, and Oxberry, nightly draw fashionable and crowded audiences, and most deservedly. We have rarely witnessed any thing more natural, unaffected, and simple than the performance of Mrs. Keeley in *Lucille*—she is pathetic without effort, and highly-wrought without being overstrained. The acting of Mr. Serle forms a strong contrast with the nature of Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Williams, to whom sufficient justice has not yet been done, was eminently successful in the part assigned to him. We enjoyed a hearty laugh at our old friends, Wrench and Oxberry, in *A Day Well Spent*, as London shopboys—their humour, in spite of the puns, is quite irresistible. Mrs. F. Mathews also sustained the part of a disagreeable old maid, anxious to be married, admirably. We regret that the author, Mr. Oxenford, should limit the exercise of his powers merely to quizzing metropolitan manners; why does he not satirize the evils and absurdities incident to general society: his humour is too mercurial; when once it escapes, he has but little command over it. We trust Mrs. Nisbett's engagement is not limited to male characters—we wish she would learn how much better she acts and looks in female attire.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

It would seem, whether we look at our foreign commerce, or at the internal trade of this vast empire, that we have come to a pause, that we have arrived, as it were, at the apex of our prosperity, and that, miserable reflection, if we do not succeed in keeping ourselves stationary, elevation is out of the question, and any alteration at all, must be that of descent. In this sort of lull, there is room for very little remark. We are of opinion, that a severe blow is preparing for our manufacturing interests, in the simultaneous and almost universal attempts of the continental powers to become themselves as manufacturing as we, and which instead of admitting our goods into their own markets, are ever solicitous to discover markets for their own manipulated productions. In this combination, for combination it is, Prussia is significantly taking the lead; indeed, all the northern powers are, in the same manner, thus striking at the most vital springs of our prosperity, and young France, fraternized as she is with our Whig government, repudiates our tender of reciprocity, and heaps contumely and scorn upon its very humble organ, he of the manifold languages. All manner of agricultural produce is now at that low price, that will not remunerate its producers—not because there are no consumers, but because, among other influences, those consumers, or the majority of them, are learning a lesson of the Irish peasant, to live upon refuse, and drown their misery in cheap intoxication. In the short notices that we give

upon the subject, detail would be inapposite, but really, we know just now of no class of men being superfluously prosperous, excepting Whig commissioners—even the lawyers cease to reap abundant harvests.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 210 half.—Consols for Account, 91 seven-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 91.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 three-quarters.—Exchequer Bills, at 2d. 19, 21 p.—India Bonds, 5 7 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, Five per Cent., 104 one-quarter.—Columbian Bonds, 1824, 32 three-quarters.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 57.

Money Market Report.—In the beginning of last month, April, for the first week, Consols scarcely varied one quarter per cent, and the closing account was 91¾. However, there was much fluctuation in the Peninsular securities, as much as between four and five per cent. In general, also, the share market looked up, the Greenwich railway in particular being at eleven premium. Towards the middle of the month, Consols improved so far, as to reach 92. There was also a great improvement in the Portuguese securities. At the latter end of the month, the English securities preserved their firmness, and the Spanish bonds were forced up so high as 49. There was no great alteration in share speculation, and none of them have as yet reached that undesirable crisis—a crash. The above is the state of the funds on Wednesday 27th.

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## BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 22, TO APRIL 23, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

*March* 22.—A. Garcia, Oxford Street, fruiterer.—J. M'Creddie, Lower Grove Street, draper.—J. Kelly, Cambridge, draper.—J. Scully, Gun Alley, Bermondsey Street, oil and colourman.—E. Wood, Tunstall, Staffordshire, builder.—D. Evans, Oswestry, Shropshire, saddler.—G. Hodgkinson, Derby, mercer.—W. Robinson, Fewston, Yorkshire.—S. Baker, Birmingham, wine-merchant.

*March* 25.—A. J. Da Cunha, Warnford Court, merchant.—H. Good, Beer Lane, Great Tower Street, wine merchant.—G. Fowler, Grosvenor Place, Commercial Road, rope maker.—W. Claringbold, Tonbridge Wells, Kent.—M. A. Powis, Leonard Place, Kensington, boarding-house keeper.—J. Broadhead, Muslin Hall, Wooldale, Yorkshire, clothier.—J. Clark and G. Wood, Prestwich, Lancashire, dyers.—J. M'Lintock, Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen manufacturer.—W. Sutton, Bilston, Staffordshire, hat manufacturer.—J. Waterhouse, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, timber merchant.

*March* 29.—W. C. Lee, Hastings, Sussex, grocer.—C. Kinder, Little James Street, Gray's Inn Lane, coach-maker.—J. Jones, Shoreditch, linen draper.—T. Patterson, Lower John Street, Golden Square, tailor.—W. Smith, Circus, America Square, Minories, merchant.—E. L. Ireland and J. C. Blyth, Birmingham, factors.—M. Tarrant, Clarence Street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, lodging-house keeper.—W. Smith, Liverpool, butcher.—W. Weston, Bishop's Waltham, auctioneer.—J. C. Jackson, Burslem, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturer.

*April* 2.—S. E. Morgan, Craven Street, Strand, boarding-house keeper.—W. Goodwin, Lock's-fields, Walworth, retailer of beer.—G. Blaylock, BishopsgateStreet, linen draper.—T. Luck, Lad Lane, lace dealer.—D. Bretherton, Manchester, horse dealer.—J. Taylor, Birmingham, victualler.

*April* 5.—J. Miles, Aldham, Essex, butcher.—T. F. Staple, High Street, Southwark.—J. Easley, Bridge Street, Southwark, coach maker.—H. Cleall, Poole, Poole, painter.—J. Howard, Disley, Cheshire, innkeeper.—W. W. Moyes, Plymouth, coal merchant.—W. Kent, Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, cordwainer.

*April* 9.—T. C. Harding, Winslow, Buckinghamshire, grocer.—W. Bailey and E. Simms, Deptford, chemists.—J. Brown, Little Portland Street, Marylebone, brassfounder.—S. Hilton, Farnworth, Lancashire, ironfounder.—F. H. Worth, Shrewsbury, coach builder.—W. Adams, Canterbury, miller.—J. Scholes and J. Wharton, Manchester, joiners.—J. Dobson, Binbrook, Lincolnshire, draper.—J. Frances, Leeds, innkeeper.

*April* 12.—J. Cox, Bradford, Yorkshire, draper.—J. Williams, Strand, tailor.—P. Green, Stamford Street, Blackfriars, agent.—C. Rickaby, Chalcroft Terrace, New Cut, Lambeth, auctioneer.—T. C. Matheson, Mansell Street, Minories, shipowner.—E. Smith, Rochester, linendraper.—C. Orrah, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, draper.—C. Martin and B. Ware, Great Tower Street, wholesale cheesemongers.—C. Walker, Halkin Wharf, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico, wharfinger.—A. Fry, Black-

friars Road, and Hereford Place, Commercial Road, hat manufacturer.—J. Heap, Manchester, builder.—A. Gallimore, Stone, Staffordshire, printer.—S. Belcher, Doncaster, innkeeper.

*April* 16.—W. Ward, Warnford Court, City, merchant.—J. Broadhurst, Norbury, Cheshire, wheelwright.—W. Croft, Preston, Lancashire, glazier.—W. Winterton, Ockbrook, Derbyshire, grocer.—T. Allen, Wolverhampton, silversmith.—M. Gray, Pocklington, Canal Head, Yorkshire, coal merchant.—R. Smart, Flax Bourton, Somersetshire, brewer.

*April* 19.—F. Perkins, High Street, Newington, cheesemonger.—T. B. Atkinson, Baker Street, Lloyd Square, jeweller.—J. Laidlay and G. Turner, Feltham, Middlesex, composition candle makers.—R. Rowlatt, West Smithfield, licensed victualler.—T. Youde, Woolwich, victualler.—S. Chiffney, Wooddilton, Cambridgeshire, livery stable keeper.—T. Giles, Jun., Manchester, packer.—J. Carter, Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, hosier.

*April* 23.—W. Carter, Butler's Place, Chapel Street, Pentonville, master mariner.—H. Brown, High Street, Shoreditch, cordwainer.—T. Dichburn, White Lion Street, Cornhill, scrivener.—R. Nicholson, Leicester Place, wine merchant.—C. and T. Hodson, and J. Wolfenden, Well o-th'-lane Mill, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Sharp, North Shields, grocer.—G. A. B. and G. A. Fielding, Portsea, brewers.—D. Pugh, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.—G. Newman, Lawrence Lane, City, warehouseman.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1836. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| March | | | | | |
| 23 | 53-23 | 29,72-29,46 | N. | ,1 | Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon. |
| 24 | 49-32 | 29,47. Stat. | W. b. S. | ,1 | Generally clear. |
| 25 | 47-35 | 29,13-28.87 | W. b. N. | ,15 | Raining generally all the morn., otherwise clear |
| 26 | 46-31 | 29.41-29,17 | W. b. S. | ,15 | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in morning |
| 27 | 49-23 | 29,50-29,37 | S. b. W. | ,025 | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, little rain in even |
| 28 | 47-31 | 29,17-28.68 | S.E. | ,2 | Raining generally all the day. |
| 29 | 45-33 | 29,69-29,45 | W. | ,075 | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy. |
| 30 | 52-40 | 29,67-29,33 | W. b. S. | ,075 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and evening |
| 31 | 47-37 | 29,82-29,61 | W. b. S. | ,225 | Generally clear. |
| April | | | | | |
| 1 | 48-28 | 29,74-29,35 | E. b. N. | | Snowing and raining generally all the day. |
| 2 | 49-31 | 29,07-29,61 | E. b. N. | ,75 | Generally cloudy, snow & rain in the aft. & even. |
| 3 | 42-27 | 30,16-29,87 | N. | ,2 | Even. clear, otherwise cloudy, heavy showers of |
| 4 | 49-28 | 30,24. Stat. | N. | ,025 | Generally clear. [hail & rain morn. & even. |
| 5 | 54-22 | 30,12-29,95 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the evening. |
| 6 | 46-35 | 29,84-29.76 | S. b. W. | ,125 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning. |
| 7 | 49-37 | 29,40-29,14 | W. | ,05 | Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain morn. & ev. |
| 8 | 49-28 | 29,17-29,02 | S. b. E. | ,425 | Morn overcast, otherwise clear. |
| 9 | 50-35 | 29,40-29,24 | S. b. E. | | Generally cloudy, raining generally all the morn. |
| 10 | 54-32 | 29,46-29,63 | N. b. E. | ,05 | Generally clear, except the evening. |
| 11 | 52-37 | 29,67-29,64 | W. b. S. | | Generally clear, except in the morning. |
| 12 | 55-26 | 29,74-29,67 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 13 | 58-40 | 29,75-29,70 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 14 | 54-35 | 29,92-29,87 | W. | | Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the aftern. |
| 15 | 58-45 | 30,12-30,04 | E. & E. b. S. | ,075 | Morn. overcast, a shower of rain, otherwise clear. |
| 16 | 58-25 | 30,08-30,03 | N. b. E. | | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy. |
| 17 | 49-37 | 30,07-30-02 | N. b. W. | ,1 | Generally cloudy, raining gently all the morn. |
| 18 | 56-32 | 30,04-30,02 | N. b. W. | ,05 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning. |
| 19 | 56-35 | 30,03-30,01 | W. b. S. | ,025 | Generally clear, a little rain in the morning. |
| 20 | 54-42 | 29,94-29,81 | W. b. S. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and evening. |
| 21 | 57-35 | 29,84. Stat. | W. b. S. | ,05 | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy. [about 7 A.M. |
| 22 | 61-41 | 29,84-29,73 | W. b. S. | ,025 | Generally clear, except in the morn. a little rain |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## NEW PATENTS.

W. G. Scarth and R. Scarth, both of Leeds, Yorkshire, Dyers, for manufacturing or preparing of a certain substance for blue dyers from materials not hitherto used for that purpose, applicable for dyeing blue and other colours. February 25th, 6 months.

J. Barron, Brass Founder, and E. Thomas, workman to J. Barron, both of Birmingham, Warwickshire, for improvements on bedsteads and apparatus to be used with or for bedsteads. February 25th, 6 months.

R. W. Sievier, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improvement in the means of dissolving and preparing caoutchouc or India-rubber for various purposes. February 27th, 6 months.

J. Martin, of Charing Cross, in the Parish of Saint Martin in the Fields, and City of Westminster, Gentleman, for an improvement in dissolving and preparing caoutchouc or India-rubber, to render it applicable to various useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 27th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in the process of finishing hosiery and other goods manufactured from lamb's wool, angola, and worsted yarn. March 8th, 6 months.

C. Schafhautl, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Gentleman, for improved gear for obtaining a continuous rotary action. March 8th, 6 months.

A. T. Merry, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Metal Dealer, for the application of certain white metal plated to certain manufactures to which it has not hitherto been applied. March 8th, 6 months.

J. Morison, of Paisley, North Britain, Manufacturer, for an improvement on the Jacquard machine, and on what is called the tens box lay, and in the reading and stamping machines used in making shawls and figured work. March 8th, 6 months.

J. G. Hartley, of Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate Street Without, in the City of London, manufacturer of caoutchouc, for improvements in preparing or manufacturing caoutchouc or India-rubber for various useful purposes. March 8th, 6 months.

J. Godwin, of Cumberland Street, Hackney Road, Middlesex, Piano Forte Maker, for an improvement in the making or construction of piano fortes. March 8th, 6 months.

B. Simmons, of Winchester Street, in the Borough of Southwark, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in retort mills and other chemical apparatus, and the machinery connected therewith, and by the use or employment of which various processes can be more speedily, conveniently, and economically performed. March 8th, 6 months.

G. H. Palmer, of the Canal Grove, Old Kent Road, Civil Engineer, for an improvement in the purification of inflammable gases, and an apparatus by which the improvement is applied, such other apparatus being also applicable to other useful purposes. March 8th, 6 months.

C. Guynemer, of Manchester Street, Manchester Square, Middlesex, Professor of Singing, for certain improvements in piano fortes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 8th, 6 months.

G. Lawrence, of No. 9, New Bond Street, Saint George's Hanover Square, Middlesex, Dressing Case Maker, for a certain improvement in the screws used in fastening the mouths of mounted inkstands, perfume, liquor, and medicine bottles, also in fastening the mouths of jars and tumblers, used for paste, salve, powders, preserves, and other purposes. March 8th, 2 months.

J. Diggle, of Bury, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. March 8th, 6 months.

C. Watt, of Clapham, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing, purifying, and refining tallow stuff, fatty materials, and animal and vegetable oils, for various useful purposes. March 8th, 6 months.

J. Masters, of Leicester, Leicestershire, for an improved essence of anchovies. March 8th, 6 months.

J. Chalklen and T. Bonham, of Oxford Street, Middlesex, Water Closet Manu-

facturers, for an improvement or improvements on the instrument or apparatus commonly known by the name of vices. March 14th, 6 months.

E. Jelowicki, of No. 8, Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square, Middlesex, Esquire, for certain improvements in steam-engines. March 14th, 6 months.

T. Alcock, of Claimes, Worcestershire, Lace Manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin net lace, for the purpose of producing certain kinds of ornamental bobbin net lace, and other fabrics, by aid of the improvements which are in part applicable to machinery constructed according to his former improvements, for which two several letters patent were granted to him on the 8th day of December, 1832, and other letters patent on the 12th day of February, 1835. March 17th, 6 months.

A. W. Webster, of Regent Street, Middlesex, Aurist, for an instrument or apparatus to be applied to the ear, to assist in hearing. March 17th, 6 months.

J. Birkby, late of High Town, but now of Upper Rawfolds, both in Liversedge, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Card Maker, for improvements in machinery in making needles. March 17th, 6 months.

L. E. Seignette, of Mincing Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 17th, 6 months.

W. Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, Engineer, for an improved arrangement and combination of certain mechanical means of propelling vessels through water. March 17th, 6 months.

R. B. Bate, of No. 21, Poultry, in the City of London, Optician, for certain improvements upon hydrometers and saccharometers, for the term of seven years, being an extension of former letters patent for the said invention. March 21st.

F. G. Spilsbury, of Newman Street, Oxford Street, Engineer, for certain improvements on machinery or apparatus for stamping up and compressing metals or other substances. March 22nd, 6 months.

W. Maugham, of Newport Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the production of chloride of lime, and certain other chemical substances. March 22nd, 6 months.

W. Hale, of Greenwich, Kent, late of Colchester, Essex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements on machinery applicable to vessels propelled by steam or other power, which improvements, or parts thereof, are applicable to other useful purposes. March 22nd, 6 months.

W. W. Richards, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gun Maker, for certain improvements in primers for discharging fire arms by means of percussion. March 22nd, 6 months.

J. Cox, of the City of Bristol, of the firm of Harding, Cox, and Shaw, Soap Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of soap, which will be particularly applicable to the felting or fulling of woollen cloths. March 22nd, 6 months.

Sir J. S. Lillie, Knight and Companion of the Most Honourable Military Order of Bath, of Saint John's, in the Parish of Fulham, Middlesex, for an improved mode of acquiring power for the purpose of propelling carriages, barges, and other the like contrivances, for conveying goods and passengers. March 23rd, 6 months.

J. L. Hood, of the Town and County of the Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, and A. Smith, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improved mode of manufacturing belts, bands, and straps to be employed in place of ropes or chains, and for other useful purposes. March 26th, 6 months.

W. Blurton, of Field Hall, near Staffordshire, Gentleman, for an improved method of, and apparatus for, extracting milk from cows and other animals. March 26th, 6 months.

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Discovery at Pompeii.—Professor Zahn has announced to the world, that a rich discovery has just taken place at Pompeii, in a house forming part of the Strada di

Mercurio. Although of insignificant appearance, there were found in this dwelling, pictures in fresco, representing Narcissus and Endymion; fourteen vases of silver, and a great quantity of coins, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold, struck during the reign of the first Roman emperors. Also, two other vases of silver, five inches in diameter, and ornamented with carving, representing Cupids, Centaurs, and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres.

New Celestial Body.—M. Wartmann, of Geneva, in the year 1831, having laid down, on a sheet of paper, the positions of certain stars near which the planet *Uranus* was to pass, observed on the following evening that one of them had changed its place, he continued to watch its motion for two months, and found that at the end of that time it had moved (contrary to the order of the signs) $1^0\ 9'$ in right ascension, and 31′ in declination. He subsequently lost sight of it, on account of the weather, and other circumstances, and has not since been able to discover it. It had the appearance of a star of the 7th or 8th magnitude, and its position was in the constellation Capricorn.

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## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

### POLITICAL JOURNAL.—April, 1836.

House of Lords, March 27.—The House was almost exclusively occupied in receiving petitions on the subject of Newspaper Stamps, Agricultural Distress, Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill, and other matters not involving debates of any importance.

March 28.—The Irish Municipal Reform Bill was read a first time, and the second reading fixed for the 28th of April.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the English Municipal Act Amendment Bill. The Duke of Wellington regretted that the Government should think proper to press the measure at a time when many Noble Lords were absent. He thought the House had not been fairly treated in the matter, for it ought to have an opportunity of having the principle discussed in the same way as other measures submitted to Parliament possessed. —Lord Melbourne defended the course adopted by Government. Lord Lyndhurst stated several objections to the provisions of the Bill.—The Bill was then read a second time.—The Stafford Disfranchisement Bill was, on the motion of the Marquis of Clanricarde, read a first time.—Adjourned.

March 29.—The Duke of Newcastle, after stating his anxiety to support the Protestant church as by law established, alluded to the fearful increase of the Roman Catholic religion in this country, and moved for certain documents to show that increase. The following is the motion with which his Grace concluded:—"A return of the number of religious establishments of the Roman Catholic persuasion, together with the date of the erection of each; also, a return of the number of monasteries, stating the order to which they belong, and distinguishing such as are Jesuits; also, for a return of Roman Catholic colleges for the education of youth, whether for males or females, distinguishing such as are Jesuits; also, for a return of the number of Roman Catholics in the year 1799, and their number in 1836, showing their increase." A conversation of some length ensued, in which several lords took part. It ended in the adoption of the order for the two first-mentioned returns, so far as they could be made out, the last two rejected.—The House then adjourned to the 12th of April.

April 12.—Their Lordships met this day, pursuant to adjournment. The Lord Chancellor intimated that he had prepared two bills respecting the business of the Court of Chancery, and the powers of the Lord Chancellor in that House, and that he should bring them under the consideration of their Lordships next week.—Lord Duncannon then moved the second reading of the Irish Constabulary Bill, upon which an interesting debate took place, in which the Earl of Haddington, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Wicklow, &c. took part. His Grace contended that it would cause an increased expenditure of 200,000*l.* a year, and observed that their Lordships ought to be well convinced of the benefits which would accrue from this force, before they adopted such a system. His Grace felt a great objection—an objection which would be also strongly felt in the country—to the enormous ap-

pointments which were at once to take place – upwards of one hundred, at salaries of 300*l.*, 400*l.*, 500*l.*, and so on, though hitherto the police force had been carried on at half that expense.—Lord Melbourne defended the bill, after which it was read a second time.—Adjourned.

April 13.—No house.

April 14.—Earl Grey took his seat for the first time this session.—The Marquis of Londonderry adverted to the outrage committed in Dublin in the destruction of the fine statue of William III., and inquired whether the Government had adopted measures to discover the perpetrators?—Lord Melbourne answered in the affirmative, 100*l.* reward having been offered.—The Marquis of Londonderry complained of the smallness of the sum.—On the motion that the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill be read a second time, Lord Lyndhurst proposed, on account of the multifarious interests involved in the Bill, and its different provisions, that it be referred to a select committee. This was agreed to, and the committee named.—Adjourned.

April 15.—The Marquis of Londonderry renewed his motion for copies of the instructions transmitted to Lord John Hay from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and upon the authority of which the letter of that Noble Lord had been written. After some discussion, in the course of which the Premier said that if the House insisted on the production of these instructions, they would be declaring themselves partisans of Don Carlos.—The Marquis of Londonderry consented not to press his motion.—The Marquis of Clanricarde then moved the second reading of the Stafford Disfranchisement Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst proposed that counsel be heard at the bar on behalf of those who were opposed to the Bill, which was, after some conversation, agreed to, and their Lordships adjourned.

April 18.—Lord Melbourne, after a speech of some length, moved the second reading of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst, by a variety of powerful arguments, showed the Bill to be a mere transfer of power from the lawful holders of it to those who have imposed the measure on government. In coming to a decision, he warned the House to remember that the only choice was between tranquillity in Ireland, and a civil war.—After a few remarks by the Earl of Winchelsea, the Marquis of Clanricarde and the Earl of Roden, the Bill was read a second time without a division, Lord Lyndhurst having given notice that on Tuesday next he would move an instruction to the committee of the same purport as that proposed by Lord F. Egerton in the Commons.—Their Lordships adjourned.

April 19.—In answer to a question, the Earl of Minto stated it to be the intention of Government that the Naval College at Portsmouth should be suppressed in the course of next year, and that the means by which naval architecture could be taught were under the consideration of the Government.—On the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pluralities and Non-residence Bill was read a second time. The Mutiny Bill was also read a second time.—Adjourned.

April 20.—Some private bills were forwarded a stage, and the Mutiny Bill and Marine Mutiny Bill passed through committees, after which their Lordships adjourned.

April 21.—Lord Ellenborough complained of serious inaccuracies in the returns made on the subject of the Irish constabulary force.—The Duke of Wellington, and several other Noble Lords concurred in this complaint.—The Marquis of Londonderry accepted the offer of the Earl of Minto, to lay on the table a copy of Lord J. Hay's letter to General Cordova, and their Lordships then adjourned.

April 22.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Mutiny and the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Small Debts (Macclesfield) Bill, the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway Bill, the Bristol Gas Company Bill, the Manchester Improvements Bill.—Adjourned.

House of Commons, March 27.—Sir W. Molesworth gave notice of a motion for an inquiry into the appointment of Lord Brudenell to the 11th Dragoons.—Lord John Russell announced that he would, on Wednesday, move the committal of the Tithe Commutation Bill *pro formâ*, and take the discussion on the 22nd of April.—The Order of the Day for the third reading of the Irish Corporation Bill was then moved by Mr. O'Loghlin.—Mr. F. Shaw rose to propose as an amendment, that the Bill should be read a second time that day three months.—Mr. Blackstone seconded the motion.—Mr. Ward opposed the amendment, Sir R. Inglis supported it.—Mr. Sheill spoke at considerable length in favour of the Bill.—Sir Robert Peel then addressed the House, and entered into an elaborate and triumphant defence of his own

conduct in promoting the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation in 1829. He then went at considerable length into the details of the Bill before the House, and concluded by expressing his intention to vote for the amendment.—Mr. O'Loghlin replied, and the House divided—For Mr. Shaw's amendment, 199; against it, 260. —The Bill was then read a third time and passed.—The House adjourned.

March 28.—Lord John Russell moved for a copy of a circular letter addressed by himself to Municipal Town Councils, on the appointment of local magistrates.—Sir R. Peel availed himself of this opportunity to complain that in many towns the bias of the Government in the choice of the magistrates was manifest by the great preponderance of Whig appointments over those of a Conservative character. The right hon. baronet entered at great length into the subject, and particularly instanced Guildford, Rochester, Coventry, Leicester, Plymouth, and Bristol, as places in which the favouritism of the Government had been exercised.—The motion for the production of the paper moved for was agreed to; and some Bills having been passed a stage, the House adjourned.

March 29.—Some discussion, and two divisions, took place on the motion for the third reading of the Hull and Selby Railway Bill. The third reading was carried, and a clause for prohibiting Sunday travelling on the railway was lost.—The Lord Advocate withdrew his Bill for the regulation of Universities in Scotland.—The remaining Orders of the Day, which were numerous, were then gone through, and the House adjourned till the 11th of April.

April 11.—The Tithe Commutation Bill was committed, *pro forma*, and ordered to be re-committed on Wednesday.—The House having gone into a Committee of Supply, Sir A. L. Hay moved the Ordnance estimates, which were agreed to.—Lord Howick then rose to move the Army Estimates. To several items Mr. Hume took objections. The House divided on the motion "That a sum not exceeding 106,211*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* be granted for the support of the volunteer corps."—Ayes, 53; noes, 9.

April 12.—Mr. Poulter moved the second reading of the Bill relating to the municipal elections in the borough of Poole. The Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Ewart then moved for leave to bring in a Bill to provide for the equal division of landed property among the children or next of kin of persons dying intestate.—Mr. Hume supported the motion.—Mr. Roebuck, in a violent speech, defended the proposition, as calculated to destroy the baneful influence of the House of Lords.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Attorney and Solicitor General, Sir R. Inglis, and Mr. A. Trevor spoke against the Bill, as tending to bring about those ulterior effects so undisguisedly alluded to by Mr. Roebuck.—Mr. Aglionby, Colonel P. Thompson and Mr. Warburton, were in favour of the Bill; and Mr. S. O'Brien moved the previous question, which was seconded by Mr. Jarvis.—On a division the numbers were—For the Bill, 29; against it, 45.

April 13.—The House went into Committee *pro forma* on the Tithe Commutation Bill, when Lord J. Russell described the alterations which he was desirous to make. —After some further discussion the amendments were reported, and the Bill ordered to be printed.—On the question for going into Committee on the Mutiny Bill being moved, Major Fancourt submitted the following resolution:—"That it is the opinion of this House that the punishment of flogging should be entirely abolished in the British army."—Captain Boldero seconded the motion.—Mr. C. Fergusson, in a speech of great length, and considerable research, opposed the resolution.—The right hon. gentleman stated incidentally that it was the intention of Government to make 200 lashes the *maximum* of punishment for the future.—Mr. Poulter and Col. P. Thompson supported the motion.—The discussion proceeded to a considerable length, and concluded with the rejection of Major Fancourt's proposition—the numbers being 95 to 212.—The Mutiny Bill then passed through a Committee, after which the House adjourned.

April 14.—Several petitions were presented for and against the London and Norwich Railway Bill, the second reading of which was subsequently carried by a majority of 99 to 20.—On the motion that the Report of the Mutiny Bill be received, Mr. Lennard proposed a clause providing that flogging in the army in time of peace should be discontinued.—Mr. O'Connell supported this proposition.—Mr. Pemberton resisted it, contending that it was requisite to continue the power and the mode of punishment.—Lord W. Bentinck defended the course he had adopted with regard to the native Indian army—The House divided; when there appeared—For Mr. Lennard's motion, 62; against it, 135.—The report on the Mutiny Bill was then brought up; as, immediately afterwards, was that on the Marine Mutiny Bill.

April 15.—The Registration of Births Bill was, after a few observations from some Hon. Members, read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday; as was the Marriages Bill, to which Mr. Goulburn stated his serious objection, as tending to afford facilities to clandestine marriages.—On the motion for the second reading of the Bishopric of Durham Bill, Lord John Russell said that this Bill left the question of the Durham University entirely open.—After some strong remarks on this course, as rendering nugatory the munificent act of the late Bishop, by Mr. A. Trevor and Sir R. Inglis, the Bill was read a second time.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were read a third time and passed; as was the Abolition of Slavery (Jamaica) Bill. The remainder of the sitting was occupied in Committee on the remaining Navy Estimates.

April 18.—In answer to a question from Mr. P. Scrope, Lord J. Russell said it was not the intention of Government, during the present session, to bring forward any Poor Law Bill for Ireland.—Mr. M. Philips having asked a question on the subject, Lord J. Russell stated that it was in the contemplation of Ministers to adopt a measure for rendering the corporations effective in those towns that had petitioned for a charter.

April 19.—The Dublin Steam Packet Company Bill was thrown out on the third reading, the ayes being 120, the noes 170.—In reply to an inquiry by Mr. Buckingham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that it was intended to allow the publication of additional half-sheets to newspapers at one halfpenny each; but a double sheet was to be charged with double duty.—On the motion of Mr. D. W. Harvey the House was called over. The Hon. Member then brought forward his motion for a revision of the Pension List. The Hon. Member then proceeded to show the importance of the question even in point of economy, by contrasting the amount of the pensions with the paltry savings for which the Government took credit, and after complaining of the gross injustice of the Pension List, concluded by appealing to the justice of both sides of the House, Reformers and Conservatives, that they would no longer permit Englishmen to live under unequal laws.—The motion, which was discussed at considerable length, was opposed by Ministers, and negatived by a majority of 70, the numbers being 216 and 146.

April 20.—After the presentation of two petitions from certain merchants of London and Glasgow, complaining of the influence exercised by Russia with Turkey to the disadvantage of the trade of this country, Mr. P. M. Stewart brought forward his promised motion for an address to the Throne for the appointment of a diplomatic agent at Cracow, and for the adoption of measures for the protection of British commerce in Turkey, and on the shores of the Euxine.—Sir E. Codrington seconded the motion.—Sir R. Peel deprecated these continual discussions, as interfering with the duties of the Executive, and calculated to excite the very aggressions complained of. The Right Hon. Baronet urged Mr. Stewart to withdraw his motion—a suggestion which the Hon. Member eventually complied with.

April 21.—Sir A. Agnew renewed his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to enforce the better observance of the Sabbath.—Sir O. Mosley seconded the motion; and Mr. Gisborne opposed it, as uselessly occupying time and occasioning expense after the numerous decisions of the House on the subject; he therefore moved the "previous question."—On a division the numbers were—ayes, 200; noes, 82; being a majority of 118 in favour of the motion for leave to bring in the Bill.—Mr. Hardy again brought forward the O'Connell and Raphael affair, connected with the Carlow election, moving that it was a high breach of privilege, &c.—Mr. O'Connell said that had he not risen in the heat of the moment, he would have taken no notice of the motion. He considered that the report of the Committee was his shield, and that no such motion could succeed until its allegations were reversed.—Lord F. Egerton entered into a detailed statement of the motives that had actuated him as a Member of the Committee, and seconded the motion.—Lord J. Russell admitted that the course pursued by Mr. O'Connell was not precisely the proper one in a Parliamentary election; but thought the "mitigated censure" in the report was all that it deserved. His Lordship concluded by moving a series of counter-resolutions.—Lord Stanley addressed himself in a very able manner to the consideration of the whole subject, and expressed his intention to support the first resolution of Mr. Hardy.—After a long defence of Mr. O'Connell by Mr. Serjeant Wilde, the debate was adjourned.

April 22.—The O'Connell and Raphael affair was resumed, and led to a protracted discussion, which occupied the remainder of the sitting. On a division the numbers were—For Lord John Russell's resolutions, 243; for Mr. Hardy's, 169.—

When strangers were readmitted, Lord Stanley was in the act of moving a resolution, to the effect that the proposed appropriation of the funds raised for the Carlow election was deserving of the notice of the House, as affording a dangerous precedent, and tending to interfere with the purity of election.—Lord John Russell moved as an amendment that the Orders of the Day be proceeded with, and another division was the consequence. The numbers were—For Lord Stanley's motion, 166; for Lord John Russell's, 238.

## MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

### Mr. Henry Roscoe.

We have to record, with sincere regret, the death of Mr. Henry Roscoe, who, after a protracted illness, breathed his last on the 25th of March, at his house at Gateacre, near Liverpool. He was the youngest son of the late William Roscoe, and, in person and manners, most of all the family resembled his father. He had for several years been aware that his disorder, a species of consumption, would terminate fatally; but, in the face of approaching death, continued, with unabated ardour and cheerfulness, both his professional and literary labours, in the double hope of making some provision for his family, and of leaving behind him a reputation, more valuable in the estimation of well-constituted minds than wealth. His talents and learning were not inferior to his high moral worth; and with these superior qualities, he combined the most easy and engaging manners, which at once endeared him to his family and commanded the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends. His professional learning and abilities were of the first order—his legal works, more particularly the treatise on real property, had obtained for him the reputation of a sound and acute lawyer—so that, had he been permitted to reach the ordinary term of human life, he would doubtless have risen to high distinction; but, like his father, he united with his professional studies an extensive acquaintance with polite literature, and had long been known as an elegant and accomplished writer. In the biography of the historian of Leo X., written in a highly popular manner, he displays a vigour of thought, and a reach of reflection, seldom found in productions of that description; and when he died, had nearly completed an historical work, which, it is to be hoped, will not be lost to the world. Mr. Roscoe was in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

### The late Dr. Valpy.

We record the death of the late venerable and deeply-respected individual, the Rev. Dr. Valpy. The long and intimate connexion of this distinguished man with the town of Reading—his position for half a century at the head of one of the first educational establishments in England, and his numerous and valuable works in every department of literature, render the name of Dr. Valpy too well known to require from us a lengthened biographical notice. That, indeed, is a task which, we doubt not, one of his many celebrated pupils will faithfully and reverently perform. Still we cannot suffer so good and great a man to pass from among us, without bearing our humble testimony to the affection, esteem, and admiration with which Dr. Valpy was regarded in a town so long honoured by his residence, adorned by his virtues, and benefited by his example. The remains of Dr. Valpy were interred in the new cemetery in the Harrow Road.

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*Married.*—At St. Mary's, Newington, Surrey, the Rev. Thomas England, M.A., curate of the parish, to Caroline Ann, youngest daughter of Richard Muggeridge, Esq., of Walworth.

At Lewisham Church, Henry Charles Chilton, Esq., to Fanny Harrison, youngest daughter of Paul Malin, Esq., of Sydenham.

At Northumberland House, the Rev. Edward Thompson, cousin of the Earl of Lonsdale, to Miss Ellen Percy, fifth daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.

At St. Margaret's, Lothbury, John Banks Hollingworth, D.D., Archdeacon of Huntingdon, to Mary Ann Tabor, third daughter of John Tabor, Esq., of Finsbury Square.

At St. John's Hampstead, Lawrence Fyler, Esq., Captain 77th Reg., to Amelia, daughter of the late Hon. C. Byng, brother to the late Viscount Torrington.

*Died.*—In Kentish Town, William M inshull Esq., in the 73rd year of his age.

In Dublin, Captain Alexander Cunningham, R.N.

At the Exchequer Office, Whitehall Yard, William Godwin, Esq., aged 81.

Harriet, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Carteret, and daughter of the Earl of Devon, aged 64.

At his seat, Amwell Bury, Herts, Colonel Charles Brown, aged 75.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Mary Anne, widow of the late Colonel Fane, M.P., nephew of the Earl of Westmorland.

At Winchester, in the 70th year of her age, Lady Letitia Knollys, only surviving sister of the late Earl of Banbury.

At Tytham, Lancashire, Edmond Peel, Esq. aged 63.